

HUDIBRAS:

IN

THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of

THE LATE WARS.

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER.

WITH A

COMPLETE INDEX.

---

A NEW EDITION.

---

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

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EDINBURGH:

Printed for R. CLARK, P. ANDERSON,  
and A. BROWN.

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M,DCC,LXXXIV.



H U D I B R A S

T H R E E P A R T S

Written in the Time of

T H E L A T E W A R S

B Y

S A M U E L B U T L E R



C O M P L E T E

A N E W E D I T I O N

A D O R N E D W I T H C U T S

E D I N B U R G H

Printed for R. CLARK, P. ANDERSON,  
and A. LEITCH.

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TO THE READER.

**P**OETA nascitur, non fit, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our author wittily invokes;

Which made them, though it were in spite  
Of nature, and their stars, to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets \* of the age they lived in. But as these last are rare aves in terris; so when the Muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are then blessed with these lasting monuments of wit and learning, which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth. And our author, had his modesty permitted him, might, with Horace, have said,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius;

Or, with Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

The author of this celebrated poem was of this last composition: for, although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be

\* Shakespeare, D'Avenant, &c. *BURNS*

perceived, throughout his whole poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, he must have a genius extraordinary; great natural gifts; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal; an understanding clear and distinct; an imagination neat and pleasant; an elevation of soul, that depends not only on art or study, but is purely a gift of heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity; judgment wisely to consider of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our author, I leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgments, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a sovereign judge of wit, was so great an admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his conversation. However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous authors, whose compositions have been eminent for wit or learning; I have been desired to oblige them with such informations as I could receive from those who had the happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the mistakes of the Oxford antiquary, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, concerning him.

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## THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

**S**AMUEL BUTLER, the author of this excellent poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son of his an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free school at Worcester, under Mr Henry Bright; where having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education: so that our author returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr Jefferys of Earls-croom, an eminent justice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry; to which, for his diversion, he joined music and painting: and I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention, not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art: for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elisabeth Countess of Kent; where he had not only the opportunity to consult



a U manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr Selden.

Our author lived some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire; but, to his dishonour, an eminent commander under the usurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he composed this loyal poem. For though fate, more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a knight so notorious, both in his person and politics; yet by the rule of contraries, one may observe throughout his whole poem, that he was most orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of rebellion, nonsense, and hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole work.

After the restoration of K. Charles II. those who were at the helm minding money more than merit, our author found those verses of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself:

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat*

*Res augusta domi: —*

And being endued with that innate modesty, which rarely finds promotion in princes' courts; he became secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow Castle, when the court there was revived. About this time, he married one Mrs Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford antiquary has reported. She had a competent fortune; but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was of little advantage to him. He is reported, by our antiquary, to have been secretary to his Grace

George Duke of Buckingham, when he was chancellor to the university of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain, the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than the Mecænas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex; who, being himself an excellent poet, knew how to set a just value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the necessities of those whose modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our author was a signal instance, as several others have been who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and easiness of his conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning judgment could distinguish, as Mr Cowley expresses it,

*From the great vulgar or the small.*

And having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though personally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr Longueville of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St Paul, Covent-Garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common high way. And since he has no monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the poet, as the author of Mr Cowley's has partly done before me.

*And though no monument can claim*

*To be the treasurer of thy name;*

*This work, which ne'er will die, shall be*

*An everlasting monument to thee.*

The characters of this poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest pretenders to learning or history: nor can scarce any one be so ignorant, as not to know, that the chief design thereof is a satire against those incendiaries of church and state, who, in the late rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the best of kings, to introduce the worst of governments; destroyed the best of churches, that hypocrisy, novelty, and nonsense, might be predominant amongst us; and overthrow our wholesome laws and constitutions, to make way for their blessed anarchy and confusion, which at last ended in tyranny. But since, according to the proverb, *None are so blind as they that will not see*; so those who are not resolved to be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their further satisfaction, to the histories of Mr Fowles of Presbytery, and Mr Walker of Independency; but more especially to that incomparable history lately published, wrote by Edward Earl of Clarendon; which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiassed person, that his general characters are not fictitious: and I could heartily wish these times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living.

How often the imitation of this poem has been attempted, and with how little success, I leave the readers to judge. In the year 1663, there came out a spurious book, called, *The second part of Hudibras*; which is reflected upon by our author, under the character of Whachum, towards the latter end of his second part. Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scots Hudibras, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same nature, which, compared with this, (Virgil Travesty excepted), deserved only to be condemned *ad ficum et piperem*; or, if you please, to more base and servile offices.

Some vain attempts have been likewise made to translate some parts of it into Latin; but how far

they fall short of that spirit of the English wit, I leave the meanest capacity that understands them to judge. The following similes, I have heard, were done by the learned Dr Hammar, once Greek professor at Oxon.

So learned Taliacotius from, &c.

*Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi  
Vectoris, docta secuit Talicotius arte :  
Qui potuere parem durando aquare parentem,  
At postquam fato clunis computruit, ipsum  
Una sympathicum coepit tabescere rostrum.*

So wind in the hypocondres pent, &c.

*Sic hypocondriactis inclusa meatibus aura  
Definet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum ;  
Sed si summa petat, montisque invaserit orcem,  
Divinus furor est, et conscia flamma futuri.*

So lawyers, lest the bear defendant, &c.

*Sic legum mystæ, ne forsan pax foret, ursam  
Inter furantem sese, actoremque molossum :  
Faucibus impiciunt clavos dentisque refigunt,  
Luctantesque canes coxis femorisque revellunt,  
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,  
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum,  
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrinque,  
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.  
Eja ! agite & rives, iterumque in praelia tradunt.*

There are some verses, which, for reasons of state, easy to be guessed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first impression ; as these which follow.

*Did not the learned Glyn and Maynard,  
To make good subjects traitors, strain hard ?  
Was not the King, by proclamation,  
Declar'd a traitor through the nation ?*

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your farther curiosity with some of these golden remains



## THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

which are in the custody of Mr Longuevil ; but not having the happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr Aubrey assures he had from the author himself.

*No Jesuit e'er took in hand  
To plant a church in barren land ;  
Nor ever thought it worth the while  
A Swede or Russ to reconcile.  
For where there is no store of wealth,  
Souls are not worth the charge of health ;  
Spain in America had two designs,  
To sell their gospel for their mines.  
For had the Mexicans been poor,  
No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore.  
'Twas gold the Catholic religion planted,  
Which, had they wanted gold, they still had wanted.*

The Oxford antiquary ascribes to our author two pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says to be William Pryn's ; the one intitled, *Mola Asinaria* ; or, *The unreasonable and insupportable burthen pressed upon the shoulders of this groaning nation*, &c. London, 1659, in one sheet quarto. The other, Two letters, one from John Audland, a Quaker, to William Pryn ; the other, Pryn's answer ; in three sheets folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small poem, of one sheet in quarto, on Du Vall, a notorious highwayman, said to be wrote by our author ; but how truly, I know not.

4 DE 60

D: Walker 20th.

H U D I B R A S.

PART THE FIRST.

C A N T O L

The ARGUMENT.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,  
The manner how he sally'd forth;  
His arms and equipage are shown;  
His horse's virtues and his own.  
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

- W**HEN civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why;  
When hard words, jealousies and fears,  
Set folks together by the ears,  
5 And made them fight like mad or drunk,  
For Dame Religion as for punk;  
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,  
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:  
When gospel-trumpeter surrounded  
10 With long-ear'd rout to battle sounded,  
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:  
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a-colonelling.  
15 A wight he was, whose very fight wou'd  
Intitle him, *Mirroure of knighthood*;  
That never bow'd his stubborn knee  
To any thing but chivalry;  
Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
20 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade:

- Chief of domestic knights and errant,  
 Either for chartel or for warrant :  
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,  
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :
- 25 Mighty he was at both of these,  
 And styl'd of *war*, as well as *peace*.  
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,  
 Are either for the land or water),  
 But here our authors make a doubt,
- 30 Whether he were more wise or stout.  
 Some hold the one, and some the other :  
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,  
 The difference was so small his brain  
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
- 35 Which made some take him for a tool  
 That knaves do work with, call'd a *fool*.  
 For't has been held by many, that  
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,  
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
- 40 Much more she would, Sir Hudibras,  
 (For that's the name our valiant knight  
 To all his challenges did write),  
 But they're mistaken very much,  
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.
- 45 We grant, although he had much wit,  
 H<sup>e</sup> was very shy of using it ;  
 As being loth to wear it out,  
 And therefore bore it not about  
 Unless on holidays, or so,
- 50 As men their best apparel do.  
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek  
 As naturally as pigs squeak :  
 That Latin was no more difficile,  
 Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
- 55 B'ing rich in both, he never scant'd  
 His bounty unto such as wanted :

- But much of either would afford,  
 To many, that had not one word.  
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found,  
 60 To flourish most in barren ground,  
 He had such plenty, as suffic'd  
 To make some think him circumcis'd;  
 And truly so he was, perhaps,  
 Not as a profelyte, but for claps;  
 65 He was in logic a great critic,  
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;  
 He could distinguish, and divide  
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;  
 On either which he would dispute,  
 70 Confute, change hands, and still confute;  
 He'd undertake to prove by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse;  
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a lord may be an owl;  
 75 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
 And rooks committee-men and trustees;  
 He'd run in debt by disputation,  
 And pay with ratiocination:  
 All this by syllogism, true  
 80 In mood and figure, he would do.  
 For rhetoric, he could not open  
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope;  
 And when he happened to break off  
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,  
 85 H' had hard words, ready to shew why,  
 And tell what rules he did it by:  
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,  
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk.  
 For all a rhetorician's rules  
 90 Teach nothing but to name his tools.  
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech  
 In loftiness of sound was rich;



- A Babylonish dialect,  
Which learned pedants much affect : -
- 95 It was a party-colour'd dress  
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages ;  
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore on satin.  
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
- 100 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ;  
Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;  
Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
A leash of languages at once.
- 105 This he as volubly would vent  
As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;  
And truly, to support that charge,  
He had supplies as vast and large :  
For he could coin or counterfeit.
- 110 New words, with little or no wit ;  
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone  
Was hard enough to touch them on :  
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
The ignorant for current took 'em ;
- 115 That had the orator, who once  
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones  
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,  
He would have us'd no other ways.  
In mathematics he was greater
- 120 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater :  
For he, by-geometric scale,  
Could take the size of pots of ale ;  
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,  
If bread and butter wanted weight ;
- 125 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
The clock does strike by algebra.  
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,  
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;

- Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
 130 He understood b' implicit faith:  
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,  
 For ev'ry *why* he had a *wherefore*:  
 Knew more than forty of them do,  
 As far as words and terms could go.  
 135 All which he understood by rote,  
 And, as occasion serv'd, wou'd quote:  
 No matter whether right or wrong,  
 They might be either said or sung.  
 His notion fitted things so well,  
 140 That which was which he could not tell;  
 But oftentimes mistook the one  
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.  
 He cou'd reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their natures by abstracts;  
 145 Where entity and quiddity,  
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;  
 Where Truth in person does appear,  
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.  
 He knew what's what, and that's as high  
 150 As metaphysic wit can fly.  
 In school-divinity as able,  
 As he that hight, Irrefragable;  
 A second Thomas, or at once  
 To name them all, another Duns.  
 155 Profound in all the nominal  
 And real ways beyond them all;  
 For he a rope of sand could twist  
 As tough as learned Sorbonist:  
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull  
 160 That's empty when the moon is full:  
 Such as take lodgings in a head  
 That's to be let unfurnished.  
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a trice,

- 165 As if divinity had catch'd  
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;  
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
 And stab herself with doubts profound,  
 Only to shew with how small pain  
 170 The sores of faith are cur'd again;  
 Although by woful proof we find,  
 They always leave a scar behind.  
 He knew the feat of paradise,  
 Cou'd tell in what degree it lies;  
 175 And, as he was dispos'd, cou'd prove it,  
 Below the moon, or else above it.  
 What Adam dream'd of when his bride  
 Came from her closet in his side;  
 Whether the devil tempted her  
 180 By a High-Dutch interpreter;  
 If either of them had a navel;  
 Who first made music malleable;  
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,  
 Had cloven feet, or none at all;  
 185 All this without a gloss or comment,  
 He could unriddle in a moment,  
 In proper terms such as men smatter,  
 When they throw out and miss the matter.  
 For his religion it was fit  
 190 To match his learning and his wit;  
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue,  
 For he was of that stubborn crew  
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
 To be the true church militant;  
 195 Such as do build their faith upon  
 The holy text of pike and gun;  
 Decide all controversies by  
 Infallible artillery;  
 And prove their doctrine orthodox  
 200 By apostolic blows and knocks;

- Call fire, and sword, and desolation,  
A godly thorough reformation,  
Which always must be carry'd on,  
And still be doing, never done:  
205 As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended.  
A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies:  
In falling out with that or this,  
210 And finding somewhat still amiss:  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
Than dog distract, or monkey sick.  
That with more care keep holiday  
The wrong, than others the right way:  
215 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,  
By damning those they have no mind to.  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worship'd God for spite.  
The self-same thing they will abhor  
220 One way, and long another for.  
Free-will they one way disavow.  
Another, nothing else allow.  
All piety consists therein.  
In them, in other men all sin.  
225 Rather than fail, they will defy  
That which they love most tenderly:  
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend plumb-porridge;  
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
230 And blaspheme custard through the nose.  
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,  
Like Mahomet's, were als and widgeon.  
To whom our knight, by fast instinct  
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,  
235 As if hypocrisy and nonsense  
Had got th' advowson of his conscience,



- Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,  
We mean on th' inside not the outward,  
That next of all we shall discuss :  
240 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus :  
His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
Both of his wisdom and his face ;  
In cut and dye so like a tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile :  
245 The upper part thereof was whey,  
The nether orange mix'd with grey.  
This hairy meteor did denounce  
The fall of scepters and of crowns :  
With grisly type did represent  
250 Declining age of government :  
And tell with hieroglyphic spade,  
Its own grave and the state's were made.  
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew  
In time to make a nation rue ;  
255 Though it contributed its own fall,  
To wait upon the public downfall.  
It was monastic, and did grow  
In holy orders by strict vow ;  
Of rule as sullen and severe,  
260 As that of rigid Cordeliere :  
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,  
And martyrdom with resolution,  
T' oppose itself against the hate  
And vengeance of th' incensed state :  
265 In whose defiance it was worn,  
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,  
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.  
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,  
270 As long as monarchy should last ;  
But when the state should hap to reel,  
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,

- And fall; as it was consecrate,  
 A sacrifice to fall of state;  
 275 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters  
 Did twist together with its whiskers,  
 And twine so close, that Time should never,  
 In life or death, their fortunes sever;  
 But with his rusty sickle mow  
 280 Both down together at a blow.  
 So learned Taliacotius, from  
 The brawny part of porter's bum,  
 Cut supplemental noses; which  
 Would last as long as parent breech;  
 285 But when the date of Nock was out,  
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.  
 His back, or rather burden, shew'd,  
 As if it stoop'd with its own lead.  
 For as Æneas bore his fire  
 290 Upon his shoulders through the fire;  
 Our knight did bear no less a pack  
 Of his own buttocks on his back;  
 Which now had almost got the upper-  
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.  
 295 To poise this equally, he bore  
 A paunch of the same bulk before;  
 Which still he had a special care  
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;  
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds  
 300 Such as the country-house affords;  
 With other victual, which anon  
 We farther shall dilate upon.  
 When of his hose we come to treat,  
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.  
 305 His doublet was of sturdy buff,  
 And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;  
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

- His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
 310 And had been at the siege of Bullen :  
 To old King Harry so well known,  
 Some writers held they were his own.  
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece  
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,  
 315 And fat black-puddings, proper food  
 For warriors that delight in blood.  
 For, as we said, he always chose  
 To carry vittle in his hose,  
 That often tempted rats and mice  
 320 The ammunition to surprise :  
 And when he put a hand but in  
 The one or t' other magazine,  
 They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
 And from the wounded foe drew blood ;  
 325 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,  
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.  
 And though knights errant, as some think,  
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
 Because when thorough deserts vast  
 330 And regions desolate they past,  
 Where belly-timber above ground,  
 Or under, was not to be found,  
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word  
 Of their provision on record ;  
 335 Which made some confidently write,  
 They had no stomachs but to fight :  
 'Tis false : for Arthur wore in hall  
 Round table like a farthingale,  
 On which with shirt pull'd out behind,  
 340 And eke before, his good knights din'd :  
 Though 'twas no table, some suppose,  
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose ;  
 In which he carry'd as much meat  
 As he and all the knights could eat,

- 345 When laying by their swords and truncheons,  
 They took their breakfast on their nuncheons.  
 But let that pass at present, lest  
 We shou'd forget where we digress;  
 As learned authors use, to whom  
 350 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.  
 His puissant sword unto his side,  
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd;  
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,  
 And serve for fight and dinner both.  
 355 In it he melted lead for bullets,  
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;  
 To whom he bore so full a grutch,  
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.  
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
 360 For want of fighting was grown rusty,  
 And ate into itself, for lack  
 Of some body to hew and hack.  
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,  
 The rancour of its edge had felt.  
 365 For of the lower end two handful  
 It had devour'd, it was so manful,  
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case;  
 As if it durst not show its face.  
 In many desperate attempts,  
 370 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,  
 It had appear'd with courage bolder  
 Than Serjeant Bum invading the alder.  
 Oft had it ta'en possession,  
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.  
 375 This sword, a dagger had his page,  
 That was but little for his age;  
 And therefore waited on him so,  
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do.  
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,  
 380 Either for fighting or for dudging.



- When it had stabb'd, or broke a head ;  
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;  
 Toast cheefe or bacon, though it were  
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.  
 385 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth  
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.  
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,  
 Where this and more it did endure ;  
 But left the trade, as many more  
 390 Have lately done on the same score.  
 In th' holster's at his saddle-bow  
 Two aged pistols he did stow,  
 Among the surplus of such meat  
 As in his hose he could not get.  
 395 These wou'd inveigle rats with th' scent,  
 To forage when the cocks were bent ;  
 And sometimes catch them with a snap,  
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.  
 They were upon hard duty still,  
 400 And ev'ry night stood centinel,  
 To guard the magazine i' the hose  
 From two legg'd and from four legg'd foes.  
 Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight  
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.  
 405 But first with nimble active force  
 He got on th' outside of his horse ;  
 For having but one stirrup ty'd  
 T' his saddle on the further side,  
 It was so short, h' had much ado  
 410 To reach it with his desp'rate toe.  
 But, after many strains and heaves,  
 He got up to the saddle-eaves ;  
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat,  
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,  
 415 That he had almost tumbled over  
 With his own weight ; but did recover,

- By laying hold on tail and mane ;  
Which oft he us'd instead of rein,  
But now we talk of mounting steed,  
420 Before we further do proceed,  
It doth behove us to say something  
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.  
The beast was sturdy, large and tall,  
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;  
425 I would say eye ; for h' had but one,  
As most agree, though some say none.  
He was well stay'd, and in his gate  
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.  
At spur or switch no more he skip'd,  
430 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd :  
And yet so fiery he would bound,  
As if he griev'd to touch the ground :  
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,  
Had corns upon his feet and toes,  
435 Was not by half so tender hoofs,  
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.  
And as that beast would kneel and stoop  
(Some write) to take his rider up ;  
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,  
440 Would often do to set him down.  
We shall not need to say what lack  
Of leather was upon his back ;  
For that was hidden under pad,  
And breech of knight gall'd full as bad.  
445 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd  
Like furrows he himself had plow'd :  
For underneath the skirt of pannel,  
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.  
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,  
450 Which on his rider he would flurt ;  
Still as his tender side he prick'd  
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd :

- For Hudibras wore but one spur,  
 As wisely knowing, could he stir  
 455 To active trot one side of's horse,  
 The other would not hang an arse.  
 A Squire he had, whose name was *Ralph*,  
 That in th' adventure went his half.  
 Though writers, for more stately tone,  
 460 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:  
 And when we can with metre ease,  
 We'll call him so; if not, plain *Ralph*  
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.)  
 465 An equal stock of wit and valour  
 He had laid in, by birth a tailor.  
 The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd  
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,  
 Did leave it with a castle fair,  
 470 To his great ancestor, her heir:  
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights  
 Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights  
 Against the bloody canibal,  
 Whom they destroy'd, both great and small.  
 475 This sturdy squire, he had, as well  
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,  
 Not with a counterfeited pass  
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.  
 His knowledge was not far behind  
 480 The Knight's, but of another kind,  
 And by another way came by't:  
 Some call it *gifts*, and some *new light*,  
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains  
 Of study, industry, or brains.  
 485 His wit was sent him for a token,  
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken.  
 Like commendation ninepence crook'd  
 With—To and from my love—it look'd,

- He ne'er consider'd it, as loth to  
 490 To look a gift-horse in the mouth;  
 And very wisely would lay forth  
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.  
 But as he got it freely,  
 He spent it frank and freely too.  
 495 For saints themselves will sometimes be  
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
 By means of this, with hem and cough,  
 Prolongers to enlighten fools,  
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,  
 500 As easily as thread a needle.  
 For as of vagabonds we say,  
 That they are ne'er beside their way;  
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,  
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
 505 'Tis a dark lanthorn of the spirit,  
 Which none see by but those that bear it;  
 A light that falls down from on high,  
 For spiritual trades to rozen by,  
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,  
 510 And leads men into pools and ditches;  
 To make them dip themselves, and found  
 For Christendom in dirty pond;  
 To dive like wild-fowl for salvation,  
 And fish to catch regeneration.  
 515 This light inspires and plays upon  
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,  
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,  
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,  
 Such language as no mortal ear  
 520 But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear.  
 So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,  
 Into small poets song infuse;  
 Which they at second hand rehearse  
 Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

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- 525 Thus Ralph became infallible,  
 As three or four-legg'd oracle,  
 The ancient cup, or modern chair;  
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.  
 For mystic learning, wondrous able  
 530 In magic talisman and cabal,  
 Whose primitive tradition reaches  
 As far as Adam's first green breeches;  
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,  
 Ideas, atoms, influences;  
 535 And much of *terra incognita*,  
 Th' intelligible world, could say;  
 A deep occult philosopher,  
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,  
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound  
 540 And solid lying much renown'd:  
 He Anthroposophus, and Floud,  
 And Jacob Behmen, understood;  
 Knew many an amulet and charm,  
 That would do neither good nor harm;  
 545 In Rosy-Crucian lore as learned,  
 As he that *vere adeptus* earned.  
 He understood the speech of birds  
 As well as they themselves do words;  
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
 550 That think and speak contrary clean;  
 What member 'tis of whom they talk  
 When they cry *Rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk*.  
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,  
 And keep them in a glass like water;  
 555 Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise;  
 For dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkest night,  
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.  
 By help of these, as he profess'd,  
 560 He had first matter seen undress'd:

- He took her naked all alone  
 Before one rag of form was on.  
 The chaos too he had descry'd,  
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :  
 565 Not that of pasteboard, which men shew  
 For groats at fair of Barthol'mew;  
 But its great-grandfire, first o' th' name,  
 Whence that and Reformation came;  
 Both cousin-germans, and right able  
 570 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.  
 But Reformation was, some say,  
 O' th' younger house to puppet-play.  
 He could fortel what's ever was  
 By consequence to come to pass;  
 575 As death of great men, alterations,  
 Diseases, battles, inundations.  
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,  
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done,  
 By inward light, a way as good,  
 580 And easy to be understood :  
 But with more lucky hit than those  
 That use to make the stars depose,  
 Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge  
 Upon themselves what others forge;  
 585 As if they were consenting to  
 All mischiefs in the world men do;  
 Or, like the devil, did sway and tempt 'em  
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
 They'll search a planet's house to know  
 590 Who broke and robb'd a house below;  
 Examine Venus and the Moon,  
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon :  
 And though they nothing will confess,  
 Yet by their very looks can guess,  
 595 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,  
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.

- They'll question Mars, and, by his look,  
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak;  
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach  
600 Those thieves which he himself did teach.  
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies  
O' th' planets, all mens destinies;  
Like him that took the doctor's bill,  
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill;  
605 Cast the nativity o' th' question,  
And from positions to be guess'd on,  
As sure as if they knew the moment  
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.  
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,  
610 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;  
And tell what crisis does divine  
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;  
In men, what gives or cures the itch,  
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;  
615 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;  
What makes men great, what fools or knaves;  
But not what wise; for only of those  
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,  
No more than can the astrologians.  
620 There they say right, and like true Trojans  
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took  
The other course, of which we spoke.  
Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endu'd  
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrewd.  
625 Never did trusty squire with knight,  
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.  
Their arms and equipage did fit,  
As well as virtues, parts, and wit.  
Their valours too were of a rate,  
630 And out they fally'd at the gate.  
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,  
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;

- For they a sad adventure met,  
Of which anon we mean to treat.
- 635 But ere we venture to unfold  
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,  
We should, as learned poets use,  
Invoke th' assistance of some muse;  
However critics count it sillier
- 640 Than jugglers talking to familiar.  
We think 'tis no great matter which;  
They're all alike; yet we shall pitch  
On one that fits our purpose most;  
Whom therefore thus do we accost.
- 645 Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,  
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers,  
And force them, though it was in spite  
Of nature, and their stars, to write;  
Who, as we find in fullen writs,
- 650 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,  
With vanity, opinion, want,  
The wonder of the ignorant,  
The praises of the author, penn'd  
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
- 655 The itch of picture in the front,  
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,  
All that is left o' th' forked hill,  
To make men scribble without skill;  
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
- 660 And teach all people to translate;  
Though out of languages in which  
They understood no part of speech:  
Assist me but this once I 'mplore,  
And I shall trouble thee no more.
- 665 In western clime there is a town,  
To those that dwell therein well known.  
Therefore there needs no more be said here,  
We unto them refer our reader;



- For brevity is very good,  
 670 When w' are, or are not understood.  
 To this town people did repair  
 On days of market, or of fair;  
 And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,  
 In merriment did drudge and labour:  
 675 But now a sport more formidable  
 Had rak'd together village rabble;  
 'Twas an old way of recreating,  
 Which learned butchers call *bear-baiting*.  
 A bold advent'rous exercise,  
 680 With ancient heroes in high prize:  
 For authors do affirm it came  
 From Isthmian or Nemean game.  
 Others derive it from the bear  
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,  
 685 And round about the pole does make  
 A circle like a bear-at stake,  
 That at the chain's end wheels about,  
 And overturns the rabble-rout.  
 For after solemn proclamation  
 690 In the bear's name, (as is the fashion  
 According to the law of arms,  
 To keep men from inglorious harms),  
 That none presume to come so near  
 As forty foot of stake of bear;  
 695 If any yet be so fool-hardy,  
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy;  
 If they come wounded off, and lame,  
 No honour's got by such a main;  
 Although the bear gain much, being bound  
 700 In honour to make good his ground,  
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,  
 If any press upon him, who 'tis;  
 But lets them know, at their own cost,  
 That he intends to keep his post.

- 705 This to prevent, and other harms,  
Which always wait on feats of arms,  
(For in the hurry of a fray,  
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way),  
Thither the Knight his course did steer,  
710 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear;  
As he believ'd h' was bound to do  
In conscience and commission too;  
And therefore thus bespoke the squire:  
We that are wisely mounted higher  
715 Than constables in curule wit,  
When on tribunal bench we sit,  
Like speculators should foresee,  
From pharos of authority,  
Portended mischiefs farther than  
720 Low Proletarian tything-men.  
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,  
That dog and bear are to dispute;  
For so of late men fighting name,  
Because they often prove the same;  
725 (For where the first does hap to be,  
The last does *coincidere*);  
*Quantum in nobis*, have thought good,  
To save the expence of Christian blood,  
And try if we, by mediation  
730 Of treaty and accommodation,  
Can end the quarrel, and compose  
The bloody duel without blows.  
Are not our liberties, our lives,  
The laws, religion, and our wives,  
735 Enough at once to lie at stake  
For cov'nant and the cause's sake?  
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,  
As well as we, must venture theirs.  
This feud by Jesuits invented,  
740 By evil counsel is fomented;

- There is a Machiavillian plot,  
 (Though ev'ry *mare* *offact* it not),  
 And deep design in't to divide  
 The well-affected that confide,  
 745 By setting brother against brother,  
 To claw and curry one another.  
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,  
 That *cant et angue pejus* hate us?  
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws  
 750 Upon our own selves without cause?  
 That some occult design doth lie  
 In bloody cynarctomachy,  
 Is plain enough to him that knows,  
 How saints-lead brothers by the nose.  
 755 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,  
 But sure some mischief will come of it  
 Unless by providential wit,  
 Or force, we averruncate it.  
 For what design, what interest  
 760 Can beast have to encounter beast?  
 They fight for no espoused cause,  
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,  
 Nor for a thorough reformation,  
 Nor covenant, nor protestation,  
 765 Nor liberty of consciences,  
 Nor Lords nor Commons ordinances;  
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,  
 To get them in their own no hands;  
 Nor evil counsellors to bring  
 770 To justice, that seduce the King;  
 Nor for the worship of us men,  
 Though we have done as much for them.  
 Th' Ægyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for  
 Their faith made internecine war:  
 775 Others ador'd a rat, and some  
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom:

- The Indians fought for the truth  
 Of th' elephant and monkey tooth:  
 And many, to defend that faith,  
 80 Fought it out *mordicus* to death:  
 But no beast ever was so flight,  
 For man, as for his God, to fight.  
 They have more wit, alas! and know  
 Themselves and us better than so.  
 85 But we, who only do infuse  
 The rage in them like *boute-feu*;  
 'Tis our example that infects  
 In them the infection of our ills:  
 For, as some late philosophers  
 90 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse  
 With man, take after him, as hogs  
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.  
 Just so, by our example, cattle  
 Learn to give one another battle.  
 95 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,  
 When they destroy'd th' Christian brethren,  
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,  
 And then set dogs about their ears:  
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came  
 100 Of this lewd antichristian game.  
 To this, quoth Ralpho, verily,  
 The point seems very plain to me.  
 It is an antichristian game,  
 Unlawful both in thing and name.  
 105 First for the name, the word *bear-baiting*  
 Is carnal and of man's creating:  
 For certainly there's no such word  
 In all the scripture on record,  
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin;  
 110 And so is (secondly) the thing,  
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can  
 No more be prov'd by scripture, than

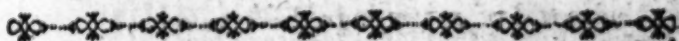


- Provincial, classic, national,  
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
- 815 Thirdly, it is idolatrous ;  
 For when men run a-whoring thus  
 With their inventions, whatso'er  
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,  
 It is idolatrous and Pagan,
- 820 No less than worshipping of Dagon.  
 Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat ;  
 Ralpho thou dost prevaricate !  
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st  
 Be true *ad amissum*, as thou say'st ;
- 825 (For that bear-baiting should appear  
*Jure divino* lawfuller  
 Than synods are, thou dost deny,  
*Totidem verbis* ; so do I) ;  
 Yet there's a fallacy in this ;
- 830 For if by sly *homœosis*,  
*Tussis pro crepitu*, an art  
 Under a cough to slur a f—t,  
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply,  
 Both are unlawful, I deny.
- 835 And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt  
 But bear-baiting may be made out,  
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is  
 Provincial or parochial *classis* ;  
 And that both are so near of kin,
- 840 And like in all, as well as sin,  
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,  
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,  
 And not know which is which, unless  
 You measure by their wickedness :
- 845 For 'tis not hard to imagine whether  
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.  
 Quoth Hudibras, thou offer'st much,  
 But art not able to keep touch.

- Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' adage,  
850 *Id est*, to make aleek a cabbage;  
Thou'lt be at best but suck a bull,  
Or shear-swine, all cry and no wool;  
For what can synods have at all,  
With bear that's analogical?  
855 Or what relation has debating  
Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?  
A just comparison still is  
Of things *ejusdem generis*,  
And then what *genus* rightly doth  
860 Include and comprehend them both?  
If animal, both of us may  
As justly pass for bears as they;  
For we are animals no less,  
Although of diff'rent specieses.  
865 But, Ralpho, this is not fit place,  
Nor time to argue out the case:  
For now the field is not far off,  
Where we must give the world a proof  
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit  
870 Another manner of dispute.  
A controversy that affords  
Actions for arguments, not words:  
Which we must manage at a rate  
Of prowess and conduct adequate  
875 To what our place and fame doth promise,  
And all the godly expect from us.  
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
We're slurr'd and outed by success:  
Success, the mark no mortal wit,  
880 Or surest hand, can always hit:  
For whatsoever we perpetrate,  
We do but row, we're steer'd by fate,  
Which in success oft disinherits,  
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

- 885 Great actions are not always true sons  
 Of great and mighty resolutions,  
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth  
 Events still equal to their worth:  
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
 890 Fortune and cowardice succeed.  
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,  
 Our actions still have born us out:  
 Which, though they're known to be so ample,  
 We need not copy from example;  
 895 We're not the only persons durst  
 Attempt this province, nor the first.  
 In northern clime a val'rous knight  
 Did whilom kill his bear in fight,  
 And wound a fiddler: we have both  
 900 Of these the objects of our wroth,  
 And equal fame and glory from  
 Th' attempt of victory to come.  
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke  
 In foreign land, yclep'd —  
 905 To whom we have been oft compar'd  
 For person, parts, address, and beard;  
 Both equally reputed stout,  
 And in the same cause both have fought;  
 He oft in such attempts as these  
 910 Came off with glory and success;  
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,  
 For want of equal resolution.  
 Honour is like a widow, won  
 With brisk attempt and putting on;  
 915 With ent'ring manfully, and urging,  
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.  
 This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,  
 So ours, with rusty steel did smite  
 His Trojan horse, and just as much  
 920 He mended pace upon the touch;

But from his empty stomach groan'd  
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,  
 And angry answer'd from behind,  
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.  
 925 So have I seen, with armed heel,  
 A wight bestride a common weal:  
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
 The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.



## C A N T O H.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The catalogue and character  
 Of th' enemies best men of war:  
 Whom, in a bold harangue, the knight  
 Defies, and challenges to fight;  
 He encounters Talgol, routs the bear,  
 And takes the fiddler prisoner;  
 Conveys him to enchanted castle,  
 There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.*

There was an ancient sage philosopher,  
 That had read Alexander Ross over;  
 And swore the world, as he could prove,  
 Was made of fighting and of love:  
 5 Just so romances are, for what else  
 Is in them all, but love and battles?  
 O' th' first of these we've no great matter  
 To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:  
 In which to do the injur'd right,  
 10 We mean, in what concerns just fight.



- Certes* our authors are to blame,  
 For to make some well-sounding name,  
 A pattern fit for modern knights  
 To copy out in frays and fights;  
 15 (Like those that a whole street do raze,  
 To build a palace in the place),  
 They never care how many others  
 They kill, without regard of mothers,  
 Or wives, or children, so they can  
 20 Make up some fierce deed-doing man,  
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,  
 Just like the manhood of nine taylors:  
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies  
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,  
 25 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit  
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit:  
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,  
 As in another is destroy'd.  
 For when a giant's slain in fight,  
 30 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,  
 It is a heavy case, no doubt,  
 A man should have his brains beat out,  
 Because he's tall, and has large bones;  
 As men kill beavers for their stones.  
 35 But as for our part, we shall tell,  
 The naked truth of what befel;  
 And as an equal friend to both  
 The knight and bear, but more to troth,  
 With neither faction shall take part,  
 40 But give to each his due desert;  
 And never coin a formal lye on't,  
 To make the knight o'ercome the giant.  
 This b'ing profess'd, we've hopes enough,  
 And now go on where we left off.  
 45 They rode, but authors having not  
 Determin'd whether pace or trot,

- (That is to say, whether *tollutation*,  
As they do term't, or *succussion*),  
We leave it, and go on, as now
- 50 Suppose they did, no matter how:  
Yet some from fable hints have got  
Mysterious light, it was a trot.  
But let that pass: they now begun  
To spur their living engines on.
- 55 For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,  
The learned hold, are animals:  
So horses they affirm to be  
Mere engines made by geometry;  
And were invented first from engines,
- 60 As Indian Britons were from penguins.  
So let them be: as I was saying,  
They their live engines ply'd, not staying  
Until they reach'd the fatal champain,  
Which th' enemy did then encamp on:
- 65 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle  
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,  
And fierce auxiliary men,  
That came to aid their brethren;  
Who now began to take the field;
- 70 As knight from ridge of steed beheld.  
For as our modern wits behold,  
Mounted a pick-back on the old,  
Much farther off; much farther he,  
Rais'd on his aged beast could see:
- 75 Yet not sufficient to descry  
All postures of the enemy;  
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,  
T' observe their numbers, and their order;  
That, when their motions he had known,
- 80 He might know how to fit his own.  
Mean while he stopp'd his willing steed,  
To fit himself for martial deed:

- Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,  
Either to give blows, or to ward;  
85 Courage and steel, both of great force,  
Prepar'd for better or for worse.  
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,  
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.  
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd  
90 To free's sword from retentive scabbard:  
And, after many a painful pluck,  
From rusty durance he bail'd tack.  
Then shook himself to see that prowess  
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;  
95 And rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,  
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,  
Portending blood, like blazing star,  
The beacon of approaching war.  
Ralpho rode on with no less speed  
100 Than Hugo in the forest did:  
But far more in returning made;  
For now the foe he had survey'd,  
Rang'd as to him they did appear,  
With van, main battle, wings, and rear:  
105 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,  
Crowd~~ed~~ march'd, expert and able.  
Instead of trumpet and of drum,  
That makes the warrior's stomach come,  
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer  
110 By thunder turn'd to vinegar:  
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,  
Who has not a month's mind to combat?);  
A squeaking engine he apply'd  
Unto his neck, on north-east side,  
115 Just where the hangman does dispose,  
To special friends, the knot of noose:  
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen strait  
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.

- His warped-ear hung o'er the strings,  
 120 Which was but fouse to chitterlings :  
 For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,  
 Are fit for music, or for pudden :  
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind  
 Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.  
 125 His grisly beard was long and thick,  
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick :  
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe,  
 For what on his own chin did grow.  
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both :  
 130 A beard and-tail of his own growth ;  
 And yet by authors 'tis avers'd,  
 He made use only of his beard.  
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth  
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth ;  
 135 Where bulls do chuse the boldest king,  
 And ruler, o'er the men of string ;  
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,  
 Kings were proclaim'd by horse that neigh'd ;)  
 He bravely vent'ring at a-crown,  
 140 By chance of war was beaten down,  
 And wounded sore : his leg then broke,  
 Had got a deputy of oak ;  
 For when a shin in fight is crompt,  
 The knee with one of timber's propt,  
 145 Esteem'd more honourable than the other ;  
 And takes place though the younger brother.  
 Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for  
 Wise conduct, and success in war ;  
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,  
 150 Now marshal to the champion bear.  
 With truncheon tipt with iron head,  
 The warrior to the lists he led :  
 With solemn march, and stately pace,  
 But far more grave and solemn face ;



- 155 Grave as the emperor of Pegu,  
 Or Spanish potentate Don Diego.  
 This leader was of knowledge great,  
 Either for charge or for retreat.  
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell,  
 160 To fall back and retreat as well.  
 So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,  
 And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,  
 Do stave and tail with writs of error,  
 Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,  
 165 To let them breathe a while, and then  
 Cry whoop, and set them on agen.  
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,  
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,  
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey  
 170 Of many a fierce and bloody fray;  
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,  
 In military garden Paris.  
 As soldiers heretofore did grow  
 In gardens, just as weeds do now;  
 175 Until some splay-foot politicians  
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,  
 For licencing a new invention  
 Th' had found out of an antique engine,  
 To root out all the weeds that grow  
 180 In public gardens at a blow,  
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,  
 My friends, that is not to be done.  
 Not done! quæ' statesmen; yes, an't please ye,  
 When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.  
 185 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:  
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.  
 A drum! quoth Phœbus, troth that's true,  
 A pretty invention quaint and new.  
 But though of voice and instrument  
 190 We are th' undoubted president;

- We such loud music don't profess :  
 The devil's master of that office,  
 Where it must pass, if't be a drum ;  
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*  
 195 To him apply yourselves, and he  
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.  
 They did so ; but it prov'd so ill,  
 Th' had better let 'em grow there still.  
 But to resume what we discoursing  
 200 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin :  
 That which so oft by sundry writers  
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,  
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,  
 Then any other warrior, (*viz.*)  
 205 None ever acted both parts bolder,  
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.  
 He was of great descent, and high  
 For splendor and antiquity,  
 And from celestial origine  
 210 Deriv'd himself in a right line ;  
 Not as the ancient heroes did,  
 Who, that their base births might be hid,  
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,  
 And that they came in at a windore),  
 215 Made Jupiter himself, and others  
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,  
 To get on them a race of champions,  
 (Of which old Homer once made lampoons).  
 Arctophylax in northern sphere  
 220 Was his undoubted ancestor :  
 From him his great forefathers came,  
 And in all ages bore his name.  
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore ;  
 For by his side a pouch he wore,  
 225 Replet with strange hermetic powder,  
 That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd folder ;

- By skilful chymist with great cost  
 Extracted from a rotten post ;  
 But of a heav'nlier influence  
 230 Than that which mountebanks dispense ;  
 Though by Promethean fire made,  
 As they do quack that drive that trade.  
 For as when slovens do amiss  
 At others doors, by stool or piss ;  
 235 The learned write, a red-hot spit.  
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,  
 Will convey mischief from the dung:  
 Unto the part that did the wrong :  
 So this did healing, and as sure  
 240 As that did mischief, this would cure.  
 Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd,  
 With learning, conduct, fortitude,  
 Incomparable : and as the prince  
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,  
 245 A skilful leech is better far  
 Than half a hundred men of war ;  
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,  
 No less than dint of sword could kill.  
 The gallant Bruin march'd next him,  
 250 With visage formidably grim,  
 And rugged as a Saracen,  
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin :  
 Clad in a mantle *delle guerre*  
 Of rough impenetrable fur ;  
 255 And in his nose, like Indian king,  
 He wore for ornament, a ring ;  
 About his neck a threefold gorget,  
 As rough as trebled leathern target ;  
 Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,  
 260 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged.  
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey  
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray ;

So swords, in men of war, are teeth  
Which they do eat their vittle with.  
65 He was by birth, some authors write,  
A Russian, some a Muscovite;  
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,  
Of whom we in diurnals read,  
That serve to fill up pages here,  
70 As with their bodies ditches there.  
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,  
With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin:  
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,  
And quarter himself upon his paws.  
75 And though his countrymen, the Huns,  
Did stew their meat between their bums  
And th' horses backs o'er which they straddle,  
And ev'ry man eat up his saddle;  
He was not half so nice as they;  
80 But eat it raw when't came in's way.  
He had trac'd countries far and near  
More than Le Blanc the traveller;  
Who writes, he spous'd in India,  
Of noble house, a lady gay,  
85 And got on her a race of worthies,  
As stout as any upon earth is.  
Full many a fight for him between  
Talgol and Orfin oft had been;  
Each striving to deserve the crown  
90 Of a fav'd-citizen; the one  
To guard his bear, the other fought  
To aid his dog; both made more stout  
By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,  
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;  
95 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,  
Never got ought of him but blows;  
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he  
Had lent, repaid with usury.



- Yet Talgol was of courage stout,  
 300 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought:  
 Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,  
 And like a champion, shone with oil.  
 Right many a widow his keen blade,  
 And many fatherless, had made.  
 305 He many a boar and huge dun cow  
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow.  
 But Guy with him in fight compar'd,  
 Had like the boar and dun cow far'd.  
 With greater troops of sheep h' had fought  
 310 Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;  
 And many a serpent of fell kind,  
 With wings before, and stings behind,  
 Subdu'd; as poets say, long ago  
 Bold Sir George, St. George, did the dragon.  
 315 Nor engine, nor device polemic,  
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,  
 Though stor'd with deleterious med'cines,  
 (Which whosoever took is dead since),  
 E'er sent so vast a colony  
 320 To both the under worlds as he.  
 For he was of that noble trade,  
 That demi-gods and heroes made,  
 Slaughter, and knocking on the head;  
 The trade to which they all were bred;  
 325 And is, like others, glorious when  
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean.  
 The former rides in triumph for it;  
 The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,  
 For daring to profane a thing  
 330 So sacred, with vile bungling.  
 Next these the brave Magnano came,  
 Magnano, great in martial fame.  
 Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,  
 'Tis sung he got but little by't.

335 Yet he was fierce as forest-bear,  
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,  
As thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,  
Which o'er his brazen arms he held:  
But brass was feeble to resist  
340 The fury of his armed fist,  
Nor could the hardest it'n hold out  
Against his blows, but they wou'd through't.

In magic he was deeply read,  
As he that made the brazen head;  
45 Profoundly skill'd in the black art,  
As English Merlin for his heart;  
But far more skilful in the spheres,  
Than he was at the sieve and shears.  
He could transform himself in colour,  
50 As like the devil as a collier,  
As like as hypocrites in show  
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,  
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:  
55 The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker;  
He was th' inventor of, and maker:  
The trumpet and the kettle-drum  
Did both from his invention come.  
He was the first that e'er did teach  
60 To make, and how to stop a breach.  
A lance he bore with iron pike;  
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike:  
And when their forces he had join'd,  
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

65 He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright  
Than burnish'd armour of her knight:  
A bold virago, stout and tall,  
As Joan of France, or English Mall.  
Through perils both of wind and limb,  
70 Through thick and thin she follow'd him,

- In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,  
 And never him or it forsook.  
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,  
 She shar'd o' th' hazard and the prize:  
 375 At beating quarters up, or forage,  
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,  
 And laid about in fight more busily,  
 Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.  
 And though some critics here cry shame,  
 380 And say our authors are to blame,  
 That (spight of all philosophers;  
 Who hold no females stout, but bears;  
 And heretofore did so abhor  
 That women should pretend to war;  
 385 They would not suffer the stout'st dame  
 To swear by Hercules's name)  
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,  
 To fight like Termagants and Turks;  
 To lay their native arms aside,  
 390 Their modesty, and ride a-stride;  
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield  
 Their naked tools in open field;  
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,  
 And she that would have been the mistress  
 395 Of Gundibert; but he had grace,  
 And rather took a country-lass:  
 They say 'tis false, without all sense,  
 But of pernicious consequence  
 To government; which they suppose  
 400 Can never be upheld in prose;  
 Strip nature naked to the skin,  
 You'll find about her no such thing.  
 It may be so; yet what we tell  
 Of Trulla, that's improbable,  
 405 Shall be dispos'd by those have seen't,  
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print:

And if they will not take our word,  
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd;

410 Of all his race the valiant'st;  
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song;  
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:  
Hé rais'd the low, and fortify'd  
The weak against the strongest side:

415 Ill has he read, that never hit  
On him, in muses deathless writ.

He had a weapon keen and fierce,  
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,  
And cut it in a thousand pieces,

420 Though tougher than the knight of Greece his,  
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor

Was comrade in the ten years war:  
For when the restless Greeks sat down

So many years before Troy town,

425 And were renown'd, as Homer writes,  
For well-soal'd boots, no less than fights;

They ow'd that glory only to  
His ancestor, that made them so.

Fast friend he was to reformation,

430 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.  
Next rectifier of wry law,

And would make three to cure one flaw.  
Learned he was, and could take note,

Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.

435 But preaching was his chiefest talent,  
Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,

He us'd to lay about and stickle,  
Like ram, or bull, at conventicle:

For disputants, like rams and bulls,

440 Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.  
Last Colon came, bold man of war,  
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;



- Right expert in command of horse,  
 But cruel, and without remorse.  
 445 That which of Centaur long ago  
 Was said, and has been wrested to  
 Some other knights, was true of this,  
 He and his horse were of a piece.  
 One spirit did inform them both,  
 450 The self-same vigour, fury, wroth:  
 Yet he was much the rougher part,  
 And always had a harder heart;  
 Although his horse had been of those  
 That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes.  
 455 Strange food for horse! and yet, alas,  
 It may be true, for flesh is grass.  
 Sturdy he was, and no less able  
 Than Hercules to clean a stable;  
 As great a drover, and as great  
 460 A critic too, in hog or neat.  
 He ript the womb up of his mother,  
 Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,  
 And provender wherewith to feed  
 Himself, and his less cruel steed.  
 465 It was a question whether he  
 Or's horse were of a family  
 More worshipful: 'till antiquaries  
 (After th'ad almost por'd out their eyes)  
 Did very learnedly decide  
 470 The bus'ness on the horse's side,  
 And prov'd not only horse, but cows,  
 Nay pigs, were of the elder house:  
 For beasts, when man was but a piece  
 Of earth himself, did th'earth possess.  
 475 These worthies were the chief that led  
 The combatants, each in the head  
 Of his command, with arms and rage,  
 Ready, and longing to engage

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The num'rous rabble was drawn out  
 480 Of sev'ral counties round about,  
 From villages remote, and shires;  
 Of east and western hemispheres;  
 From foreign parishes and regions,  
 Of diff'rent manners, speech, religions,  
 485 Came men and mastiffs: some to fight  
 For fame and honour, some for fight,  
 And now the field of death the lists,  
 Were enter'd by antagonists,  
 And blood was ready to be broach'd;  
 490 When Hudibras in haste approach'd,  
 With squire and weapons to attack 'em;  
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em:

What rage, O citizens! what fury  
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry?  
 495 What *æstrum*, what phrenetic mood  
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,  
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast  
 And unreveng'd walks——ghost?  
 What towns, what garrisons might you  
 500 With hazard of this blood subdue,  
 Which now y'are bent to throw away  
 In vain, untriumphable fray?  
 Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow  
 Of saints, and let the cause lie fallow?  
 505 The cause for which we fought and swore  
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?  
 Then because quarrels still are seen  
 With oaths and swearing to begin,  
 The solemn league and covenant  
 510 Will seem a mere God-damn-me rant;  
 And we that took it, and have fought,  
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out.  
 For as we make war for the King  
 Against himself, the self-same thing.



- 515 Some will not stick to swear we do  
 For God, and for religion too;  
 For if bear-baiting we allow,  
 What good can reformation do?  
 The blood and treasure that's laid out,  
 520 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.  
 Are these the fruits o' th' protestation,  
 The prototype of reformation,  
 Which all the faints, and some, since martyrs,  
 Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,  
 525 When 'twas resolv'd by either house  
 Six members quarrel to elpouse?  
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,  
 With zeal and noises formidable;  
 And make all cries about the town  
 530 Join throats to cry the bishops down?  
 Who having round begirt the palace,  
 (As once a month they do the gallows),  
 As members gave the sign about,  
 Set up their throats with hideous shout:  
 535 When tinkers bawl'd aloud, to settle  
 Church-discipline, for patching kettle:  
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn  
 To geld a cat, but cry'd, *Reform*.  
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up;  
 540 And trudg'd away, to cry, *No bishop*.  
 The mouse-trap-men laid fave-alls by,  
 And 'gainst evil counsellors did cry.  
 Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,  
 And fell to turn and patch the church.  
 545 Some cry'd the covenant, instead  
 Of pudding-pies, and ginger-bread.  
 And some for brooms, old-boots and shoes,  
 Baul'd out to Purge the common's house.  
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry,  
 550 *A gospel-preaching ministry*:

- And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,  
No surplices, nor service-book.  
A strange harmonious inclination  
Of all degrees to reformation.  
555 And is this all? Is this the end  
To which these carr'ngs on did tend?  
Hath public faith, like a young heir,  
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,  
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,  
560 Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?  
Did saints, for this, bring in their plate,  
And crowd as if they came too late  
For when they thought the cause had need on't,  
Happy was he that could be rid on't.  
565 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,  
Int' officers of horse and dragoons;  
And into pikes and musqueteers  
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?  
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,  
570 Did start up living men, as soon  
As in the furnace they were thrown,  
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.  
Then was the cause of gold and plate,  
The brethren's off'rings, consecrate,  
575 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it.  
The saints fell prostrate, to adore it;  
So say the wicked——and will you  
Make that sarcastic scandal true,  
By running after dogs and bears,  
580 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?  
Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,  
And laid themselves out and their lungs;  
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,  
I' th' pow'r of gospel preaching minister?  
585 Have they invented tones to win  
The women, and make them draw in

- The men, as Indians with a female  
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?  
 Have they told Providence what it must do,  
 590 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?  
 Discover'd th' enemy's design,  
 And which way best to countermine?  
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,  
 Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?  
 595 Told it the news o' th' last express,  
 And after good or bad success,  
 Made prayers, not so like petitions,  
 As overtures and propositions,  
 (Such as the army did present  
 600 To their creator th' parliament),  
 In which they freely will confess,  
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,  
 Unless the work be carry'd on  
 In the same way they have begun,  
 605 By setting church and common weal  
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,  
 On which the saints were all agog,  
 And all this for a bear and dog?  
 The parliament drew up petitions,  
 610 To 'tself, and sent them like commissions,  
 To well-affected persons down,  
 In ev'ry city and great town:  
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,  
 Only to bring them back agen:  
 615 For this did many, many a mile,  
 Ride manfully in rank and file,  
 With papers in their hats, that shew'd  
 As if they to the pillory rode,  
 Have all these courtes, these efforts,  
 620 Been try'd by people of all sorts,  
*Velis et remis, omnibus modis,*  
 And all to advance the cause's service?

- And shall all now be thrown away  
In petulant intestine fray?  
25 Shall we that in the covenant swore,  
Each man of us to run before  
Another still in reformation,  
Give dogs and bears a dispensation?  
How will dissenting brethren relish it?  
30 What will malignants say? *videlicet*,  
That each man swore to do his best,  
To damn and perjure all the rest;  
And bid the devil take the hindmost:  
Which at this race is like to win most?  
35 They'll say our bus'ness, to reform  
The church and state, is but a worm;  
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
To an unknown church-discipline,  
What is it else, but beforehand  
40 T' engage, and after understand?  
For when we swore to carry on  
The present reformation,  
According to the purest mode  
Of churches best reform'd abroad,  
45 What did we else but make a vow  
To do we knew not what, or how?  
For no three of us will agree  
Where, or what churches these should be;  
And is indeed the self-same case  
50 With theirs that swore *et cetera's*;  
Or the French league, in which men vow'd  
To fight to the last drop of blood.  
These slanders will be thrown upon  
The cause and work we carry on,  
55 If we permit men to run headlong  
T' exorbitancies fit for bedlam;  
Rather than gospel-walking times,  
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.



- But we the matter so shall handle,  
 660 As to remove that odious scandal;  
*In name of king and parliament,*  
 I charge ye all, no more foment  
 This feud, but keep the peace between  
 Your brethren and your countrymen;  
 665 And to those places straight repair,  
 Where your respective dwellings are.  
 But to that purpose first surrender  
 The fiddler, as the prime offender,  
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief  
 670 Author and engineer of mischief;  
 That makes division between friends,  
 For prophane and malignant ends.  
 He, and that engine of vile noise,  
 On which illegally he plays,  
 75 Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought  
 To condign punishment, as they ought.  
 This must be done, and I would fain see  
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay:  
 For then I'll take another course,  
 680 And soon reduce you all by force.  
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,  
 To shew he meant to keep his word.  
 But Talgol, who had long suppress'd  
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,  
 685 Which now began to rage and burn as  
 Implacably as flame in furnace,  
 Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched  
 As e'er in meased pork was hatched;  
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow  
 690 On rump of justice as of cow;  
 How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage  
 O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,  
 With which thy steed of bones and leather  
 Has broke his wind in halting hither;

- 5 How durst th', I say, adventure thus  
T' oppose thy lumber against us?  
Could thine impertinence find out  
No work t' employ itself about,  
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,  
10 Thy busy vanity might'st show?  
Was no dispute a-foot between  
The caterwauling brethren?  
No subtle question rais'd among  
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong;  
5 No prize between those combatants  
O' th' times, the land and water saints;  
Where thou might'st stickle without hazard  
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;  
And not for want of bus'ness come  
10 To us to be thus troublesome,  
To interrupt our better sort  
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?  
Was there no felony, no bawd,  
Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad?  
5 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,  
To tie thee up from breaking loose?  
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,  
For which thou statute might'st alledge  
To keep the busy from foul evil,  
10 And shame due to thee from the devil?  
Did no committee sit, where he  
Might cut out journey-work for thee;  
And set th' a task, with subornation,  
To stitch up sale and sequestration,  
5 To cheat, with holiness and zeal,  
All parties, and the common weal?  
Much better had it been for thee,  
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;  
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,  
10 So he had never brought thee hither.

- But if th' hast brain enough in skull  
 To keep itself in lodging whole,  
 And not provoke the rage of stones  
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones;  
 735 Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st  
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  
 At this the knight grew high in wrath,  
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,  
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,  
 740 From whence at length these words broke out:  
 Was I for this intitled Sir,  
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,  
 For fame and honour to wage battle,  
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?  
 745 Not all that pride that makes thee swell  
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal;  
 Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,  
 And sell thy carrion for good meat;  
 Not all thy magic to repair  
 750 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,  
 Make nat'ral death appear thy work,  
 And stop the gangrene in stale pork;  
 Not all that force that makes thee proud,  
 Because by bullock ne'er withstood;  
 755 Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,  
 And axes made to hew down lives,  
 Shall save or help thee to evade  
 The hand of justice, or this blade,  
 Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,  
 760 For civil deed and military.  
 Nor shall these words of venom base,  
 Which thou hast from their native place,  
 Thy stomach, pump'd to sling on me,  
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free.  
 765 Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em,  
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.

Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight  
With gantlet blue, and bases white,  
And round blunt truncheon by his side,  
70 So great a man at arms defy'd  
With words far bitterer than wormwood,  
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.  
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,  
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.  
75 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd  
His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd;  
And bending cock, he levell'd full  
Against th' outside of Talgol's scull;  
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,  
80 Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder.  
But Pallas came in shape of rust,  
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust  
Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock  
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.  
85 Mean while fierce Talgol gath'ring might,  
With rugged truncheon, charg'd the knight;  
But he with Petronel upheav'd,  
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.  
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,  
90 Not us'd to such a kind of fight,  
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,  
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.  
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,  
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,  
95 But Talgol first with hardy thwack  
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.  
But when his nut-brown sword was out,  
With stomach huge he laid about,  
Imprinting many a wound upon  
100 His mortal foe, the truncheon;  
The trusty cudgel did oppose  
Itself against dead-doing blows,



- To guard its leader from fell bane,  
 And then reveng'd itself again.  
 805 And though the sword, some understood,  
 In force had much the odds of wood,  
 'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd  
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'ft:  
 For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,  
 810 Is so implacably enrag'd;  
 Though iron hew and mangle fore,  
 Wood wounds and bruises honour more:  
 And now both knights were out of breath,  
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death,  
 815 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,  
 Expecting which should take or kill.  
 This Hudibras observ'd, and fretting  
 Conquest should be so long a getting,  
 He drew up all his force into  
 820 One body, and that into one blow.  
 But Talgol wisely avoided it  
 By cunning sleight; for had it hit,  
 The upper part of him the blow  
 Had slit, as sure as that below.  
 825 Mean while th' incomparable Colon,  
 To aid his friend, began to fall on:  
 Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew  
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two;  
 Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood  
 830 This fit for bruise, and that for blood.  
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;  
 While none that saw them could divine  
 To which side conquest would incline,  
 835 Until Magnano, who did envy  
 That two should with so many men vie,  
 By subtle stratagem of brain  
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain.

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*W. Gavin Sculp.*

- For he, by foul hap, having found  
40 Where thistles grew on barren ground,  
In haste he drew his weapon out,  
And having cropt them from the root,  
He clapp'd them underneath the tail  
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.  
45 The angry beast did straight resent  
The wrong done to his fundament,  
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,  
As if h' had been beside his sense,  
Striving to disengage from thistle  
50 That gall'd him sorely under his tail :  
Instead of which, he threw the pack  
Of squire and baggage from his back ;  
And blund'ring still with smarting rump,  
He gave the knight's steed such a thump  
55 As made him reel. The knight did stoop,  
And sat on further side alope.  
This Talgol viewing, who had now  
By flight escap'd the fatal blow,  
He rally'd, and again fell to't ;  
60 For catching foe by nearer foot,  
He lifted with such might and strength,  
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
And dash'd his brains (if any) out ;  
But Mars, that still protects the stout,  
65 In pudding-time came to his aid,  
And under him the bear convey'd ;  
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown  
The knight with all his weight fell down.  
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,  
70 And headlong knight, from bruise or wound :  
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,  
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.  
As Sancho on a blanket fell,  
And had no hurt ; ours far'd as well



- 875 In body, though his mighty spirit,  
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
 The bear was in a greater fright,  
 Beat down and worsted by the knight.  
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
 880 To shake off bondage from his snout.  
 His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from  
 His jaws of death he drew the foam;  
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
 And more than ever herald drew him:  
 885 He tore the earth, which he had sav'd  
 From squelch of knight; and storm'd and rav'd,  
 And vex'd the more, because the harms  
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:  
 For men he always took to be  
 890 His friends, and dogs his enemy;  
 Who never so much hurt had done him,  
 As his own side did falling on him;  
 It griev'd him to the guts, that they  
 For whom h' had fought so many a fray,  
 895 And serv'd with loss of blood so long,  
 Should offer such inhumane wrong;  
 Wrong of unfoldier-like condition;  
 For which he flung down his commission;  
 And laid about him, till his nose  
 900 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.  
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
 Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,  
 And made way through the amazed crew,  
 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew;  
 905 But took none; for by hasty flight  
 He strove t' escape pursuit of knight;  
 From whom he fled with as much haste  
 And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.  
 In haste he fled, and so did they,  
 910 Each and his fear a sev'ral way.

- Crowdere only kept the field,  
Not stirring from the place he held,  
Though beaten down, and wounded fore,  
I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore.
- 15 One side of him, not that of bone;  
But much its better, th' wooden one.  
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd  
Upon the ground, like log of wood,  
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
- 20 And loss of urine, in a swoond,  
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb  
That hurt i' th' ancle lay by him,  
And sitting it for sudden fight,  
Straight drew it up, t' attack the knight:
- 25 For getting up on stump and huckle,  
He with the foe began to huckle,  
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach  
Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,  
Sole author of all detriment
- 30 He and his fiddle underwent.  
But Ralpho (who had now begun  
T' adventure resurrection  
From heavy squelch, and had got up  
Upon his legs with sprained crup)
- 35 Looking about, beheld perdition  
Approaching knight from fell musician  
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled  
When he was falling off his steed,  
(As rats do from a falling house),
- 40 To hide itself from rage of blows;  
And wing'd with speed and fury flew,  
To rescue knight from black and blue.  
Which ere he could atchieve, his scone  
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
- 45 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,  
When Ralpho thrust himself between.

- He took the blow upon his arm,  
 To shield the knight from further harm;  
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd  
 950 On th' wooden member such a load,  
 That down it fell, and with it bore  
 Crowdere, whom it propt before.  
 To him the squire right nimbly run,  
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon  
 955 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy  
 Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy  
 Thyself and all that coward rabble,  
 T' encounter us in battle able?  
 How durst th'; I say, oppose thy curship,  
 960 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship?  
 And Hudibras, or me provoke,  
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,  
 And th' other half of thee as good  
 To bear out blows, as that of wood?  
 965 Could not the whipping-post prevail  
 With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,  
 To keep from flying scourge thy skin,  
 And ancle free from iron gin?  
 Which now thou shalt—but first our care  
 970 Must see how Hudibras doth fare.  
 Thus said, he gently rais'd the knight,  
 And set him on his bum upright:  
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,  
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump  
 975 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been  
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within.  
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly  
 From inward room, to window-eye,  
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,  
 980 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement:  
 This gladdened Ralpho much to see,  
 Who thus bespoke the knight: Quoth he,

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- Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,  
A self-denying conqueror;  
985 As high, victorious, and great,  
As e'er fought for the churches yet,  
If you will give yourself but leave  
To make out what y' already have;  
That's victory. The foe, for dread  
990 Of your nine-worthiness is fled,  
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake  
You did th' espous'd cause undertake;  
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,  
To be dispos'd as you think meet;  
995 Either for life, or death, or sale,  
The gallows, or perpetual jail.  
For one wink of your pow'rful eye  
Must sentence him to live or die.  
His fiddle is your proper purchase,  
1000 Won in the service of the churches;  
And by your doom must be allow'd  
To be, or be no more, a crowd.  
For though success did not confer  
Just title on the conqueror;  
1005 Though dispensations were not strong  
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;  
Although outgoings did not confirm,  
And owing were but a mere term:  
Yet as the wicked have no right  
1010 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,  
The property is in the saint,  
From whom th' injuriously detain't;  
Of him they hold their luxuries,  
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,  
1015 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,  
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;  
All which the saints have title to,  
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.



- What we take from them is no more  
 1020 Than what was ours by right before.  
 For we are their true landlords still,  
 And they our tenants but at will.  
 At this the knight began to rouse,  
 And by degrees grew valorous,  
 1025 He star'd about, and seeing none  
 Of all his foes remain, but one,  
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,  
 And from the ground began to rear him;  
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay  
 1030 For all the rest that ran away.  
 But Ralpho, now in colder blood,  
 His fury mildly thus withstood:  
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit  
 Is rais'd too high: this slave does merit  
 1035 To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner  
 Than from your hand to have the honour  
 Of his destruction: I that am  
 A nothingness in deed and name,  
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,  
 1040 Or ill intreat his fiddle or case:  
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot  
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?  
 Will you employ your conqu'ring sword,  
 To break a fiddle and your word?  
 1045 For though I fought, and overcame,  
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.  
 For great commanders always own  
 What's prosperous by the soldier done.  
 To save, where you have pow'r to kill,  
 1050 Argues your pow'r above your will;  
 And that your will and pow'r have less  
 Than both might have of selfishness.  
 This pow'r, which now alive, with dread  
 He trembles at, if he were dead,

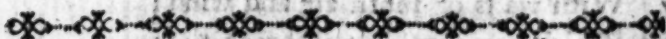
- 1055 Would no more keep the slave in awe;  
Than if you were a knight of straw:  
For death would then be his conqueror,  
Not you, and free him from that terror.  
If danger from his life accrue,  
1060 Or honour from his death, to you;  
'Twere policy and honour too,  
To do as you resolv'd to do:  
But Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,  
To say it needs or fears a crutch.  
1065 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain  
By foes in triumph led, than slain:  
The laurels that adorn their brows  
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,  
And living foes: the greatest fame  
1070 Of cripple slain, can be but lame.  
One half of him's already slain,  
The other is not worth your pain;  
Th' honour can but on one side light,  
As Worship did, when y' were dubb'd knight.  
1075 Wherefore I think it better far,  
To keep him prisoner of war;  
And let him fast in bonds abide,  
At court of justice to be try'd:  
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,  
1080 There may be danger in his safety:  
If any member there dislike  
His face, or to his beard have pique;  
Or if his death will save or yield,  
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd;  
1085 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless  
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please;  
This has been often done by some  
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom:  
And has by most of us been held  
1090 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd.

- For words and promises, that yoke  
 The conqueror, are quickly broke;  
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own  
 Direction and advice put on.
- 1095 For if we should fight for the cause  
 By rules of military laws,  
 And only do what they call just,  
 The cause would quickly fall to dust.  
 This we among ourselves may speak;
- 1100 But to the wicked, or the weak,  
 We must be cautious to declare  
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.  
 This said, the high outrageous mettle  
 Of knight began to cool and settle.
- 1105 He lik'd the squire's advice, and soon  
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done:  
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,  
 And to its former place and use
- 1110 The wooden member to reduce;  
 But force it take an oath before,  
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.  
 Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,  
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
- 1115 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,  
 To lead the captive of his sword  
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,  
 And them to further service brought.  
 The squire in state rode on before,
- 1120 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore  
 The trophy fiddle and the case,  
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.  
 The knight himself did after ride,  
 Leading Crowdero by his side;
- 1125 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,  
 Like boat against the tide and wind.

- Thus grave and solemn they march'd on;  
Until quite through the town th' had gone;  
At further end of which, there stands  
130 An ancient castle, that commands  
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric,  
You shall not see one stone, nor a brick,  
But all of wood, by pow'rful spell  
Of magic made impregnable:  
135 There's neither iron-bar nor gate,  
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate;  
And yet men durance there abide,  
In dungeons scarce three inches wide;  
With roof so low, that under it  
140 They never stand, but lie or sit;  
And yet so foul, that who'so is in,  
Is to the middle-leg in prison;  
In circle magical confin'd,  
With walls of subtil air and wind;  
145 Which none are able to break thorough,  
Until they're freed by head of borough.  
Thither arriv'd, the advent'rous knight  
And bold squire from their steeds alight,  
At th' outward wall, near which there stands  
150 A bastile, built t' imprison hands;  
By strange enchantment made to fetter  
The lesser parts, and free the greater:  
For though the body may creep through,  
The hands in grate are fast enough:  
155 And when a circle 'bout the wrist  
Is made by beadle exorcist,  
The body feels the spur and switch,  
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,  
At twenty miles an hour pace,  
160 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.  
On top of this there is a spire,  
On which Sir Knight first bids the squire,



- The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,  
 In manner of a trophy, place.  
 1165 That done, they ope the trap-door gate,  
 And let Crowdero down thereat.  
 Crowdero making doleful face,  
 Like hermit poor in penfive place,  
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
 1170 And the survivor of his feet;  
 But th' other, that had broke the peace  
 And head of knighthood; they release,  
 Though a delinquent false and forged,  
 Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;  
 1175 While his comrade, that did no hurt,  
 Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.  
 So Justice, while she winks at crimes,  
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes.



## C A N T O III.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The scatter'd rout return and rally,  
 Surround the place; the knight does sally,  
 And is made pris'ner: then they seize  
 Th' enchanted fort by storm, release  
 Crowdero, and put the squire in's place;  
 I should have first said Hudibras.*

- AH me! what perils do environ  
 The man that meddles with cold iron!  
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps  
 Do dog him still with after-claps!  
 5 For though dame Fortune seem to smile,  
 And leer upon him for a while,

- She'll after shew him, in the nick  
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.  
This any man may sing or say,  
10 I' th' ditty call'd, *What if a day* :  
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won  
The field, as certain as a gun,  
And having routed the whole troop,  
With victory was cock-a-hoop :  
15 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase  
Thanksgiving-day among the churches ;  
Wherein his mettle and brave worth  
Might be explain'd by *holder-forth*,  
And register'd by *fame eternal*,  
20 In deathless pages of diurnal ;  
Found in few minutes to his cost,  
He did but count without his host ;  
And that a turnstile is more certain  
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.  
25 For now the late faint-hearted rout,  
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,  
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,  
From bloody fray of knight and bear,  
(All but the dogs, who in pursuit  
30 Of the knight's victory stood to't,  
And most ignobly fought, to get  
The honour of his blood and sweat),  
Seeing the coast was free and clear  
O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror,  
35 Took heart again, and fac'd about  
As if they meant to stand it out :  
For by this time the routed bear,  
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,  
Finding their number grew too great  
40 For him to make a safe retreat,  
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about ;  
But wisely doubting to hold out,

- Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
 Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd;  
 45 Retiring still, until he found  
 H' had got th' advantage of the ground;  
 And then as valiantly made head,  
 To check the foe, and forthwith fled,  
 Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick  
 50 Of warrior stout and politic;  
 Until, in spite of hot pursuit,  
 He gain'd a pass to hold dispute  
 On better terms, and stop the course  
 Of the proud foe. With all his forced might  
 55 He bravely charg'd, and for a while  
 Forc'd their whole body to recoil;  
 But still their numbers so increas'd,  
 He found himself at length oppress'd,  
 And all evasions so uncertain,  
 60 To save himself for better fortune;  
 That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
 To die with honour in the field,  
 And sell his hide and carcase at  
 A price as high and desperate  
 65 As e'er he could. This resolution  
 He forthwith put in execution,  
 And bravely threw himself among  
 The enemy, i' th' greatest throng.  
 But what could single valour do,  
 70 Against so numerous a foe?  
 Yet much he did, indeed too much  
 To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.  
 But one against a multitude,  
 Is more than mortal can make good;  
 75 For while one party he oppos'd,  
 His rear was suddenly inclos'd,  
 And no room left him for retreat,  
 Or fight against a foe so great.

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For now the natives, charging home,  
 To blows and hand-gripes were come:  
 While manfully himself he bore,  
 And setting his right foot before,  
 He rais'd himself, to shew how tall  
 His person was above them all.  
 This equal shame and envy stir'd  
 In th' enemy, that one should beard  
 So many warriors, and so stout,  
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,  
 Disdaining to lay down his arms,  
 And yield on honourable terms.  
 Enraged thus, some in the rear  
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,  
 Till down he fell: yet falling fought,  
 And, being down, still laid about.  
 As Widdrington in doleful dumps,  
 Is said to fight upon his stumps,  
 But all, alas! had been in vain,  
 And he inevitably slain,  
 If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,  
 To rescue him had not been quick:  
 For Trulla, who was light of foot,  
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,  
 (But not so light as to be borne  
 Upon the ears of standing corn,  
 Or tript it o'er the water quicker  
 Than witches, when their staves they liquor,  
 As some report), was got among  
 The foremost of the martial throng:  
 There pitying the vanquish'd bear,  
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,  
 Viewing the bloody fight; To whom,  
 Shall we, quoth she, stand still hum-drum,  
 And see stout Brum all alone,  
 By numbers basely overthrown?



- 115 Such feats already h<sup>3</sup> has atchiev'd,  
 In story not to be believ'd;  
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,  
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.  
 I would, quoth he, venture a limb  
 120 To second thee, and rescue him:  
 But then we must about it straight,  
 Or else our aid will come too late;  
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
 And therefore cannot long hold out.  
 125 This said, they wav'd their weapons round:  
 About their heads, to clear the ground;  
 And joining forces, laid about  
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout  
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,  
 130 As if the devil drove, to run.  
 Mean while th' approach'd the place where Bruin  
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin;  
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,  
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,  
 135 Until their mastives loos'd their hold:  
 And yet, alas! do what they could,  
 The worsted bear came off with store  
 Of bloody wounds, but all before.  
 For as Achilles dipt in pond,  
 140 Was anabaptis'd free from wound,  
 Made proof against dead-doing steel  
 All over, but the Pagan heel:  
 So did our champion's arms defend  
 All of him, but the other end;  
 145 His head and ears, which in the martial  
 Encounter lost a leathren parcel.  
 For as an Austrian Archduke once  
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons  
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd  
 150 Close to his head; so Bruin far'd;

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But tugg'd and pull'd on the other side,  
Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd;  
Or like the late corrected leathren  
Ears of the circumcised brethren.

5 But gentle Trulla, into th' ring  
He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,  
With which he march'd before, and led  
The warrior to a grassy bed,  
As authors write, in a cool shade,  
Which eglantine and roses made;  
Close by a softly murm'ring stream,  
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.  
There leaving him to his repose,  
Secured from pursuit of foes,  
5 And wanting nothing but a song,  
And a well tun'd Theorbo hung  
Upon a bough, to ease the pain  
His tugg'd ears suffer'd; with a strain  
They both drew up, to march in quest  
Of his great leader and the rest.

For Orsin (who was more renown'd  
For stout maintaining of his ground  
In standing fight, than for pursuit,  
As being not so quick of foot)  
5 Was not long able to keep pace  
With others that pursu'd the chace;  
But found himself left far behind,  
Both out of heart, and out of wind:  
Griev'd to behold his bear pursu'd  
So basely by a multitude;  
And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
But numbers of his coward foes.  
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;  
5 Forcing the vallies to repeat  
The accents of his sad regret.  
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
For loss of his dear crony bear;

- That Echo from the hollow ground,  
 190 His doleful wailing did rebound  
 More wistfully, by many times,  
 Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,  
 That make her, in their rueful stories,  
 To answer to interrogatories,  
 195 And most unconscionably depose  
 To things of which she nothing knows,  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither wicked Bruin,  
 200 Art thou fled to my—Echo, *Bruin*  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,  
 For fear. Quoth Echo, *Mum* *gues*  
 Am not I here to take thy part?  
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?  
 205 Have these bones rattled, and this head  
 So often in thy quarrel bled?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, *Mum* *budge*  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' the dust?  
 210 Thou turn'st thy back? Quoth Echo, *Pish*  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum*  
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine enemy?  
 215 Or if thou hast no thought of me,  
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in  
 220 His honour's cause? Quoth she, *A pudding*  
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,  
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd,  
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place  
 Of sorrow, now began to blaze.  
 225 He vow'd the authors of his woe  
 Should equal vengeance undergo;

And with their bones and flesh pay dear  
 For what he suffer'd, and his bear  
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed  
 230 And rage he hasted to proceed  
 To action straight, and giving o'er  
 To search for Bruin any more,  
 He went in quest of Hudibras,  
 To find him out where e'er he was  
 235 And, if he were above ground, vow'd  
 He'd ferret him, Turk where he wou'd  
 But scarce had he a furlong on  
 This resolute adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that crew  
 240 Whom Hudibras did late subdue  
 Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,  
 Did equally their breasts inflame  
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,  
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras  
 245 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,  
 And resolute, as ever fought:  
 Whom furious Orin thus bespoke  
 Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook  
 The vile affront that patulry ass  
 250 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,  
 With that more patulry ragamuffin,  
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,  
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,  
 As if th' had routed us in battle  
 255 For my part; it shall ne'er be said,  
 I for the washing gave my head:  
 Nor did I turn my back for fear  
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my bear,  
 Which now I'm like to undergo;  
 260 For whether those fell wopnds, or no,  
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,  
 Is more than all my skill can foretel;  
 Nor do I know what is become  
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.



- 265 But if I can but find them out  
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt  
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk),  
I'll make them rue their handy work;  
And wish that they had rather dar'd
- 270 To pull the devil by the beard.  
Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast  
Great reason to do as thou say'st  
And so has ev'ry body here,  
As well as thou hast, or thy bear.
- 275 Others may do as they see good;  
But if this twig be made of wood  
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur  
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur;  
And t' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,
- 280 That brav'd us all in his behalf.  
Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,  
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill:  
Myself and Trulla made a shift  
To lift him out at a dead lift;
- 285 And having brought him bravely off,  
Have left him where he's safe enough:  
There let him rest; for if we stay,  
The slaves may hap to get away.  
This said, they all engag'd to join
- 290 Their forces in the same design:  
And forthwith put themselves in search  
Of Hudibras upon their march.  
Where leave we them a while to tell  
What the victorious knight befel;
- 295 For such, Crowdero being fast  
In dungeon shut, we left him last.  
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow  
No where so green as on his brow:  
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
- 300 With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd  
Unto a neighb'ring castle by,  
To rest his body, and apply

Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise  
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues,  
 305 To mollify th' uneasy pang  
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,  
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife dress'd,  
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. He had got a hurt  
 310 On th' inside, of a deadlier sort,  
 By Cupid made, who took his stand  
 Upon a widow's jointure-land.  
 (For he, in all his am'rous battles,  
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels),  
 315 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,  
 Let fly an arrow at the knight;  
 The shaft against a rib did glance,  
 And gall'd him in the purtenance.  
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,  
 320 After he found his suit in vain.  
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul  
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,  
 (That belly that so oft did ake,  
 And suffer griping for her sake;  
 325 Till purging comfits and ants eggs  
 Had almost brought him off his legs),  
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
 That old Pyg—(what d'y' call him) malion,  
 That cut his mistress out of stone,  
 330 Had not so hard a hearted one.  
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,  
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;  
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
 As insolent as strange and mad;  
 435 She could love none but only such  
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady,  
 Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!

- So cowards never use their might,  
 340 But against such as will not fight,  
 So some diseases have been found  
 Only to seize upon the sound.  
 He that gets her by heart, must say her  
 The back-way, like a witch's prayer.  
 345 Mean while the knight had no small task,  
 To compass what he durst not ask.  
 He loves, but dares not make the motion:  
 Her ignorance is his devotion:  
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed  
 350 Rides with his face to ramp of steeds,  
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,  
 Look one way, and another move  
 Or like a tumbler, that does play  
 His game, and look another way,  
 355 Until he seize upon the coney:  
 Just so does he by matrimony.  
 But all in vain; her subtle shroud  
 Did quickly wind his meaning out;  
 Which she return'd with too much scorn,  
 360 To be by man of honour borne:  
 Yet much he bore, until the distress  
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress,  
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain  
 He had endur'd from her disdain,  
 365 Turn'd to regret, so resolute,  
 That he resolv'd to wave his suit,  
 And either to renounce her quite,  
 Or for a while play least in fight.  
 This resolution b'ing put on,  
 370 He kept some months, and more had done;  
 But being brought so nigh by fate,  
 The victory he atchiev'd so late  
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope  
 A door to discontinu'd hope,

5 That seem'd to promise he might win  
His dame too, now his hand was in;  
And that his valour, and the honour  
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her:  
These reasons made his mouth to water  
6 With amorous longings to be at her.

Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows  
But this brave conquest o'er my foes  
May reach her heart, and make that stoop;  
As I but now have forc'd the troop?  
5 If nothing can oppugn love,  
And virtue envious ways can prove,  
What may not he confide to do  
That brings both love and virtue too?  
But thou bring'st valour too and wit,  
Two things that seldom fail to hit.

Valour's a mousetrap, with a gin,  
Which women oft are taken in.  
Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear  
To be, that art a conqueror?  
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,  
But lets the timorous miscarry.  
Then while the honour thou hast got  
Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,  
And trust thy fortune with the rest.  
Such thoughts as these the knight did keep,  
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep.

And as an owl that in a barn  
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes,  
As if he slept, until he spies  
The little beast within his reach,  
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch:  
So from his couch the knight did start,  
To seize upon the widow's heart,



- Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,  
 Ralpho, Dispatch, To horse, to horse.  
 And 'twas but time; for, now the rout,  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 415 By speedy marches were advanc'd  
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd;  
 And all th' avenues had possess'd  
 About the place, from east to west.  
 That done, a while they made a halt,  
 420 To view the ground, and where t' assault:  
 Then call'd a council, which was best,  
 By siege or onslaught, to invest  
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed,  
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.  
 425 This b'ing resolved, in comely sort  
 They now drew up t' attack the fort;  
 When Hudibras, about to enter  
 Upon another-gate's adventure,  
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,  
 430 Not dreaming of approaching storm:  
 Whether dame fortune, or the care  
 Of angel bad, or tutelar,  
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,  
 To which he was an utter stranger;  
 435 That foresight might, or might not blot  
 The glory he had newly got;  
 Or to his shame it might be said,  
 They took him napping in his bed:  
 To them we leave it to expound,  
 440 That deal in sciences profound.  
 His courser scarce he had bestrid,  
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,  
 When setting ope the postern gate,  
 Which they thought best to sally at,  
 445 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,  
 Ready to charge them in the field.

This somewhat startled the bold knight,  
Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight:

The bruises of his bones and flesh

50 He thought began to smart afresh:

Till recollecting wonted courage,

His fear was soon converted to rage,

And thus he spoke: The coward foe,

Whom we but now gave quarter to,

55 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears

As if they had outrun their fears;

The glory we did lately get,

The fates command us to repeat;

And to their wills we must succumb,

60 *Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom.

This is the same numeric crew

Which we so lately did subdue;

The self-same individuals, that

Did run, as mice do from a cat,

65 When we courageously did wield

Our martial weapons in the field,

To tug for victory: and when

We shall our shining blades agen

Brandish in terror o'er our heads,

70 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads;

Fear is an ague, that forsakes

And haunts by fits those whom it takes:

And they'll opine they feel the pain

And blows they felt to-day, again.

75 Then let us boldly charge them home,

And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,

He call'd upon his mistress' name.

His pistol next he cock'd anew,

80 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew:

And, placing Ralpho in the front,

Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt;

- As expert warriors use: then ply'd  
 With iron heel his courser's side,  
 485 Conveying sympathetic speed  
 Form heel of knight to heel of steed.  
 Mean while the foe, with equal rage  
 And speed, advancing to engage,  
 Both parties now were drawn so close,  
 490 Almost to come to handy-blows:  
 When Orsin first let fly a stone  
 At Ralph; not so huge a one  
 As that which Diomed did maul  
 Æneas on the bum withal;  
 495 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,  
 T' have sent him to another world,  
 Whether above ground, or below,  
 Which faints twice dipt are destin'd to.  
 The danger startled the bold squire,  
 500 And made him some few steps retire.  
 But Hudibras advanc'd to his aid,  
 And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd.  
 He wisely doubting lest the shot  
 O' th' enemy, now growing hot,  
 505 Might at a distance gall, press'd close,  
 To come pell-mell to handy-blows;  
 And, that he might their aim decline,  
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line;  
 But prudently forbore to fire,  
 510 Till breast to breast he had got nigher:  
 As expert warriors use to do,  
 When hand to hand they charge their foe.  
 This order the advent'rous knight  
 Most soldier like observ'd in fight,  
 515 When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd sickle  
 And for the foe began to stickle.  
 The more shame for her goodyship,  
 To give so near a friend the slip.

For Colon, chusing out a stone,  
 20 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon  
 His manly paunch, with such a force,  
 As almost beat him off his horse.  
 He lost his whinyard, and the rein;  
 But laying fast hold of the mane,  
 25 Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose  
 In death contracts his talons close:  
 So did the knight, and with one claw  
 The tricker of his pistol draw.  
 The gun went off: and as it was  
 30 Still fatal to stout Hudibras:  
 In all his feats of arms, when least  
 He dream'd of it, to prosper best;  
 So now he far'd: the shot let fly  
 At random 'mong the enemy,  
 35 Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing  
 Upon his shoulder in the passing,  
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,  
 Who straight *A surgeon* cry'd *A surgeon*:  
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,  
 40 Did *murder, murder, murder, yell*.  
 This startled their whole body so,  
 That if the knight had not let go  
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,  
 H' had won, the second time, the fight.  
 45 As, if the squire had but fall'n on,  
 He had inevitably done:  
 But he, diverted with the care  
 Of Hudibras his hurt, forbore  
 To press th' advantage of his fortune.  
 50 While danger did the rest dishearten.  
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engaged  
 In close encounter, they both wag'd  
 The fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
 Which side was like to get the day.



- 555 And now the busy work of death  
 He tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,  
 Preparing to renew the fight;  
 When the disaster of the knight  
 And th' other party did divert  
 560 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part;  
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,  
 And Cerdon where Magnano was;  
 Each striving to confirm his party  
 With stout encouragements, and hearty.  
 565 Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,  
 And let revenge and honour stir  
 Your spirits up; once more fall on;  
 The shatter'd foe begins to run:  
 For if but half so well you knew  
 570 To use your victory as subdue,  
 They durst not, after such a blow  
 As you have giv'n them, face us now;  
 But from so formidable a soldier  
 Had fled like crows when they smell powder.  
 575 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft  
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.  
 But if you let them recollect  
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,  
 You'll have a harder game to play  
 580 Than yet y' have had, to get the day.  
 Thus spoke the stout squire; but was heard  
 By Hudibras with small regard.  
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang;  
 He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;  
 585 To which he answer'd, Cruel fate  
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.  
 The clotted blood within my hose,  
 That from my wounded body flows,  
 With mortal crisis doth portend  
 590 My days to appropinque a nend.

I am for action now unfit,  
Either of fortitude or wit.

Fortune my foe begins to frown,  
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.

95 I am not apt, upon a wound  
Or trivial basting, to dispond:  
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail;  
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,  
Or that we'd time enough as yet

100 To make an hon'able retreat;  
'Twere the best course: but if they find

We fly, and leave our arms behind,

For them to seize on; the dishonour,

And danger too, is such, I'll sooner

105 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,

To let them see I am no starter.

In all the trade of war, no feat

Is nobler than a brave retreat:

For those that run away, and fly,

110 Take place at least o' th' enemy.

This said, the squire with active speed

Dismounted from his bonny steed;

To seize the arms, which by mischance

Fell from the bold knight in a trance.

115 These being found out, and restor'd

To Hudibras their nat'ral lord,

As a man may say, with might and main

He hasted to get up again.

Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,

120 But, by his weighty bum, as oft

He was pull'd back, till having found

Th' advantage of the rising ground,

Thither he led his warlike steed,

And having plac'd him right, with speed

125 Prepar'd again to scale the beast:

When Orfin, who had newly drest

- The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
 Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,  
 And now was searching for the shot  
 630 That laid Magnano on the spot,  
 Beheld the sturdy squire aforesaid  
 Preparing to climb up his horse side :  
 He left his cure, and laying hold  
 Upon his arms, with courage bold,  
 635 Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,  
 The enemy begin to rally :  
 Let us, that are unhurt and whole,  
 Fall on, and happy man be's dole.  
 This said, like to a thunderbolt  
 640 He flew with fury toth' assault,  
 Striving th' enemy to attack,  
 Before he reach'd his horse's back,  
 Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten  
 O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,  
 645 Wriggling his body to recover  
 His seat, and cast his right leg over;  
 When Orfin rushing in, bestow'd  
 On horse and man so heavy a load,  
 The beast was startled and begun  
 650 To kick and sling like mad, and run  
 Bearing the tough squire like a sack,  
 Or stout King Richard on his back  
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
 Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.  
 655 Mean while the knight began to rouse  
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess :  
 He thrust his hand into his hose,  
 And found both by his eyes and nose,  
 'Twas only choler, and not blood,  
 660 That from his wounded body flow'd  
 This, with the hazard of the squire,  
 Inflam'd him with despiteful ire :

- Courageously he fac'd about,  
And drew his other pistol out ;  
665 And now had half way bent the cock,  
When Cerdon gave so fierce 'a shock,  
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,  
That down it fell, and did no harm :  
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,  
670 Essay'd to pull him off his steed.  
The knight his sword had only left,  
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,  
Or at the least crott off a limb,  
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.  
675 He with his lance attack'd the knight  
Upon his quarters opposite.  
But as a bark, that in foul weather,  
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,  
680 And knows not what to turn him to :  
So far'd the knight between two foes,  
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;  
Till Orsin, charging with his lance  
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance,  
685 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd  
And laid him flat upon the ground.  
At this the knight began to cheer up,  
And raising up himself on stirrup,  
Cry'd out *Victoria* : lie thou there,  
690 And I shall straight dispatch another  
To bear the company in death :  
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe.  
As well he might ; for Orsin, griev'd  
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,  
695 Ran to relieve him with his lore,  
And cure the hurt he gave before.  
Mean while the knight had wheel'd about,  
To breathe himself, and next find out



- Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
 700 He might the ruffled foe infest.  
 This b'ing resolv'd he spurr'd his steed;  
 To run at Orsin with full speed,  
 While he was busy in the care  
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware?  
 705 But he was quick, and had already  
 Unto the part apply'd remedy:  
 And seeing the enemy prepar'd,  
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard.  
 Then like a warrior right expert  
 710 And skilful in the martial art,  
 The subtle knight straight made a halt;  
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,  
 Until he had reliev'd the squire,  
 And then, in order, to retire;  
 715 Or, as occasion should invite,  
 With forces join'd renew the fight.  
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,  
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,  
 Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er  
 720 With ruthless bangs were stiff and fore:  
 Right fain he would have got upon  
 His feet again, to get him gone;  
 When Hudibras to aid him came.  
 Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,  
 725 Courage, the day at length is ours,  
 And we once more as conquerors,  
 Have both the field and honour won;  
 The foe is profligate and run;  
 I mean all such as can, for some  
 730 This hand hath sent to their long home;  
 And some lie sprauling on the ground,  
 With many a gash and bloody wound.  
 Cæsar himself could never say  
 He got two vict'ries in a day;

35 As I have done, that can say, Twice In  
 In one day, *veni, vidi, vici*,  
 The foe's so numerous, that we  
 Cannot so often *vincere*,  
 As they *perire*, and yet enow  
 40 Be left to strike an after-blow;  
 Then left they rally, and once more  
 Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,  
 Get up and mount thy steed, dispatch,  
 And let us both their motions watch.

5 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were  
 In case for action, now be here;  
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd  
 An arse, for fear of being bang'd.  
 It was for you I got these harms,  
 40 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.  
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,  
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd  
 My limbs of strength: unless you stoop  
 And reach your hand to pull me up,  
 55 I shall lie here, and be a prey  
 To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not, quoth Hudibras;  
 We read the antients held it was  
 More honourable far, *servare*  
 60 *Civem*, than slay an adversary;  
 The one we oft to-day have done;  
 The other shall dispatch anon:  
 And though th' art of a diff'rent church,  
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.

5 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,  
 And steer'd him gently tow'rd the squire,  
 Then bowing down his body stretch'd  
 His hands out, and at Ralpho reach'd;  
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,  
 60 Charg'd him like lightening behind.

- She had been long in search about  
 Magnano's wound, to find it out ;  
 But could find none, nor where the shot  
 That had so startled him, was got.  
 775 But having found the worst was past,  
 She fell to her own work at last,  
 The pillage of the prisoners,  
 Which in all feats of arms was hers :  
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,  
 780 When Hudibras his hard fate drew  
 To succour him ; for, as he bow'd  
 To help him up, she laid a load  
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
 On t' other side, than down he fell.  
 785 Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she), or die ;  
 Thy life is mine, and liberty :  
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy,  
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,  
 790 I'll wave my title to thy flesh,  
 Thy arms and baggage now my right :  
 And if thou hast the heart to try't,  
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,  
 And once more for that carcase vile,  
 795 Fight upon tick. — Quoth Hudibras,  
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,  
 And I shall take thee at thy word.  
 First let me rise, and take my sword  
 That sword which has so oft this day  
 800 Through squadrons of my foes made way,  
 And some to other worlds dispatch'd,  
 Now with a feeble spinster match'd,  
 Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,  
 By which no honour's to be gain'd.  
 805 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,  
 Consider whilst thou may'st, what 'tis

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Page 82



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To interrupt a victor's course,  
 B' opposing such a trivial force :  
 For if with conquest I come off,  
 (And that I shall do sure enough),  
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace  
 By law of arms in such a case ;  
 Both which I now do offer freely.  
 I scorn, quoth she, thou coxcomb silly,  
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,  
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech),  
 Quarter, or counsel from a foe :  
 If thou canst force me to it, do.  
 But lest it should again be said,  
 When I have once more won thy head,  
 I took thee napping; unprepar'd,  
 Arm and betake thee to thy guard.  
 This said, she to her tackle fell,  
 And on the knight let fall a peal  
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,  
 That he retir'd, and follow'd his bane,  
 Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy ;  
 It is not fighting arlie-verge  
 Shall serve thy turn. — This stirr'd his spleen  
 More than the danger he was in,  
 The blows he felt, or was to feel,  
 Although th' already made him feel ;  
 Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,  
 At once into his stomach came ;  
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm  
 Above his head, and rais'd a storm  
 Of blows so terrible and thick,  
 As if he meant to hush her quick.  
 But she upon her truncheon took them,  
 And by oblique diversion broke them,  
 Waiting an opportunity  
 To pay all back with usury :

- Which long she fail'd not of; for now  
 The knight with one dead-doing blow  
 845 Resolving to decide the fight,  
 And she with quick and cunning flight  
 Avoiding it, the force and weight  
 He charg'd upon it was so great,  
 As almost sway'd him to the ground.  
 850 No sooner she th' advantage found,  
 But in she flew; and seconding  
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,  
 She laid him flat upon his side;  
 And mounting on his trunk astride,  
 855 Quoth she, I told thee what would come  
 Of all thy valouring, base scum.  
 Say, will the law of arms allow  
 I may have grace and quarter now?  
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
 860 And stain thine honour, than thy sword?  
 A man of war to damn his soul,  
 In basely breaking his parole;  
 And when before the fight, th' had'st vow'd  
 To give no quarter in cold blood:  
 865 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,  
 To make me 'gainst my will take quarter.  
 Why dost not put me to the sword,  
 But cowardly fly from thy word?  
 Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;  
 870 Thou and thy stars have cast me down:  
 My laurels are transplanted now,  
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:  
 My loss of honour's great enough;  
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:  
 875 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,  
 But cannot blur my lost renown:  
 I am not now in fortune's pow'r;  
 He that is down can fall no lower.

The antient heroes were illustrious,  
For being benign, and not blustrous,  
Against a vanguard'd foe; their swords  
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;  
And did in fight but cut work out  
T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd,  
Base slubberdegullion, to be serv'd,  
As thou didst vow to deal with me,  
If thou hadst got the victory;  
Yet I shall rather act a part  
That suits my fame than thy desert.  
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside  
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,  
Are mine by military law,  
Of which I will not bate one straw:  
The rest, thy life and limbs once more,  
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late  
For me to treat, or stipulate;  
What thou command'st I must obey.  
Yet those whom I expung'd to-day,  
Of thine own party, I let go,  
And gave them life and freedom too;  
Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,  
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.  
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they  
Let one another run away,  
Concerns not me; but was't not thou  
That gave Crowdero quarter too?  
Crowdero, whom in irons bound,  
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,  
Where still he lies, and with regret  
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret:  
But now thy carcase shall redeem,  
And serve to be exchange'd for him.



- 915 This said, the knight did straight submit,  
And laid his weapons at her feet.  
Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,  
And with it did himself resign.  
She took it, and forthwith divesting  
920 The mantle that she wore, said jesting,  
Take that, and wear it for my sake;  
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.  
And as the French we conquer'd once,  
Now give us laws for pantaloons,  
925 The length of breeches, and the gathers,  
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;  
Just so the proud insulting lass  
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.  
Mean while the other champions, yerst  
930 In hurry of the fight dispers'd,  
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,  
To share i' th' honour and the prey,  
And out of Hudibras his hide,  
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;  
935 Which now they were about to pour  
Upon him in a wooden show'r.  
But Trulla thrust herself between,  
And striding o'er his back agen,  
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,  
940 And vow'd they should not break her word;  
Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood  
Or theirs should make that quarter good.  
For she was bound by law of arms  
To see him safe from farther harms.  
945 In dungeon deep Crowdero cast  
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast;  
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,  
His great heart made perpetual moans;  
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras  
950 Should ransom, and supply his place.

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Page 86. 81





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This stopt their fury and the basting  
 Which towards Hudibras was hasting.  
 They thought it was but just and right,  
 That what she had atchiev'd in fight,  
 55 She should dispose of how she pleas'd;  
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd;  
 Nor could that any way be done  
 So well as this she pitch'd upon:  
 For who a better could imagine?  
 60 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.  
 The knight and squire first they made  
 Rise from the ground where they were laid;  
 Then mounting both upon their horses,  
 But with their faces to the arses.  
 65 Orsin led Hudibras's beast,  
 And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;  
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,  
 And Colon waited as a guard on;  
 All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,  
 70 With the arms of either prisoner.  
 In this proud order and array  
 They put themselves upon their way,  
 Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,  
 Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.  
 75 Thither with greater speed, than shows  
 And triumphs over conquer'd foes  
 Do use t' allow; or than the bears;  
 Or pageants borne before lord mayors  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd  
 In order, foldier-like contriv'd;  
 Still marching in a warlike posture,  
 As fit for battle as for muster.  
 The knight and squire they first unhorse,  
 And bending 'gainst the fort their force,  
 80 They all advanc'd, and round about  
 Begirt the magical redoubt.



- Magnan' led up in this adventure,  
 And made way for the rest to enter.  
 For he was skilful in black art  
 990 No less than he that built the fort :  
 And with an iron mace laid flat  
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at ;  
 And in the wooden dungeon found  
 Crowdero laid upon the ground.  
 995 Him they release from durance base,  
 Restor'd to his fiddle and his case,  
 And liberty, his thirsty rage  
 With luscious vengeance to assuage :  
 For he ne sooner was at large,  
 1000 But Trulla straight brought on the charge,  
 And in the self-same limbo put  
 The knight and squire, where he was shut.  
 Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' hole,  
 Their bangs and durance to condole,  
 1005 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow  
 Incharnted mansion to know sorrow ;  
 In the same order and array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.  
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop  
 1010 To fortune, or be said to droop,  
 Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,  
 And sayings of philosophers.  
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,  
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,  
 1015 And cannot be laid by the heels,  
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.  
 'Tis not restraint or liberty,  
 That makes men prisoners or free ;  
 But perturbations that possess  
 1020 The mind, or æquanimities.  
 The whole world was not half so wide  
 To Alexander, when he cry'd,

- Because he had but one to subdue,  
 As was a paltry narrow tub to  
 25 Diogenes ; who is not said  
 (For ought that ever I could read)  
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,  
 Because h' had ne'er another tub.  
 The antients make two sev'ral kinds  
 30 Of prowess in heroic minds,  
 The active and the passive valiant ;  
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant :  
 For both to give blows, and to carry,  
 In fights are equinecessary :  
 35 But in defeats, the passive stout  
 Are always found to stand it out  
 Most desp'rately, and to outdo  
 The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.  
 Though we with blacks and blues are fuggill'd,  
 40 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd ;  
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,  
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.  
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
 And cannot be extended from  
 45 The legal tenant : 'tis a chattle  
 Not to be forfeited in battle,  
 If he that in the field is slain,  
 Be in the bed of honour lain ;  
 He that is beaten may be said  
 50 To lie in honour's truckle bed.  
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun  
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,  
 He shines in serene sky most bright ;  
 55 So valour in a low estate,  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.  
 Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know  
 We may by being beaten grow ;

But none that see how here we fit,  
 1060 Will judge us overgrown with wit.  
 As gifted brethren, preaching by  
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply  
 Illumination can convey  
 Into them what they have to say,  
 1065 But not how much; so well enough  
 Know you to charge, but not draw off:  
 For who without a cap and bauble,  
 Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,  
 And might with honour have come off,  
 1070 Would put it to a second proof?  
 A politic exploit, right fit  
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckow's tone,  
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:  
 1075 When thou at any thing wouldst rail,  
 Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale  
 To take the height on't, and explain  
 To what degree it is profane;  
 Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call  
 1080 Thy light jump right, thou call'st *synodical*.  
 As if Presbytery were a standard,  
 To seize whats'ever's to be slander'd.  
 Dost not remember how this day  
 Thou to my beard wast bold to say,  
 1085 That thou couldst prove bear-baiting equal  
 With synods, orthodox and legal?  
 Do, if thou canst; for I deny't,  
 And dare thee to't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no  
 1090 Hard matter for a man to do,  
 That has but any guts in's brains,  
 And could believe it worth his pains,  
 But since you dare and urge me to it,  
 You'll find I've light enough to do it.

- 1065 Synods are mystical bear-gardens,  
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,  
And other members of the court,  
Manage the Babylonish sport,  
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,  
1100 Do differ only in a mere word.  
Both are but sev'ral synagogues  
Of carnal men, and bears and dogs :  
Both antichristian assemblies,  
To mischief bent as far's in them lies :  
1105 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests,  
The one with men, the other beasts,  
The difference is, the one fights with  
The tongue, the other with the teeth ;  
And that they bait but bears in this,  
1110 In t' other souls and consciences ;  
Where saints themselves are brought to stake  
For Gospel-light and conscience sake ;  
Expos'd to scribes and presbyters,  
Instead of mastive dogs and curs :  
1115 Than whom th' have less humanity,  
For these at souls of men will fly.  
This to the prophet did appear,  
Who in a vision saw a bear,  
Prefiguring the beastly rage  
1120 Of church-rule, in this latter age :  
As is demonstrated at full  
By him that baited the Pope's bull.  
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,  
That live by rapine ; so do they.  
1125 What are their orders, constitutions,  
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,  
But sev'ral mystic chains they make,  
To tie poor christians to the stake  
And then set heathen officers,  
1130 Instead of dogs about their ears ?



- For to prohibit and dispense,  
 To find out or to make offence;  
 Of hell and heaven to dispose,  
 To play with souls at fast and loose:
- 1135 To set what characters they please,  
 And mulcts on sin or godliness;  
 Reduce the church to gospel-order,  
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;  
 To make Presbytery supreme,
- 1140 And kings themselves submit to them;  
 And force all people, though against  
 Their consciences, to turn saints;  
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,  
 When saints monopolists are made.
- 1145 When pious frauds and holy shifts  
 Are dispensations and gifts,  
 Their godliness becomes mere ware,  
 And ev'ry synod but a fair.  
 Synods are whelps of th' inquisition,
- 1150 A mungrel breed of like pernicion,  
 And growing up, became the fires  
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;  
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning slight,  
 To cast a figure for mens light;
- 1155 To find, in lines of beard and face,  
 The physiognomy of grace;  
 And by the sound and twang of nose,  
 If all be found within, disclose;  
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
- 1160 As men try pipkins by the ringing;  
 By black caps underlaid with white,  
 Give certain guesses at inward light,  
 Which serjeants at the gospel wear,  
 To make the spiritual calling clear.
- 1165 The handkerchief about the neck  
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,

- From whom the institution came,  
When church and state they set on flame,  
And worn by them as badges then  
170 Of spiritual warfaring men),  
Judge rightly if regeneration  
Be of the newest cut in fashion:  
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
That grace is founded in dominion.  
175 Great piety consists in pride;  
To rule is to be sanctify'd;  
To domineer, and to controul,  
Both o'er the body and the soul,  
Is the most perfect discipline.  
180 Of church-rule, and by right divine,  
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were  
More moderate than these by far:  
For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,  
To get their wives and children meat;  
185 But these will not be fobb'd off so,  
They must have wealth and power too;  
Or else with blood and desolation  
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.  
Sure these themselves from primitive  
190 And Heathen priesthood do derive,  
When butchers were the only clerks,  
Elders and presbyters of kirks;  
Whose directory was to kill;  
And some believe it is so still.  
195 The only difference is, that then  
They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.  
For then to sacrifice a bullock,  
Or now and then a child to Moloch,  
They count a vile abomination,  
200 But not to slaughter a whole nation.  
Presbytery does but translate  
The Papacy to a free state;

- A commonwealth of Popery,  
Where ev'ry village is a see  
1205 As well as Rome, and must maintain  
A tithe-pig metropolitan :  
Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon  
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;  
And ev'ry hamlet's govern'd  
1210 By's Holiness, the church's head ;  
More haughty and severe in's place,  
Than Gregory or Boniface.  
Such church must surely be a monster  
With many heads : for if we consider  
1215 What in th' Apocalyps we find,  
According to th' apostle's mind,  
'Tis that the whore of Babylon  
With many heads did ride upon ;  
Which heads denote the sinful tribe  
1220 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.  
Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,  
Whose little finger is as heavy  
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,  
And bishop-secular. The zealot  
1225 Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,  
Cleric before, and lay behind ;  
A lawless linsley-woolsey brother,  
Half of one order, half another ;  
A creature of amphibious nature,  
1230 On land a beast, a fish in water ;  
That always preys on grace or sin ;  
A sheep without, a wolf within.  
This fierce inquisitor has chief  
Dominion-over mens belief  
1235 And manners ; can pronounce a saint  
Idolatrous, or ignorant,  
When superciliously he sifts  
Through coarsest boulder others gifts.

For all men live and judge amiss,  
 Whose talents jump not just with his.  
 He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place  
 On dullest noddle light and grace,  
 The manufacture of the kirk;  
 Those pastors are but th' handy-work  
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling  
 Divinity in them by feeling;  
 From whence they start up chosen vessels,  
 Made by contact, as men get meazles.  
 So cardinals, they say, do grope  
 At t' other end the new-made pope.  
 Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,  
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good squire,  
*Festina lente*, not too fast;  
 For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.  
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make  
 Are false, and built upon mistake.  
 And I shall bring you, with your pack  
 Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;  
 And put your arguments in mood  
 And figure to be understood.  
 I'll force you by right ratiocination  
 To leave your vitiligation,  
 And make you keep to the question close,  
 And argue *dialectica*.  
 The question then, to state it first,  
 Is which is better, or which worst,  
 Synods or bears? Bears I avow  
 To be the worst, and synods thou.  
 But to make good th' assertion,  
 Thou say'st th' are really all one.  
 If so, not worst; for if th' are *idem*,  
 Why then, *tantundem dat tantidem*.  
 For if they are the same, by course  
 Neither is better, neither worse.



- 1275 But I deny they are the same,  
More than a maggot and I am.  
That both are *animalia*,  
I grant; but not *rationalia*:  
For though they do agree in kind,  
1280 Specific difference we find;  
And can no more make bears of these,  
Than prove my horse is Socrates.  
That fynods are bear-gardens too,  
Thou dost affirm; but I say, no:  
1285 And thus I prove it, in a word,  
Whats' ever assembly's not impower'd  
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,  
Can be no fynod: but bear-garden  
Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none:  
1290 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.  
But yet we are beside the question,  
Which thou didst raise the first contest on:  
For that was, Whether bears were better  
Than fynod-men; I say, *Negatur*.  
1295 That bears are beasts, and fynods men,  
Is held by all: they're better then:  
For bears and dogs on four legs go,  
As beasts; but fynod-men on two,  
'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;  
1300 But prove that fynod-men have tails;  
Or that a rugged, shaggy fur  
Grows o'er the hide of presbyter;  
Or that his snout and spacious ears  
Do hold proportion with a bear's.  
1305 A bear's a savage beast, of all  
Most ugly and unnatural;  
Whelp'd without form, until the dam  
Has lick'd it into shape and frame;  
But all thy light can ne'er evict,  
1310 That ever fynod-man was lick'd;

Or brought to any other fashion,  
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this  
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,  
15 Thou wouldst have presbyters to go  
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too;  
A strange chimera of beasts and men,  
Made up of pieces heterogene;  
Such as in nature never met  
20 *In eodem subjecto* yet.

Thy other arguments are all  
Supposures, hypothetical,  
That do but beg, and we may chuse  
Either to grant them, or refuse.  
25 Much thou hast said; which I know when  
And where thou stol'st from other men,  
(Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts  
Are all but plagiary shifts):  
And is the same that Ranter said,  
30 Who, arguing with me, broke my head,  
And tore a handful of my beard.  
The self-same cavils then I heard,  
When b'ing in hot dispute about  
This controversy, we fell out;  
35 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,  
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse  
Of human learning you produce;  
Learning, that cobweb of the brain  
40 Profane, erroneous, and vain;  
A trade of knowledge as replete  
As others are with fraud and cheat:  
An art t'incumber gifts and wit,  
And render both for nothing fit;  
45 Makes light inactive, dull, and troubled,  
Like little David in Saul's doublet;

- A cheat that scholars put upon  
 Other mens reason and their own;  
 A sort of error to ensconce  
 1350 Absurdity and ignorance,  
 That renders all the avenues  
 To truth, impervious and abstruse,  
 By making plain things, in debate,  
 By art perplex'd and intricate:  
 1355 For nothing goes for sense or light,  
 That will not with old rules jump right:  
 As if rules were not in the schools,  
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.  
 This Pagan, Heathenish invention  
 1360 Is good for nothing but contention.  
 For as in sword-and-buckler fight,  
 All blows do on the target light:  
 So when men argue, the great'st part  
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,  
 1365 Until the fustian stuff be spent,  
 And then they fall to th' argument.  
 Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou had  
 Outrun the constable at last:  
 For thou art fallen on a new  
 1370 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,  
 But to the former opposite,  
 And contrary as black to white;  
 Mere *disparata*, that concerning  
 Presbytery, this human learning;  
 1375 Two things s<sup>t</sup> adverse, they never yet  
 But in thy rambling fancy met.  
 But I shall take a fit occasion  
 T' evince thee by ratiocination,  
 Some other time and place more proper  
 1380 Than this w' are in; therefore let's stop here  
 And rest our weary'd bones a while,  
 Already tir'd with other toil.

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### CANTO VI.

#### The ARGUMENT.

*The knight, by damnable magician,  
Being cast illegally in prison;  
Love brings his action on the case,  
And lays it upon Hudibras.  
How he receives the lady's visit,  
And cunningly solicits his suit,  
Which she defers; yet, on parole,  
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.*

**B**UT now, t' observe romantic method,

Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;

And all those harsh and rugged sounds

Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,

Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,

To let our reader breathe a while:

In which that we may be as brief as

Is possible, by way of preface,

Is't not enough to make one strange,

That some mens fancies should ne'er change,

But make all people do and say

The same things still the self-same way?

Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,

And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:

Others make all their knights in fits

Of jealousy to lose their wits;

Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,

Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.

Some always thrive in their amours,

By pulling plaisters off their sores;



As cripples do to get an alms,  
Just so do they, and win their dames.  
Some force whole regions, in despite  
O' geography, to change their site:

- 25 Make former times shake hands with latter,  
And that which was before, come after.  
But those that write in rhyme, still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
30 I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight  
We whilom left the captive knight,  
And pensive squire, both bruis'd in body,  
And conjur'd into safe custody:

- 35 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,  
As well as basting, and bear-basting,  
And desperate of any course,  
To free himself by wit or force;  
His only solace was, that now  
40 His dog-bolt fortune was so low,  
That either it must quickly end,  
Or turn about again, and mend;  
In which he found th' event no less  
Than other times, besides his guests.

- 45 There is a tall long-sided dame,  
(But wondrous light), cycleped *Fame*,  
That like a thin cameleon boards  
Herself on air, and eats her words:  
Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
50 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,  
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
Made good by deep mythologist.  
With these she through the welkin flies,  
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;  
55 With letters hung like eastern pigeons,  
And Mercuries of farthest regions;

- Diurnals writ for regulation  
Of lying, to inform the nation;  
And by their public use to bring down  
60 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.  
About her neck a packet-male,  
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,  
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,  
And cows of monsters brought to bed;  
65 Of hailstones big as pullets-eggs,  
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;  
A blazing star seen in the west,  
By six or seven men at least.  
Two trumpets she does sound at once,  
70 But both of clean contrary tones;  
But whether both of the same wind,  
Or one before, and one behind,  
We know not, only this can tell,  
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;  
75 And therefore vulgar authors name  
The one *good*, t' other *evil fame*.  
This tattling gossip knew too well,  
What mischief Hudibras beset;  
And straight the spiteful tidings bears  
80 Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.  
Democritus ne'er laughed so loud,  
To see bawds carted through the croud,  
Or funerals with stately pomp,  
March slowly on in solemn dump,  
85 As she laugh'd out, until her back,  
As well as sides, was like to crack.  
She vow'd she would go see the fight,  
And visit the distressed knight;  
To do the office of a neighbour,  
90 And be a gossip at his labour;  
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,  
To set at large his fetter-locks,

And by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.

- 95 This being resolv'd, she call'd for hood  
And usher, implements abroad  
Which ladies wear, besides a slender  
Young waiting damsel to attend her.  
All which appearing, on she went,  
100 To find the knight in limbo pent.  
And 'twas not long before she found  
Him, and his stout squire, in the pound,  
Both coupled in enchanted tether,  
By farther leg behind together :  
105 For as he sat upon his rump,  
His head like one in doleful dump,  
Between his knees, his hands apply'd  
Unto his ears on either side ;  
And by him in another hole,  
110 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl :  
She came upon him in his wooden  
Magician's circle, on the sudden,  
As spirits do t' a conjurer,  
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.  
115 No sooner did the knight perceive her,  
But straight he fell into a fever,  
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,  
To be seen by her in such a place ;  
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,  
120 And wink, and goggle like an owl.  
He felt his brains begin to swim,  
When thus the dame accosted him.

This place, quoth she, they say's enchanted,  
And with delinquent spirits haunted,

- 125 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,  
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd :  
Look, there are two of them appear,  
Like persons I have seen somewhere.

Some have mistaken blocks and posts  
30 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,  
With saucer-eyes, and horns; and some  
Have heard the devil beat a drum:  
But if our eyes are not false glasses,  
That give a wrong account of faces;  
35 That beard and I should be acquainted,  
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;  
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
As if't had lately been in combat,  
It did belong to a worthy knight,  
40 Howe'er this goblin is come by't.

When Hudibras the lady heard,  
Discourfing thus upon his beard,  
And speak with fuch respect and honour,  
Both of the beard, and the beard's owner;  
45 He thought it best to fet as good  
A face upon it as he cou'd,  
And thus he fpoke: Lady, your bright  
And radiant eyes are in the right;  
The beard's th' identic beard you knew,  
50 The fame numerically true;  
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,  
But its proprietor himfelf.

O heav'ns! quoth ſhe, can that be true?  
I do begin to fear 'tis you;  
55 Not by your individual whifkers,  
But by your dialect and difcourfe,  
That never fpoke to man or beaft  
In notions vulgarly expreſt.  
But what malignant ſtar, alas!  
60 Has brought you both to this ſad paſs!

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,  
Which I am leſs afflicted for,  
Than to be ſeen with beard and face  
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.



- 165 Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed  
 For being honourably maim'd;  
 If he that is in battle conquer'd,  
 Have any title to his own beard,  
 Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,  
 170 It does your visage more adorn,  
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander  
 And cut square by the Russian standard.  
 A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,  
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.  
 175 That petticoat about your shoulders,  
 Does not so well become a soldier's;  
 And I'm afraid they are worse handled;  
 Although, i' th' rear, your beard the van led:  
 And those unseemly bruises make  
 180 My heart for company to ake,  
 To see so worshipful a friend  
 I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.  
 Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd *pain*  
 Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)  
 185 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,  
 But merely as 'tis understood.  
 Sense is deceitful, and may feign,  
 As well in counterfeiting pain  
 As other gross phenomena's,  
 190 In which it oft mistakes the case.  
 But since th' immortal intellect  
 (That's free from error and defect,  
 Whose objects still persist the same)  
 Is free from outward bruise or maim,  
 195 Which nought external can expose  
 To gross material bangs or blows;  
 It follows, we can ne'er be sure,  
 Whether we pain or not endure;  
 And just so far are sore and griev'd,  
 200 As by the fancy is believ'd.

Some have been wounded with conceit,  
And died of mere opinion straight;  
Others, though wounded sore in reason,  
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.

5 A Saxon duke did grow so fat,  
That mice, as histories relate,  
Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in.  
His postic parts, without his feeling:  
Than how is't possible a kick

Should e'er reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,  
For one that's basted, to feel pain,  
Because the pangs his bones endure,  
Contribute nothing to the cure:

5 Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage  
With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,  
That takes a basting for a blemish;  
For what's more hon'able than scars,

Or skin to tatters rent in wars?

Some have been beaten till they know

What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow:

Some kick'd, until they can feel whether

A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;

5 And yet have met, after long running,

With some whom they have taught that cunning.

The farthest way about t' o'ercome,

I' th' end does prove the nearest home:

By laws of learned duellists,

5 They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,

And think one beating may for once

Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:

But if they dare engage t' a second,

They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,

Our princes worship, with a blow:

- King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic  
 And testy courtiers with a kick.  
 The Negus, when some mighty lord  
 240 Or potentate's to be restor'd,  
 And pardon'd for some great offence,  
 With which he's willing to dispense;  
 First has him laid upon his belly,  
 Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly;  
 245 That done, he rises, humbly bows,  
 And gives thanks for the princely blows;  
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.  
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
 250 That, like his sword, endures the anvil;  
 And justly's held more formidable,  
 The more his valour's malleable:  
 But he that fears a bastinado,  
 Will run away from his own shadow:  
 255 And though I'm now in durance fast,  
 By our own party basely cast,  
 Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,  
 And worse than by the enemy us'd;  
 In close *catasta* shut, past hope  
 260 Of wit, or valour, to elope:  
 As beards, the nearer that they tend  
 To th' earth, still grow more reverend;  
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,  
 The lower we let down their breeches:  
 265 I'll make this low dejected state  
 Advance me to a greater height.  
 Quoth she, Y' have almost made m' in love  
 With that which did my pity move.  
 Great wits and valours, like great states,  
 270 Do sometimes sink with their own weights:  
 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
 Like east and west become the same:

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No Indian prince has to his palace  
 More followers than a thief to th' gallows,  
 But if a beating seem so brave,  
 What glories must a whipping have?  
 Such great achievements cannot fail  
 To cast salt on a woman's tail:  
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent  
 Of passive courage were so gallant,  
 As you strain hard to have it thought,  
 I could grow amorous, and dote;  
 When Hudibras this language heard,  
 He prick'd up's ears, and stroak'd his beard:  
 Thought he, this is the lucky hour;  
 Wines work when vines are in the flow'r:  
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,  
 And put her boldly to the question.

Madam, What you would seem to doubt,  
 Shall be to all the world made out;  
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit  
 And magnanimity I bear it;  
 And if you doubt it to be true,  
 I'll stake myself down against you:  
 And if I fail in love or troth,  
 Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers  
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers;  
 And though I prais'd your valour, yet  
 I did not mean to baulk your wit;  
 Which if you have, you must needs know  
 What I have told you before now,  
 And you bl' experiment have prov'd,  
 I cannot love where I'm belov'd.  
 Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich,  
 Beyond th' infliction of a witch;  
 So cheats to play with those still aim,  
 That do not understand the game.



- Love in your heart as idly burns  
 310 As fire in antique Roman urns,  
 To warm the dead, and vainly light  
 Those only that see nothing by't.  
 Have you not pow'r to entertain,  
 And render love for love again;  
 315 As no man can draw in his breath  
 At once, and force out air beneath?  
 Or do you love yourself so much,  
 To bear all rivals else a grutch?  
 What fate can lay a greater curse  
 320 Than you upon yourself would force?  
 For wedlock without love, some say,  
 Is but a lock without a key.  
 It is a kind of rape to marry  
 One that neglects, or cares not for ye:  
 325 For what does make it ravishment,  
 But b'ing against the mind's consent?  
 A rape that is the more inhuman,  
 For being acted by a woman.  
 Why are you fair but to entice us  
 330 To love you, that you may despise us?  
 But though you cannot love, you say,  
 Out of your own fanatic way,  
 Why should you not at least allow  
 Those that love you to do so too?  
 335 For as you fly me, and pursue  
 Love more averse, so I do you:  
 And am by your own doctrine taught  
 To practise what you call a fault.  
 Quoth she, If what you say is true,  
 340 You must fly me as I do you:  
 But 'tis not what we do, but say  
 In love and preaching, that must sway.  
 Quoth he, To bid me not to love,  
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,

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My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,  
 Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup :  
 Command me to piss out the moon,  
 And 'twill as easily be done.  
 Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood  
 By feeble human flesh and blood.  
 'Twas he that brought upon his knees  
 The hec't'ring kill-cow Hercules ;  
 Transform'd his leager-lion's skin  
 T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;  
 Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle  
 T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle.  
 'Twas he that made emperors gallants  
 To their own sisters, and their aunts ;  
 Set popes and cardinals agog,  
 To play with pages at leap-frog.  
 'Twas he that gave our senate purges,  
 And flux'd the house of many a burges ;  
 Made those that represent the nation,  
 Submit, and suffer amputation ;  
 And all the grandees o' th' cabal  
 Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.  
 He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em  
 To Dirty-lane, and Little Sodom ;  
 Made 'em curvet, like Spanish jennets,  
 And take the ring at Madam — *Bennets X*  
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do  
 More than the devil could tempt him to ;  
 In cold and frosty weather grow  
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;  
 And though she were of rigid temper,  
 With melting flames accost and tempt her ;  
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,  
 He hung a garland on his engine.  
 Quoth she, If love have these effects,  
 Why is it not forbid our sex ?

*L*  
*Jamond's Courtisane in*  
*Charles II's Reign*

Why is't not damn'd and interdicted  
For diabolical and wicked?  
And sung as out of tune, against,  
As Turk and Pope are by the saints?

385 I find I've greater reason for it  
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects  
Spring from your Heathenish neglects  
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns  
390 Upon yourselves with equal scorns;  
And those who worthy lovers slight,  
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.  
This made the beauteous queen of Crete  
To take a town-bull for her sweet;

395 And from her greatness stoop so low,  
To be the rival of a cow:

Others to prostitute their great hearts,  
To be baboons and monkeys sweethearts,  
Some with the dev'l himself in league grow  
400 By's representative a negro.

'Twas this made vestal-maids love-sick,  
And venture to be buried quick:  
Some by their fathers, and their brothers  
To be made mistresses and mothers.

405 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours  
On lacquies, and valets des chambres;  
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
And makes them stoop to dirty grooms;  
To slight the world, and to disparage

410 Clap, issues, infamy, and marriage.

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,  
Yet such as I should rather bear,  
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
Their faith and secrecy in love.

415 Says he, There is a weighty reason  
For secrecy in love, as treason.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,  
 That at the windore eye does steal in  
 To rob the heart, and with his prey  
 Steals out again a closer way ;  
 Which whosoever can discover,  
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.  
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
 In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,  
 Which footy chymists stop in holes,  
 When out of wood they extract coals ;  
 So lovers should their passions choke,  
 That though they burn, they may not smoke.  
 'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole  
 And dragg'd beasts backwards into's hole :  
 So love does lovers, and us men  
 Draws by the tails into his den ;  
 That no impression may discover,  
 And trace t' his cave the wary lover.  
 But if you doubt I should reveal  
 What you entrust me under seal,  
 I'll prove myself as close and virtuous  
 As your own secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
 In hiding what your aims propose :  
 Love-passions are like parables,  
 By which men still mean something else :  
 Though love be all the world's pretence,  
 Money's the mythologic sense,  
 The real substance of the shadow,  
 Which all address and courtship's made to.  
 'Thought he, I understand your play,  
 And how to quit you your own way :  
 He that will win his dame, must do  
 As love does, when he bends his bow ;  
 With one hand thrust the lady from,  
 And with the other pull her home.



- I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great  
 Provocative to am'rous heat;  
 455 It is all philtres, and high diet,  
 That makes love rampant, and to fly out;  
 'Tis beauty always in the flower,  
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore  
 'Tis that by which the sun and moon  
 460 At their own weapons are undone  
 That makes knights errant fall in trances,  
 And lay about them in romances  
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
 That men divine and sacred call;  
 465 For what is worth in any thing,  
 But so much money as 'twill bring  
 Or what but riches is there known,  
 Which man can solely call his own;  
 In which no creature goes his half  
 470 Unless it be to squint and laugh?  
 I do confess, with goods and land,  
 I'd have a wife at second hand;  
 And such you are: nor is't your person  
 My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;  
 475 But 'tis (your better part) your riches,  
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches;  
 Let me your fortune but possess,  
 And settle your person how you please,  
 Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,  
 480 You'll find me reasonable and civil.  
 Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
 Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,  
 Or any feat of qualm or swooning,  
 But hanging of yourself, or drowning;  
 485 Your only way with me to break  
 Your mind, is breaking of your neck:  
 For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
 Like nine-pins, they strike others down;

So that would break my heart, which done,  
 My tempting fortune is your own.  
 These are but trifles: ev'ry lover  
 Will damn himself, over and over,  
 And greater matters undertake  
 For a less worthy mistress sake:  
 Yet they're the only ways to prove  
 Th' unfeign'd realities of love;  
 For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
 The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, The way's too rough

For mere experiment and proof;  
 It is no jesting, trivial matter,  
 To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,  
 And, like a water-witch, try love;  
 That's to destroy, and not to prove:  
 As if a man should be dissected,  
 To find what part is disaffected.  
 Your better way is to make over  
 In trust, your fortune to your lover:  
 Trust is a trial; if it break,  
 'Tis not so desprate as a neck:  
 Beside, th' experiment's more certain;  
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune:  
 The soldier does it ev'ry day  
 (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay;  
 Your pettifoggers damn their souls,  
 To share with knaves in cheating fools:  
 And merchants, vent'ring through the main,  
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.  
 This is the way I'dvise you to;  
 Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run  
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none;  
 Which must be done, unless some deed  
 Of yours aforesaid do precede;

- 525 Give but yourself one gentle swing  
 For trial, and I'll cut the string;  
 Or give that rev'rend head a mall;  
 Or two, or three, against a wall;  
 To shew you are a man of mettle;  
 530 And I'll engage myself to settle.  
 Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,  
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was;  
 Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough,  
 That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof;  
 535 As it had need to be, to enter  
 As yet on any new adventure:  
 You see what bangs it hath endur'd,  
 That would, before new feats, be cur'd.  
 But if that's all you stand upon,  
 540 Here strike me luck, it shall be done.  
 Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone  
 As you suppose; Two words t' a bargain;  
 That may be done, and time enough,  
 When you have given downright proof;  
 545 And yet 'tis no fantastick pique  
 I have to love, nor coy dislike;  
 'Tis no implicit, nice aversion  
 T' your conversation, mein, or person;  
 But a just fear, lest you should prove  
 550 False and perfidious in love:  
 For if I thought you could be true,  
 I could love twice as much as you.  
 Quoth he, My faith as adamantine,  
 As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;  
 555 True as Apollo ever spoke,  
 Or oracle from heart of oak:  
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,  
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
 And shine upon me but benignly,  
 560 With that one, and that other pigsnay,

The sun and day shall sooner part;  
Than love or you shake off my heart;  
The sun, that shall no more dispense  
His own, but your bright influence.

5 I'll carve your name on bark of trees,  
With true love-knots and flourishes;  
That shall infuse eternal spring,  
And everlasting flourishing;  
Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,  
10 And make it brisk champaign become,  
Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set  
The primrose and the violet;  
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,  
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;

5 Nature her charter shall renew,  
And take all lives of things from you;  
The world depend upon your eye,  
And when you frown upon it, die;  
Only our love shall still survive,  
10 New worlds, and natures to outlive;  
And like to heralds moons, remain  
All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,  
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;

5 For you will find it a hard chapter  
To catch me with poetic rapture,  
In which your mastery of art  
Doth shew itself, and not your heart:  
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,  
10 By dint of high heroic fustian.

She that with poetry is won,  
Is but a desk to write upon;  
And what men say of her, they mean  
No more than on the thing they lean.

5 Some with Arabian spices strive  
T' embalm her cruelly alive;



- Or season her, as French cooks use  
 Their haut-gous, bouillies, or ragous;  
 Use her so barbarously ill,  
 600 To grind her lips upon a mill,  
 Until the facet doublet doth  
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;  
 Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with  
 A row of pearl in'st, instead of teeth.  
 605 Others make posies of her cheeks,  
 Where red and whitest colours mix;  
 In which the lily and the rose  
 For Indian lake, and ceruse goes  
 The sun and moon by her bright eyes  
 610 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies,  
 Are but black patches, that she wears  
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars  
 By which astrologers, as well  
 As those in heav'n above, can tell  
 615 What strange events they do foreshow  
 Unto her under-world below.  
 Her voice, the music of the spheres,  
 So loud, it deafens mortals ears;  
 As wise philosophers have thought;  
 620 And that's the cause we hear it not.  
 This has been done by some, who those  
 Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose,  
 And in those ribbands would have hung,  
 Of which melodiously they sung.  
 625 That have the hard fate to write best  
 Of those still that deserve it least;  
 It matters not how false, or forc'd,  
 So the best things be said o' th' worst;  
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,  
 630 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,  
 Whether it be a swan or goose  
 They level at: so shepherds use

To set the same mark on the hip;  
 Both of their sound and rotten sheeps;  
 For wits that carry low or wide,  
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside;  
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh;  
 But when they take their aim awry,  
 But I do wonder you should chuse  
 This way t' attack me with your muse,  
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on  
 With Fulhams of poetic fiction;  
 I rather hop'd, I should no more  
 Hear from you of the gallanting score;  
 For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove  
 The readiest remedies of love;  
 Next a dry-diet: but if those fail,  
 Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,  
 In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock;  
 Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;  
 Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here;  
 If that may serve you for a cooler,  
 T' allay your mettle all agog: I  
 Upon a wife, the heavier clog;  
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate,  
 That, for a bruis'd or broken pate,  
 Has freed you from those knobs that grow  
 Much harder on the marry'd brow;  
 But if no dread can cool your courage,  
 From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;  
 Yet give me quarter, and advance  
 To nobler aims your puissance;  
 Level at beauty, and at wit;  
 The fairest mark is easiest hit.  
 Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand  
 In that already, with your command;  
 For where does beauty and high wit  
 But in your constellation meet?

- Quoth she, What does a match imply,  
 670 But likeness and equality?  
 I know you cannot think me fit  
 To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit:  
 Nor take one of so mean deserts,  
 To be the partner of your parts;  
 675 A grace, which if I could believe,  
 I've not the conscience to receive.  
 That conscience, quoth Hudibras,  
 Is misinform'd; I'll state the case:  
 A man may be a legal donor  
 680 Of any thing whereof he's owner;  
 And may confer it where he lists;  
 If th' judgment of all casuists:  
 Then wit, and parts, and valour may  
 Be ali'nate, and made away,  
 685 By those that are proprietors,  
 As I may give or sell my horse.  
 Quoth she, I grant the case is true,  
 And proper 'twixt your horse and you;  
 But whether I may take, as well  
 690 As you may give away, or sell?  
 Buyers, you know, are bid beware,  
 And worse than thieves receivers are.  
 How shall I answer *hue and cry*,  
 For a roan gelding twelve hands high,  
 695 All spur'd and switch'd, a lock on's shoes,  
 A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof,  
 Where, when, by whom, and what y<sup>e</sup> were sold for?  
 And in the open market toll'd for?  
 And should I take you for a stray,  
 700 You may be kept a year and day,  
 (Ere I can own you), here i<sup>s</sup> th' pound,  
 Where, if y<sup>e</sup> are sought, you may be found.  
 And in the mean time I must pay  
 For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon

T' enervate this objection,

And prove myself by topic clear,

No gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of virility's aver'd

To be the cause of loss of beard,

That does (like embryo in the womb)

Abortive on the chin become.

This first a woman did invent,

In envy of man's ornament.

Semiramis of Babylon,

Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,

To mar their beards, and laid foundation

Of sow-geldering operation.

Look on this beard, and tell me whether

Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?

Next it appears I am no horse,

That I can argue and discourse;

Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;

For some philosophers of late here

Write, men have four legs by nature,

And that 'tis custom makes them go

Erroneously upon but two;

As 'twas in Germany made good

B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,

And growing down t' a man, was wont

With wolves upon all four to hunt.

As for your reasons drawn from tails,

We cannot say they're true or false,

Till you explain yourself, and show,

B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,

I'll give you satisfact'ry account;

So you will promise, if you lose,

To settle all, and be my spouse.



- That never shall be done, quoth she,  
 To one that wants a tail, by me;  
 For tails by nature sure were meant,  
 As well as beards, for ornament;  
 745 And though the vulgar count them homely,  
 In man or beast they are so comely,  
 So gentee, alamode, and handsome,  
 I'll never marry man that wants one;  
 And till you can demonstrate plain,  
 750 You have one equal to your mane,  
 I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,  
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.  
 The prince of Cambay's daily food  
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad;  
 755 Which makes him have so strong a breath,  
 Each night he stinks a queen to death;  
 Yet I shall rather lie in's arms  
 Than yours, on any other terms.  
 Quoth he, What nature can afford,  
 760 I shall produce, upon my word;  
 And if she ever gave that boon  
 To man, I'll prove that I have one;  
 I mean, by postulate illation,  
 When you shall offer just occasion.  
 765 But since y' have yet deny'd to give  
 My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,  
 But made it sink down to my heel,  
 Let that at least your pity feel;  
 And for the sufferings of your martyr,  
 770 Give its poor entertainer quarter;  
 And by discharge, or main-prize, grant  
 Deliv'ry from this base restraint.  
 Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg  
 Stuck in a hole here like a peg;  
 775 And if I knew which way to do't,  
 (Your honour safe), I'd let you out.

That dames by jail-delivery  
 Of errant-knights have been set free,  
 When by enchantment they have been,  
 And sometimes for it too, laid in;  
 Is that which knights are bound to do  
 By order, oath, and honour too:  
 For what are they renoun'd, and famous else,  
 But aiding of distressed damosels?  
 But for a lady no-wise errant,  
 To free a knight we have no warrant,  
 In any authenthical romance,  
 Or classic author yet of France;  
 And I'd be loath to have you break  
 An antient custom for a freak,  
 Or innovation introduce  
 In place of things of antique use;  
 To free your heels by any course,  
 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs:  
 Which if I should consent unto,  
 It is not in my pow'r to do;  
 For 'tis a service must be done ye,  
 With solemn previous ceremony:  
 Which always has been us'd to unite  
 The charms of those who here de lie:  
 For as the ancients heretofore  
 To Honour's temple had no door,  
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay;  
 So from this dungeon there's no way  
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing  
 That other virtuous school of lashing,  
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,  
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;  
 In which they for a while are tenants,  
 And for their ladies suffer penance:  
 Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,  
 Tutrefs of arts and sciences;

- That mends the gross mistakes of nature,  
 And puts new life into dull matters;  
 815 That lays foundation for renown,  
 And all the honours of the gown.  
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
 And freed with honourable discharge;  
 Then in the robes the penitentials  
 820 Are straight presented with credentials,  
 And in their way attended on  
 By magistrates of ev'ry town:  
 And all respect and charges paid,  
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.  
 825 Now, if you'll venture, for my sake,  
 To try the toughness of your back,  
 And suffer (as the rest have done)  
 The laying of a whipping on;  
 (And may you prosper in your suit,  
 830 As you with equal virtue do't),  
 I here engage myself to loose ye,  
 And free your heels from caperdewie.  
 But since our sex's modesty  
 Will not allow I should be by,  
 835 Bring me, on oath, a fair account,  
 And honour too, when you have don't;  
 And I'll admit you to the place  
 You claim as due in my good grace.  
 If matrimony and hanging go  
 840 By dest'ny, why not whipping too?  
 What med'cine else can cure the fits  
 Of lovers, when they lose their wits?  
 Love is a boy by poets styl'd,  
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.  
 845 A Persian emp'ror whipt his grannam  
 The sea, his mother Venus came on;  
 And hence some rev'rend men approve  
 Of rosemary in making love.

- As skilful coopers hoop their tubs  
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs;  
Why may not whipping have as good  
A grace perform'd in time and mood,  
With comely movement, and by art,  
Raise passion in a lady's heart?  
55 It is an easier way to make  
Love by, than that which many take.  
Who would not rather suffer whipping,  
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin?  
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,  
60 And spell names over with beer-glasses?  
Be under vows to hang and die  
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?  
With china-oranges, and tarts,  
And whining plays lay bates for hearts?  
55 Bribe chambermaids with love and money,  
To break no roguish jests upon ye?  
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,  
With painted perfumes, hazard noses?  
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
60 Do penance in a paper lanthorn?  
All this you may compound for now,  
By suffering what I offer you:  
Which is no more than has been done  
By knights for ladies long ago:  
75 Did not the great La Mancha do so  
For the Infanta Del Toboso?  
Did not the illustrious Bassa make  
Himself a slave for Misse's sake?  
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,  
80 Was tawn'd as gentle as a glove?  
Was not young Florio sent (to cool  
His flame for Biancafiore) to school  
Where pedant made his pathic bum  
For her sake suffer martyrdom?



- 885 Did not a certain lady whip  
Of late her husband's own lordship?  
And though a grandee of the house,  
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;  
Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,  
890 And firk'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post;  
And after in the sessions-court,  
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't  
This swear you will perform, and then  
I'll free you from th' enchanted den,  
895 And the magician's circle, clear.  
Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
And will perform what you injoin,  
Or may I never see you mine.  
*Amen*, quoth she, then turn'd about,  
900 And bid her squire let him out.  
But e'er an artist could be found  
T' undo the charms, another bound,  
The sun grew low, and left the skies,  
Put down, some write, by ladies eyes;  
905 The moon pull'd off her veil of light;  
That hides her face by day from sight,  
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
That's both her lustre and her shade),  
And in the lanthorn of the night,  
910 With shining horns hung out her light;  
For darkness is the proper sphere,  
Where all false glories use t' appear,  
The twinkling stars began to muster,  
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre;  
915 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,  
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.  
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,  
His whipping penance till the morn,  
And not to carry on a work  
920 Of such importance in the dark,

With erring haste, but rather stay,  
And do't in th' open face of day;  
And, in the mean time, go in quest  
Of next retreat to take his rest.

C A N T O II

The ARGUMENT.

*The knight and squire in hot dispute,  
Within an ace of falling out,  
Are parted with a sudden fright  
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;  
With which adventuring to stickle,  
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

**T**IS strange how some mens tempers suit  
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,  
That for their own opinions stand fast  
Only to have them elaw'd and canvass;  
That keep their consciences in cases,  
As fiddlers do their crouds and bases;  
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent  
To play a fit for argument:  
Make true and false, unjust, and just,  
Of no use but to be discuss;  
Dispute and set a paradox,  
Like a strait boot upon the stocks,  
And stretch it more unmercifully,  
Than Helmont, Montaign, White, or Lully.  
So th' ancient Stoics in their porch,  
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,  
Beat out their brains in fight and study,  
To prove that virtue is a body;

- That *bonum* is an animal,  
 20 Made good with stout polemic brawl;  
 In which some hundreds on the place  
 Were slain outright, and many a face  
 Retrinch'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.  
 25 All which the knight and squire in wrath  
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the sequel shall be shown.
- The sun had long since, in the lap  
 30 Of Thetis, taken out his nap,  
 And like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
 From black to red began to turn;  
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking,  
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,  
 35 Began to rob his drowsy eyes,  
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,  
 Resolving to dispatch the deed  
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed.  
 But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,  
 40 He rous'd the squire, in truckle lolling:  
 And, after many circumstances,  
 Which vulgar authors in romances  
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,  
 To make impertinent description,  
 45 They got, with much ado, to horse,  
 And to the castle bent their course,  
 In which he to the dame before  
 To suffer whipping duly swore:  
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharrest,  
 50 To carry on the work in earnest,  
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,  
 And with a serious forehead plodding,  
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,  
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said:

Whether it be direct infringing  
 An oath, if I should wive this swinging,  
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
 And so b<sup>e</sup> equivocation swear;  
 Or whether't be a lesser sin  
 To be forsworn, than act the thing,  
 Are deep and subtil points, which must,  
 T' inform my conscience, be discust;  
 In which to err a title, may  
 To errors infinite make way:  
 And therefore I desire to know  
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.  
 Quoth Ralpho: Since you do injoin't,  
 I shall enlarge upon the point;  
 And for my own part, do not doubt  
 Th' affirmative may be made out.  
 But first to state the case aright,  
 For best advantage of our light,  
 And thus 'tis, Whether't be a sin  
 To claw and curry your own skin,  
 Greater, or less, than to forbear,  
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.  
 But first, o' th' first: the inward man,  
 And outward, like a clan and clan,  
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
 And one another clapper-clawing:  
 Not that, they really cuff, or fence,  
 But in a spiritual mystic sence;  
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,  
 In literal fray's abominable;  
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use  
 With Pagans, and apostate Jews,  
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,  
 Like modern Indians to their idols,  
 And mungrel Christians of our times,  
 That expiate less with greater crimes.



- And call the foul abomination  
 Contrition, and mortification.  
 Is't not enough were bruise'd and kicked,  
 With sinful members of the wicked;
- 95 Our vessels that are sanctify'd,  
 Profan'd and curry'd back and side;  
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
 And Heathen stripes, by their example?  
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
- 100 Is impious, because they did it;  
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd  
 A hainous sin. Now to the second,  
 That saints may claim a dispensation  
 To swear and forswear, on occasion,
- 105 I doubt not, but it will appear  
 With pregnant light. The point is clear.  
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind;  
 Too feeble implements to bind;  
 And hold with deeds proportion, so
- 110 As shadows to a substance do.  
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
 The weaker vessel should submit:  
 Although your church be opposite  
 To ours, as black friars are to white,
- 115 In rule and order; yet I grant—  
 You are a reformato saint;  
 And what the saints do claim as due,  
 You may pretend a title to:  
 But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
- 120 Know little of their privilege;  
 Farther, I mean, than carrying on  
 Some self-advantage of their own:  
 For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,  
 Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
- 125 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,  
 I think there's little reason why:

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Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,  
Which 'twere impiety to say.  
W' are not commanded to forbear  
Indefinitely at all to swear;  
But to swear idly, and in vain,  
Without self-interest or gain;  
For breaking of an oath and lying,  
Is but a kind of self-denying,  
A saint-like virtue, and from hence  
Some have broke oaths by providence:  
Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:  
And this the constant rule and practice  
Of all our late apostles acts is.  
Was not the cause at first begun  
With perjury, and carried on?  
Was there an oath the godly took,  
But in due time and place they broke?  
Did we not bring our oaths in first,  
Before our plate, to have them burst,  
And cast in fitter models, for  
The present use of church and war?  
Did not our worthies of the house,  
Before they broke the peace, break vows?  
For having freed us, first, from both  
Th' allegiance and supremacy oath,  
Did they not, next, compel the nation  
To take and break the protestation?  
To swear, and after to recant,  
The solemn league and covenant?  
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,  
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?  
Did they not swear at first to fight  
For the King's safety, and his right;  
And after march'd to find him out,  
And charg'd him home with horse and foot;

- But yet still had the confidence  
To swear it was in his defence ?
- 165 Did they not swear to live and die  
With Essex, and straight laid him by  
If that were all, for some have swore  
As false as they, if th' did no more.  
Did they not swear to maintain law,  
170 In which that swearing made a flaw  
For Protestant religion vow,  
That did that vowing disallow ?  
For privilege of parliament,  
In which that swearing made a rent  
175 And since, of all the three, not one  
Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
Did they not swear in express words,  
To prop and back the house of Lords ?  
And after turn'd out the whole house full  
180 Of peers, as dangerous and unuseful  
So Cromwell with deep oaths and vows,  
Swore all the commons out of th' house,  
Vow'd that the redcoats would disband,  
Ay marry would they, at their command ;  
185 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,  
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.  
This tells us plainly what they thought,  
That oaths, and swearing go for nought,  
And that by them th' were only meant  
190 To serve for an expedient.  
What was the public faith found out for  
But to slur men of what they fought for  
The public faith, which ev'ry one  
Is bound to observe, yet kept by none ;  
195 And if that go for nothing, why  
Should private faith have such a tie  
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,  
To keep the good and just in awe ;

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But to confine the bad and sinful,  
 Like moral cattle in a pinfold.  
 A saint's o' th' heavenly realm a peer:  
 And as no peer is bound to swear  
 But on the gospel of his honour,  
 Of which he may dispose, as owner;  
 It follows, though the thing be forgery,  
 And false, th' affirm, it is no perjury,  
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach  
 Of nothing, but a form of speech;  
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,  
 Than mere saluting of the book.  
 Suppose the scriptures are of force,  
 They're but commissions of course,  
 And saints have freedom to digress,  
 And vary from them as they please,  
 Or misinterpret them by private  
 Instructions, to all aims they drive at.  
 Then why should we ourselves abridge,  
 And curtail our own privilege?  
 Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear  
 Their light within them) will not swear;  
 Their gospel is an accident,  
 By which they construe conscience,  
 And hold no sin so deeply red,  
 As that of breaking Priscian's head;  
 The head and founder of their order,  
 (That stirring hats held worse than murder).  
 These thinking th' are oblig'd to troth  
 In swearing, will not take an oath  
 Like mules, who if th' have not their will  
 To keep their own pace, stand stock-still;  
 But they are weak, and little know  
 What free-born consciences may do.  
 'Tis the temptation of the devil,  
 That makes all human actions evil:



- 235 For saints may do the same things by  
 The spirit, in sincerity,  
 Which other men are tempted to;  
 And at the devil's instance do;  
 And yet the actions be contrary,  
 240 Just as the saints and wicked vary.  
 For as on land there is no beast,  
 But in some fish at sea's express;  
 So in the wicked there's no vice,  
 Of which the saints have not a spice;  
 245 And yet that thing that's pious in  
 The one, in t' other is a sin.  
 Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,  
 A saint should be a slave to conscience?  
 That ought to be above such fancies,  
 250 As far as above ordinances.  
 She's of the wicked, as I guess,  
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress:  
 And though, like constables, we search  
 For false wares one another's church;  
 255 Yet all of us hold this for true,  
 No faith is to the wicked due;  
 For truth is precious and divine,  
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.  
 Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,  
 260 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew  
 Those mysteries and revelations;  
 And therefore topical evasions  
 Of subtil turns, and shifts of sense,  
 Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,  
 265 Such as the learned Jesuits use,  
 And Presbyterians, for excuse  
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
 To find their churches taken napping:  
 As thus: A breach of oath is duple,  
 270 And either way admits a scruple,

And may be, *ex parte* of the maker,  
 More criminal than th' injur'd take ;  
 For he that strains too far a vow,  
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:  
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it ;  
 Not he that for convenience took it :  
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,  
 As sound to all purposes of troth,  
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,  
 Nay, till th' are broken have no force.  
 What's justice to a man, or laws,  
 That never comes within their claws ?  
 They have no pow'r but to admonish,  
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,  
 Until they're broken, and then touch  
 Those only that do make them such.  
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd  
 By men in prison made for good ;  
 For when they're set at liberty,  
 They're from th' engagement too set free.  
 The Rabbins write, when any Jew  
 Did make to God or man a vow,  
 Which afterwards he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard ;  
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation  
 Might free him from the obligation :  
 And have not two saints pow'r to use  
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?  
 The court of conscience, which in man  
 Should be supreme and sovereign,  
 Is't fit should be subordinate  
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,  
 And have less power than the lesser,  
 To deal with perjury at pleasure ?  
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or  
 Allow'd, at fancy of py-powder ?

- Tell all it does, or does not know,  
 For swearing *ex officio*?  
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge;  
 310 And pigs unring'd at Vil. Franc. Pledge?  
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
 Priests, witches, eyes-droppers, and nuisance;  
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;  
 315 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,  
 To help itself at a dead list?  
 Why should not conscience have vacation  
 As well as other counts o' th' nation;  
 Have equal power to adjourn,  
 320 Appoint appearance and return;  
 And make as nice distinction serve,  
 To split a case, as those that carve,  
 Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints?  
 Why should not tricks as slight do points?  
 325 Is not th' high court of justice sworn  
 To judge that law that serves their turn?  
 Make their own jealousies high treason,  
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?  
 Cannot the learned council there  
 330 Make laws in any shape appear?  
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,  
 When they make pictures to destroy?  
 And vex 'em into any form  
 That fits their purpose to do harm?  
 335 Rack 'em until they do confess,  
 Impeach of treason whom they please,  
 And most perfidiously condemn  
 Those that engag'd their lives for them?  
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
 340 But what they ought by oath and conscience  
 Can they not juggle, and with slight  
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;

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And sell their blasts of wind as dear  
 As Lapland witches bottled air?  
 Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,  
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge?  
 As seamen with the self-same gale,  
 Will sev'ral different courses sail;  
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,  
 And overflows the level grounds,  
 Those banks and damms, that like a screen  
 Did keep it out, now keep it in:  
 So when tyrannic usurpation  
 Invades the freedom of a nation,  
 The laws o' th' land that were intended  
 To keep it out, are made defend it.  
 Does not in chanc'ry ev'ry man swear  
 What makes best for him in his answer?  
 Is not the winding up witnesses  
 A nicking more than half the bus'ness?  
 For witnesses, like watches, go  
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow;  
 And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.  
 Do not your juries give their verdict,  
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it?  
 And as they please, make matter of fact  
 Run all on one side, as they're pack'd?  
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,  
 To publish what he does within doors;  
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.  
 If oaths can do a man no good  
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd  
 In other matters do him hurt,  
 I think there's little reason for't.  
 He that imposes an oath, makes it;  
 Not he that for convenience takes it;



- Then how can any man be said  
 380 To break an oath he never made?  
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly  
 To th' wicked, through th' evince the godly;  
 But if they will not serve to clear  
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.
- 385 Honour's like that glassy bubble,  
 That finds philosophers such trouble,  
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,  
 And wits are crack'd to find out why.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word  
 390 To swear by, only in a lord  
 In other men 'tis but a buff,  
 To vapour with, instead of proof;  
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,  
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.
- 395 Let it, quoth he, be what it will,  
 It has the world's opinion still;  
 But as men are not wise that run  
 The slightest hazard they may shun;  
 There may a medium be found out  
 400 To clear to all the world the doubt;  
 And that is, if a man may do't,  
 By proxy whipt, or substitute.  
 Though nice and dark the point appear,  
 Quoth Ralpho, it may hold up, and clear.
- 405 That sinners may supply the place  
 Of suff'ring saints, is a plain case.  
 Justice gives sentence many times  
 On one man for another's crimes.  
 Our brethren of New England use  
 410 Choice malefactors to excuse,  
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
 Of whom the churches have less need  
 As lately 't happened. In a town  
 There liv'd a cobbler, and but one;

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That out of doctrine could cut use,  
 And mend mens lives as well as shoes.  
 This precious brother having slain,  
 In times of peace, an Indian,  
 (Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
 Because he was an infidel),  
 The mighty Tottipottymoy  
 Sent to our elders an envoy;  
 Complaining sorely of the breach  
 Of league held forth by brother Patch,  
 Against the articles in force  
 Between both churches, his and ours,  
 For which he crav'd the saints to render  
 Into his hands, or hang th' offender:  
 But they maturely having weigh'd  
 They had no more but him o' th' trade,  
 (A man that serv'd them in a double  
 Capacity, to teach and coble),  
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do  
 The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too  
 Impartial justice, in his stead did  
 Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.  
 Then wherefore may you not be skipp'd,  
 And in your room another whipp'd?  
 For all philosophers, but the sceptic,  
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic.  
 It is enough, quoth Hudibras,  
 Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;  
 And canst, in conscience, not refuse,  
 From thy own doctrine, to raise use:  
 I know thou wilt not, for my sake,  
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:  
 Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,  
 And give thy outward-fellow a ferkin;  
 For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,  
 All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.

- Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter:  
 For in all scruples of this nature,  
 No man includes himself, nor turns  
 The point upon his own concerns.  
 455 As no man of His own self catches  
 The itch, or amorous French aches;  
 So no man does himself convince,  
 By his own doctrine, of his sins:  
 And though all cry down self, none means  
 460 His own self in a lit'ral sense:  
 Beside, it is not only foppish,  
 But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,  
 For one man out of his own skin,  
 To ferk and whip another's sin:  
 465 As pedants out of schoolboy's breeches  
 Do claw and curry their own itches.  
 But in this case it is profane,  
 And sinful too, because in vain:  
 For we must take our oaths upon it  
 470 You did the deed, when I have done it.  
 Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon:  
 Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.  
 Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,  
 'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:  
 475 For when with your consent 'tis done,  
 The act is really your own.  
 Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,  
 I see, to argue 'gainst the grain;  
 Or, like the stars, incline men to  
 480 What they're averse themselves to do:  
 For when disputes are weary'd out,  
 'Tis int'rest still resolves the doubt:  
 But since no reason can confute ye,  
 I'll try to force ye to your duty;  
 485 For so it is, howe'er you mince it,  
 As e'er we part I shall evince it;

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And curry, if you stand out whether  
You will or no, your stubborn leather  
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part  
I th' public work, base as thou art  
To higgles thus, for a few blows,  
To gain thy knight an op'lent spousely,  
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,  
Merely for th' interest of the churches?  
And when he has it in his claws,  
Will not be hide-bound to the cause;  
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,  
If thou dispatch it without grudging;  
If not, resolve before we go,  
That you and I must pull a crow.  
Y' had best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients  
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance;  
And look before you ere you leap;  
For as you sow, y' are like to reap;  
And were y' as good as George-a-Green,  
I shall make bold to turn agen;  
Nor am I doubtful of the issue  
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.  
Is't fitting for a man of honour  
To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner?  
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,  
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies:  
But I advise you, not for fear,  
But for your own sake, to forbear;  
And for the churches, which may chance  
From hence to spring a variance;  
And raise among themselves new scruples,  
Whom common danger hardly couples.  
Remember how, in arms and politics,  
We still have worsted all your holy tricks;  
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,  
And took your grandees down a peg;



- New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd  
 All that to legion Smeac adher'd;  
 525 Made a mere utensil o' your church,  
 And after left it in the lurch;  
 A scaffold to build up our own,  
 And, when w' had done with't, pull'd it down  
 Capoch'd your Rabbins of the synod,  
 530 And snapt their canons with a why-not.  
 (Grave synod-men that were rever'd  
 For solid face and depth of beard),  
 Their classic model prov'd a maggot;  
 Their directory an Indian pagod;  
 535 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,  
 On which th' had been so long a sitting;  
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat,  
 Grown out of date and obsolete,  
 And all the saints of the first grass,  
 540 As castling foals of Bala'm's ass.  
 At this the knight grew high in chafe,  
 And staring furiously on Ralph,  
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,  
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.  
 545 Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight,  
 And for so many moons lain by't?  
 And, when all other means did fail,  
 Have been exchange'd for tubs of ale?  
 Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
 550 Much more confid'able and handsome,  
 But for their own sakes, and for fear  
 They were not safe when I was there;  
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,  
 An upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel;  
 555 Such as breed out of peccant humours  
 Of our own church, like wens, or tumours,  
 And like a maggot in a sore,  
 Would that which gave it life devour;

It never shall be done or said.

With that he seiz'd upon his blade ;

And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,

Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,

With equal readiness prepar'd

To draw and stand upon his guard ;

When both were parted on the sudden,

With hideous clamour, and a loud one,

As if all sorts of noise had been

Contracted into one loud din,

Or that some member to be chosen,

Had got the odds above a thousand,

And, by the greatness of his noise,

Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.

This strange surprisal put the knight

And wrathful squire unto a fright :

And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal

Impetuous rancour, to join battle ;

Both thought it was the wisest course

To wave the fight, and mount to horse ;

And to secure, by swift retreating,

Themselves from danger of worse beating,

Yet neither of them would disparage,

By ut'ring of his mind, his courage,

Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,

With horror and disdain wind-bound.

And now the cause of all their fear

By slow degrees approach'd so near,

They might distinguish diff'rent noise

Of horns, and pans; and dogs, and boys,

And kettle-drums, whose fullen dub

Sounds like the hooping of a rub.

But when the sight appear'd in view,

They found it was an antique shew,

A triumph, that for pomp and state,

Did proudest Romans emulate :

- 595 For as the aldermen of Rome,  
 Their foes at training overcome,  
 And not enlarging territory,  
 (As some mistaken write in story),  
 Being mounted in their best array,  
 600 Upon a carr, and who but they?  
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads,  
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,  
 Did ride with many a good-morrow,  
 Crying, *Hey for our town*, through the borough  
 605 So when this triumph drew so nigh,  
 They might particulars descry,  
 They never saw two things so pat,  
 In all respects, as this and that.  
 First, he that led the cavalcate,  
 610 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,  
 On which he blew as strong a levin,  
 As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate;  
 When over one another's heads  
 They charge, three ranks at once, like Snod-  
 615 Next pans, and kettles of all keys,  
 From trebles down to double bace,  
 And after them, upon a nag,  
 That might pass for a forehead stag,  
 A cornet rode, and on his staff  
 620 A smock display'd did proudly wave;  
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,  
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,  
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,  
 Sound sicker than from the gut,  
 625 And make a viler noise than swine,  
 In windy weather when they whine.  
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,  
 Full fraught with that which, for good maner  
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,  
 630 Which he dispens'd among the swains,

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And busily upon the crowd  
 At random round about bestow'd.  
 Then mounted on a horned horse,  
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,  
 Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword;  
 He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward:  
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed  
 The conqu'ror's standard-bearer rid,  
 And bore aloft before the champion  
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant:  
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant  
 Bestride her beast, and on the rump on't  
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,  
 The war, or whilom overcome;  
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,  
 Which, as he rode, she made him twist off:  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder  
 Chastis'd the reformato soldier.  
 Before the dame, and round about,  
 March'd whifflets, and staffers on foot;  
 With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,  
 In fit and proper equipages;  
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,  
 Before the proud virago-minx,  
 That was both madam and a don,  
 Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Jean;  
 And at fit periods the whole rout  
 Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.  
 The knight transported, and the squire,  
 Put up their weapons, and their ire;  
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder  
 On such fights with judicious wonder,  
 Could hold no longer to impart  
 His an'madversions, for his heart.  
 Quoth he, In all my life till now  
 I ne'er saw so profane a show



- It is a Paganish invention,  
 Which Heathen writers often mention :  
 And he who made it, had read Goodwin,  
 670 Or Ross, or Cælius Rodigine,  
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,  
 That best describe those ancient shows ;  
 And has observ'd all fit decorums  
 We find describ'd by old historians :  
 675 For as the Roman conqueror,  
 That put an end to foreign war,  
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it.  
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot ;  
 So this insulting female brave  
 680 Carries behind her here a slave :  
 And as the ancients long ago,  
 When they in field defy'd the foe,  
 Hung out their *mantles della guerre* ;  
 So her proud standard-bearer here  
 685 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,  
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.  
 Next links, and torches, heretofore  
 Still borne before the emperor.  
 And as, in antique triumphs, eggs  
 690 Were borne for mystical intrigues ;  
 There's one with truncheon, like a ladle,  
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle,  
 And still at random, as he goes,  
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.  
 695 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ;  
 For all th' antiquity you smatter,  
 Is but a riding, us'd of course,  
 When the gray-mare's the better horse ;  
 When o'er the breeches greedy women  
 700 Fight, to extend their vast dominion ;  
 And in the cause impatient Grizel  
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,

And brought him under covert-baron,  
To turn her vassal with a murrain :  
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,  
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,  
And they in mortal battle vanquished,  
Are of their charter disfranchis'd,  
And by their right of war, like gills,  
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels ;  
For when men by their wives are cow'd,  
Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence  
Impertinently, and against sense.

'Tis not the least disparagement,  
To be defeated by th' event,  
Nor to be beaten by main force ;  
That does not make a man the worse,  
Although his shoulders with battoon  
Be claw'd, and cudgell'd to some tune ;  
A tailor's prentice has no hard  
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard :  
But to turn tail, or run away,  
And without blows give up the day ;  
Or to surrender ere th' assault,  
That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;  
And renders men of honour less  
Than all th' adversity of success :  
And only unto such this shew  
Of horns and petticoats is due.  
There is a lesser profanation,  
Like that the Romans call'd *ovation* :  
For as *ovation* was allow'd  
For conquest purchas'd without blood ;  
So men decree those lesser shows,  
For vict'ry gotten without blows,  
By dint of sharp hard words, which some,  
Give battle with, and overcome ;

- These mounted in a chair-curule,  
 740 Which moderns call a cuckling-stool,  
 March proudly to the river's side;  
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride;  
 Like dukes of Venice, who are said  
 The Adriatic sea to wed;  
 745 And have a gentler wife than those  
 For whom the state decrees those shows.  
 But both are Heathenish, and come  
 From th' whores of Babylon and Rome;  
 And by the saints should be withstood,  
 750 As antichristian and lewd;  
 And we, as such, should now contribute  
 Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.  
 This said, they both advanc'd and rode  
 A dog-trot through the bawling croud,  
 755 T' attack the leader, and still prest,  
 Till they approach'd him breast to breast.  
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,  
 Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,  
 What means, quoth he, this dev'l's procession  
 760 With men of orthodox profession?  
 'Tis ethntic and idolatrous,  
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.  
 Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride  
 Upon her horned beast astride,  
 765 Like this proud dame, who either is  
 A type of her, or she of this?  
 Are things of superstitious function  
 Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine:  
 It is an antichristian opera,  
 770 Much us'd in midnight-times of Popery;  
 Of running after self-inventions  
 Of wicked and profane intentions:  
 To scandalize that sex, for scolding,  
 To whom the saints are so beholding.

Women, who were our first apostles,  
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else ;  
Women, that left no stone unturn'd  
In which the cause might be concern'd,  
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,  
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistoles ;  
Their husbands cullies, and sweet-hearts,  
To take the saints and church's parts ;  
Drew several gifted brethren in,  
That for the bishops would have been,  
And fix'd 'em constant to the party,  
With motives powerful and hearty :  
Their husband's robb'd and made hard shifts  
T' administer unto their gifts  
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,  
To scraps and ends of gold and silver ;  
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent  
With holding forth for parliament ;  
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal  
With marrow puddings many a meal :  
Enabled them, with store of meat,  
On controverted points to eat ;  
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,  
With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake.  
What have they done, or what left undone,  
That might advance the cause at London ?  
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
T' intrench the city for defence in ?  
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,  
To put the enemy to stands ?  
From ladies down to oyster-wench  
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,  
Fell to their pick-axes and tools,  
And help'd the men to dig like moles ?  
Have not the handmaids of the city  
Chose of their members a committee,



- For raising of a common purse  
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?  
 And do they not as triers sit,  
 To judge what officers are fit?
- 815 Have they——? At that an egg let fly,  
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd  
 With orange tawny slime his beard;  
 But beard and slime b'ing of one hue,
- 820 The wound the less appear'd in view.  
 Then he that on the panniers rode,  
 Let fly on th' other side a load;  
 And quickly charg'd again, give fully  
 In Ralpho's face another volley.
- 825 The knight was startled with a smell,  
 And for his sword began to feel:  
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,  
 Grasp'd his: when one that bore a link,  
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
- 830 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;  
 And straight another, with his flambeaux,  
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.  
 The beasts began to kick and fling,  
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;
- 835 Through which they quickly broke their way,  
 And brought them off from further fray.  
 And though disorder'd in retreat,  
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat:  
 For quitting both their swords and reins,
- 840 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes  
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,  
 With spurring put their cattle to't;  
 And till all four were out of wind,  
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
- 845 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying  
 Their spirits spent with fight and flying,

And Hudibras recruited force  
Of lungs for action, or discourse:

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,  
That fouls his hands with dirty foes:  
For where no honour's to be gain'd,  
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd,  
'Twas ill for us, we had to do

With so dishonourable a foe:

For though the law of arms doth bar  
The use of venom'd shot in war;

Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,  
Their case-shot favours strong of poison;

And doubtless has been chew'd with teeth  
Of some that had a stinking breath;

Else when we put it to the push,  
They had not giv'n us such a brush:

But as those poltroons that sling dirt,  
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;

So all the honour they have won,  
Or we have lost, is much at one.

'Twas well we made so resolute  
A brave retreat, without pursuit;

For if we had not, we had sped  
Much worse, to be in triumph led;

Than which the ancients held no state  
Of man's life more unfortunate,

But if this bold adventure e'er  
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,

It may, b'ing destin'd to assert  
Her sex's honour, reach her heart.

And as such homely treats, they say,  
Portend good fortune, so this may.

Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,  
Was destin'd to the empire for't;

And from a scavenger did come  
To be a mighty prince in Rome:

And why may not this foul address  
 Presage in love the same success?

885 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,  
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds;  
 And after, as we first design'd,  
 Swear I've perform'd what she injoin'd.



### C A N T O III.

#### The ARGUMENT.

*The knight, with various doubts possess,  
 To win the lady goes in quest  
 Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,  
 To know the Dest'nies resolution:  
 With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic,  
 About the science astrologic;  
 Till falling from dispute to fight,  
 The conjurer's worsted by the knight.*

**D**OUBTLESS the pleasure is as great  
 Of being cheated, as to cheat:  
 As lookers-on feel most delight,  
 That least perceive a juggler's slight;  
 5 And still the less they understand,  
 The more they admire his slight of hand.  
 Some with a noise, and greasy light,  
 Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,  
 Insnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,  
 10 As nooses by the legs catch fowl.  
 Some with a med'cine and receipt,  
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait;  
 And though it be a two-foot trout,  
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.  
 15 Others believe no voice t' an organ  
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown;

- Until with subtle cobweb-cheats,  
Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets;  
In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
20 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;  
And while their purses can dispute,  
There's no end of th' immortal suit.  
Others still gape t' anticipate  
The cabinet-designs of fate;  
25 Apply to wizzards to foresee  
What shall, and what shall never be.  
And as those vultures do forebode,  
Believe events prove bad or good.  
A flim more senseless than the rog'ry  
30 Of old aruspicy and aug'ry,  
That out of garbages of cattle  
Presag'd th' events of truce, or battle;  
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,  
Success of great'st attempts would reckon:  
35 Though cheats yet more intelligible,  
Than those that with the stars do fribble.  
This Hudibras by proof found true,  
As in due time and place we'll shew:  
For he with beard and face made clean,  
40 B'ing mounted on his steed agen;  
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too  
Upon his beast, with much ado),  
Advanc'd on for the widow's house,  
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows;  
45 When various thoughts began to bustle,  
And with his inward man to juggle.  
He thought what danger might accrue,  
If she should find he swore untrue:  
Or if his squire or he should fail,  
50 And not be punctual in their tale;  
It might at once the ruin prove  
Both of his honour, faith, and love.



- But if he should forbear to go,  
 She might conclude h' had broke his vow;  
 55 And that he durst not now for shame  
 Appear in court, to try his claim.  
 This was the pen'worth of his thought,  
 To pass time, and uneasy trot.  
 Quoth he, In all my past adventures,  
 60 I ne'er was set so on the tenters;  
 Or taken tardy with dilemma,  
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;  
 And with inextricable doubt,  
 Besets my puzzled wits about:  
 65 For though the dame has been my bail,  
 To free me from enchanted jail;  
 Yet as a dog committed close  
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
 And quits his clog; but all in vain,  
 70 He still draws after him his chain:  
 So though my ancle she has quitted,  
 My heart continues still committed;  
 And like a bail'd or main-priz'd lover,  
 Although at large, I am bound over.  
 75 And when I shall appear in court,  
 To plead my cause, and answer for't,  
 Unless the judge do partial prove,  
 What will become of me and love?  
 For if in our account we vary,  
 80 Or but in circumstance miscarry;  
 Or if she put me to strict proof,  
 And make me pull my doublet off,  
 To shew, by evident record  
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,  
 85 How can I e'er expect to have her,  
 Having demurr'd unto her favour?  
 But faith, and love, and honour lost,  
 Shall be reduc'd to a knight o' th' post?

Befide, that stripping may prevent  
What I'm to prove by argument;  
And juftify I have a tail,  
And that way too, my proof may fail.  
Oh! that I could enucleate,  
And folve the problems of my fate;  
Or find by necromantic art,  
How far the Deft'nies take my part;  
For if I were not more than certain  
To win, and wear her, and her fortune,  
I'd go no farther in this courtship,  
To hazard foul, eftate, and worfhip;  
For though an oath obliges not,  
Where any thing is to be got,  
(As thou haft prov'd), yet 'tis prophane,  
And finful, when men fwear in vain.  
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,  
That deals in Deftiny's dark counfels,  
And fage opinions of the moon fells;  
To whom all people, far and near,  
On deep importances repair;  
When brafs and pewter hap to fray,  
And linen flinks out of the way:  
When geefe and pullen are feduc'd,  
And fows of fuckling pigs are chous'd;  
When cattle feel indisposition,  
And need th' opinion of phyfician;  
When murrain reigns in hogs or fheep,  
And chickens languifh of the pip;  
When yeast and outward means do fail,  
And have no pow'r to work on ale;  
When butter does refuse to come,  
And love proves crofs and humourfome:  
To him with questions, and with urine,  
They for difcovery flock, or curing.

- 125 Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel  
I've heard of, and should like it well,  
If thou canst prove the saints have freedom  
To go to forc'ers when they need 'em.  
Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;
- 130 Those principles I quoted late,  
Prove that the godly may allege  
For any thing their privilege;  
And to the dev'l himself may go,  
If they have motives thereunto.
- 135 For as there is a war between  
The dev'l and them, it is not sin;  
If they by subtle stratagem  
Make use of him, as he does them.  
Has not this present parliament
- 140 A ledger to the devil sent,  
Fully impower'd to treat about  
Finding revolted witches out?  
And has not he, within a year,  
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?
- 145 Some only for not being drown'd,  
And some for sitting above ground,  
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,  
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.  
And some for putting knavish tricks
- 150 Upon green geese, and turkey-chicks,  
Or pigs that suddenly deceast  
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;  
Who after prov'd himself a witch,  
And made a rod for his own breech.
- 155 Did not the devil appear to Martin  
Luther in Germany, for certain;  
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,  
But Mart. was too too politic?  
Did he not help the Dutch to purge
- 160 At Antwerp their cathedral church?

Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,  
And tell them all they came to ask him?  
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,  
And speak i' th' nun of Loudon's belly,  
Meet with the parliament's committee,  
At woodstock on a pers'nal treaty?  
At Sarum take a cavalier  
I' th' cause's service prisoner?  
As Withers in immortal rhyme,  
Has register'd to after-time.  
Do not our great reformers use  
This Sidrophel to forebode news;  
To write of victories next year,  
And castles taken yet i' th' air?  
Of battles fought at sea, and ships  
Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?  
A total overthrow giv'n the king  
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?  
And has not he point-blank foretold  
Whats'e'er the close committee would?  
Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,  
The moon for fundamental laws;  
The ram, the bull, and goat declare  
Against the book of common-pray'r?  
The scorpion take the protestation;  
And bear engage for reformation;  
Made all the royal stars recant,  
Compound and take the covenant?  
Quoth Hudibras, the case is clear,  
The saints may 'mploy a conjurer;  
As thou hast prov'd it by their practise;  
No argument like matter of fact is,  
And we are best of all led to  
Mens principles, by what they do.  
Then let us straight advance in quest  
Of this profound gymnosophist;



And as the Fates and he advise,  
Pursue, or wave this enterprise.

This said, he turn'd about his steed,  
200 And estfoons on th' adventure rid;  
Where leave we him and Ralph a while,  
And to the conj'rer turn our style,  
To let our reader understand  
What's useful of him beforehand.

205 He had been long t'wards mathematics,  
Optics, philosophy, and statics,  
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
And was old dog at physiology:  
But, as a dog that turns the spit,  
210 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet  
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down again  
And still he's in the self-same place  
Where at his setting out he was.

215 So in the circle of the-arts  
Did he advance his nat'ral parts;  
Till falling back still, for retreat,  
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:  
For as those fowls that live in water  
220 Are never wet, he did but smatter;  
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
His understanding still was clear.  
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
Since old Hodg Bacon and Bob Grosted.

225 Th' intelligible world he knew,  
And all men dream on't, to be true:  
That in this world there's not a wart  
That has not there a counterpart;  
Nor can there on the face of ground  
230 An individual beard be found,  
That has not in a foreign nation,  
A fellow of the self-same fashion;

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So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
 As those are in the inferior world;  
 H' had read Dee's prefaces before,  
 The dev'l and Euclid o'er and o'er;  
 And all th' intrigue 'twixt him and Kelly,  
 Lescus and th' Emperor wou'd tell ye:  
 But with the moon was more familiar  
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer;  
 Her secrets understood so clear,  
 That some believ'd he had been there;  
 Knew when she was in fittest mood,  
 For cutting corns, or letting blood;  
 When for anointing scabs or itches,  
 Or to the burn applying leeches;  
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,  
 And in what sign best cyder's made;  
 Whether the wane be, or increase,  
 Best to set garlick, or sow pease:  
 Who first found out the man i' th' moon,  
 That to the antients was unknown;  
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,  
 Are in the planetary spheres;  
 Their airy empire, and command,  
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;  
 What factions th' have, and what they drive at  
 In public vogue, or what in private;  
 With what designs and interests  
 Each party manages contests.  
 He made an instrument to know  
 If the moon shine at full or no;  
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;  
 Tell what her di'meter to an inch is,  
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.  
 It would demonstrate, that the man in  
 The moon's a sea Mediterranean;

- And that it is no dog or bitch,  
270 That stands behind him at his breech,  
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake  
With arms, which men for legs mistake;  
How large a gulf his tail composes,  
And what a goodly bay his nose is;  
275 How many German leagues by th' scale  
Cape Snout's from promontory Tail,  
He made a planetary gin,  
Which rats would run their own heads in,  
And come on purpose to be taken,  
280 Without th' expence of cheese or bacon;  
With lute-strings he would counterfeit  
Maggots that crawl on dish or meat;  
Quote moles and spots on any place  
O' th' body, by the index face;  
285 Detect lost maidenheads, by sneezing,  
Or breaking-wind of dames, or pissing;  
Cure warts or corns with application  
Of med'cines to the imagination;  
Fright agues into dogs, and scare  
290 With rhymes the tooth-ach and catarrh;  
Chase evil spirits away by dint  
Of cickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint;  
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,  
Which made the Roman slaves rebel;  
295 And fire a mine in china here,  
With sympathetic gun-powder.  
He knew whats'ever's to be known,  
But much more than he knew would own;  
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus  
300 Could make a man with, as he tells us;  
What figur'd slates are best to make  
On wat'ry surface duck or drake;  
What bowling-stones, in running race  
Upon a board, have swiftest pace;

Whether a pulse beat in the black  
Lift of a dappled louse's back  
If systole or diastole move  
Quickest when he's in wrath or love;  
When two of them do run a race,  
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;  
How many scores a flea will jump,  
Of his own length, from head to rump;  
Which Socrates and Chærephon  
In vain assay'd so long ago;  
Whether his snout a perfect nose is,  
And not an elephant's proboscis;  
How many different species  
Of maggots breed in rotten cheese;  
And which are next of kin to those  
Engender'd in a chandler's nose;  
Or those not seen, but understood,  
That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had half-starv'd,  
That him in place of Zany serv'd,  
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,  
Not wine, but more unwholesome law;  
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gapes,  
Wide as meridians in maps;  
To squander paper, and spare ink,  
Or cheat men of their words, some think.  
From this, by merited degrees,  
He'd to more high advancement rise;  
To be an under-conjurer,  
Or journeyman astrologer:  
His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,  
And men with their own keys unriddle,  
To make them to themselves give answers,  
For which they pay the nicromancers;  
To fetch and carry intelligence,  
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,



- And all discoveries disperse  
 Among the whole pack of conjurers ;  
 What cut-purses have left with them,  
 For the right owners to redeem ;  
 345 And what they dare not vent, find out,  
 To gain themselves and th' art repute :  
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,  
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers shops,  
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart ;  
 350 And find out all by rules of art :  
 Which way a serving-man, that's run  
 With cloaths or money away, is gone ;  
 Who pick'd a fob at holding-forth,  
 And where a watch for half the worth.  
 355 May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate  
 Restor'd at conscionable rate.  
 Beside all this ; he serv'd his master  
 In quality of poetaster :  
 And rhymes appropriate could make  
 360 To ev'ry month i' th' almanack ;  
 When terms begin and end could tell,  
 With their returns, in doggerel ;  
 When the exchequer opes and shuts,  
 And sow-gelder with safety cuts ;  
 365 When men may eat and drink their fill,  
 And when be temp'rate if they will ;  
 When use, and when abstain from vice,  
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.  
 And as in prison mean rogues beat  
 370 Hemp for the service of the great ;  
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains  
 T' advance his master's fame and gains ;  
 And, like the devil's oracles,  
 Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells,  
 375 Which, over ev'ry month's blank-page  
 I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage,

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He would an elegy compose  
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose :  
 In lyric numbers write an ode on  
 His mistress, eating a black-pudden ;  
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,  
 It puff'd him with poetic rapture.  
 His sonnets charm'd the attentive crowd,  
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,  
 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,  
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts ;  
 A carman's horse could not pass by,  
 But stood ty'd up to poetry ;  
 No porter's burden pass'd along,  
 But serv'd for burden to his song.  
 Each window, like a pill'ry appears,  
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears.  
 All trades run in as to the sight  
 Of monsters, or their dear delight  
 The gallows-tree, when cutting purse  
 Breeds business for heroic verse,  
 Which none does hear, but would have hung  
 T' have been the theme of such a song. *N.B. May 20*  
 Those two together long had liv'd,  
 In mansion prudently contriv'd ;  
 Where neither tree nor house could bar  
 The free detection of a star ;  
 And nigh an ancient obelisk  
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,  
 On which was written, not in words,  
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,  
 Many rare pithy saws concerning  
 The worth of astrologic learning :  
 From top of this there hung a rope,  
 To which he fasten'd telescope ;  
 The spectacles with which the stars  
 He reads in smallest characters.

- It happen'd as a boy, one night,  
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite ;  
 415 The strangest long wing'd hawk that flies,  
 That, like a bird in paradise,  
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,  
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;  
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,  
 420 At th' end of which there hung a light,  
 Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper,  
 That far off like a star did appear.  
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,  
 And with amazement staring wide,  
 425 Bless us ! quoth he, what dreadful wonder  
 Is that appears in heaven yonder ?  
 A comet and without a beard,  
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?  
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl  
 430 Of all those beasts, and fish and fowl,  
 With which, like Indian plantations,  
 The learned stock the constellations ;  
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been,  
 To th' houses where the planets inn.  
 435 It must be supernatural,  
 Unless it be the cannon-ball,  
 That, shot i' th' air point blank upright,  
 Was born to that prodigious height,  
 That learn'd philosophers maintain,  
 440 It near came backwards down again ;  
 But, in the airy region yet,  
 Hangs like the body of Mahomet :  
 For if it be above the shade  
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,  
 445 'Tis probable it may from far  
 Appear no bullet, but a star.  
 This said, he to his engine flew,  
 Plac'd near at hand in open view,

And rais'd it till it levell'd right  
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite.  
 Then peeping through, Bless us! quoth he,  
 It is a planet now I see;  
 And if I err not, by his proper  
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,  
 It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear  
 'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?  
 He's got between the dragon's tail,  
 And further leg behind o' th' whale:  
 Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,  
 For 'tis a prodigy not common;  
 And can no less than the world's end,  
 Or nature's funeral portend.  
 With that he fell again to pry  
 Through perspective more wistfully;  
 When by mischance the fatal string,  
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,  
 Breaking, down fell the star: Well shot,  
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought  
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it.  
 But Sidrophel, more subtil-witted,  
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful  
 Portent is this, to see a star fall?  
 It threatens nature, and the doom  
 Will not be long before it come!  
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,  
 The day of judgment's not far off:  
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,  
 And some of us find out by magic.  
 Then since the time we have to live  
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive  
 To make our best advantage of it,  
 And pay our losses with our profit.  
 This feat fell out not long before  
 The knight, upon the forenam'd score,



- 485 In quest of Sidrophel advancing,  
 Was now in prospect of the mansion:  
 Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glass,  
 And found far off, 'twas Hudibras.  
 Whachum, quoth he, look yonder some
- 490 To try or use our art are come:  
 The one's the learned knight; seek out,  
 And pump 'em what they come about.  
 Whachum advanc'd with all submissness  
 T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
- 495 He held a stirrup while the knight  
 From leathern bare-bones did alight;  
 And taking from his hand the bridle,  
 Approach'd the dark squire to unriddle:  
 He gave him first the time o' th' day,
- 500 And welcom'd him, as he might say:  
 He ask'd him whence they came, and whither  
 Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.  
 Did not you lose?—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.  
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
- 505 Your knight—Quoth Ralpho, is a lover,  
 And pains intol'able doth suffer:  
 For lovers hearts are not their own hearts,  
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.  
 What time?—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
- 510 Three years it off and on has hung—  
 Quoth he, I mean what time o' the day 'tis,  
 Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.  
 Why then, quoth Whachum, my small art  
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart:
- 515 Or great estate—Quoth Ralpho, A jointure,  
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.  
 Mean while the knight was making water,  
 Before he fell upon the matter;  
 Which having done, the wizard steps in,
- 520 To give him suitable reception;

But kept his bus'ness at a bay,  
Till Whachum put him in the way;  
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,  
Expounded th' errant of the knight;

5 And what he came to know, drew near,  
To whisper in th' conj'rer's ear;  
Which he prevented thus: What was't,  
Quoth he, that I was saying last;  
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?

10 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,  
In opposition with Mars,  
And no benign and friendly stars  
T'ally th' effect. Quoth Wizard, So!  
In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No:  
5 Has Saturn nothing to do in it?

One tenth of's circle to a minute.  
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse  
This rudeness I am forc'd to use;  
It is a scheme and face of heaven,

10 As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,  
I was contemplating upon  
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear  
Unseasonable in coming here  
5 At such a time to interrupt  
Your speculations, which I hop'd  
Assistance from, and come to use,  
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,  
The stars your coming did fortel;  
I did expect you here, and knew  
Before you spake your bus'ness too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,  
And I shall credit whatsoe'er

5 You tell me after on your word,  
Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,  
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,  
 And for three years has rid your wit  
 560 And passion, without drawing bit:  
 And now your bus'ness is to know  
 If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right;  
 But how the devil you came by't,  
 565 I can't imagine; for the stars,  
 I'm sure can tell no more than horse;  
 Nor can their aspects, though you pore  
 Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more  
 Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers;  
 570 That turns as certain as the spheres:  
 But if the devil's of your council,  
 Much may be done, by noble Donzel;  
 And 'tis on this account I come  
 To know from you my fatal doom.

575 Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,  
 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
 I might suspect, and take th' alarm,  
 Your bus'ness is but to inform;  
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,  
 580 You have a wrong sow by the ear;  
 For I assure you, for my part,  
 I only deal by rules of art;  
 Such as are lawful, and judge by  
 Conclusions of astrology;  
 585 But for the dev'l, know nothing by him,  
 But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,  
 I understand your metonymy;  
 Your words of second-hand intention,  
 590 When things by wrongful names you mention  
 The mystic sense of all your terms,  
 That are indeed but magic charms,

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To raise the devil, and mean one thing,  
 And that is down-right conjuring;  
 And in itself more warrantable  
 Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,  
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,  
 Which by confed'racy are done.  
 Your ancient conjurers were wont  
 To make her from her sphere dismount,  
 And to her incantations stoop;  
 They scorn'd to pore through telescope,  
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
 Which ev'ry almanack can tell  
 Perhaps as learnedly and well  
 As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt  
 You go the farthest way about:  
 Your modern Indian magician  
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,  
 And straight resolves all questions by't,  
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.  
 The Rosycrucian way's more sure  
 To bright the devil to the lure;  
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin,  
 To catch intelligences in.  
 Some by the nose with fumes trapan 'em,  
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannum;  
 Others with characters and words  
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;  
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,  
 Engrav'd in planetary nicks,  
 With their own infl'ences will fetch 'em  
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;  
 Make 'em depose, and answer to  
 All questions, ere they let them go.  
 Bumbastus kept a devil's bird  
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,



That taught him all the cunning pranks  
 630 Of past and future mountebanks,  
 Kelly did all his feats upon  
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone;  
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,  
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.

635 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug  
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,  
 That was his tutor, and the cur  
 Read to th' occult philosopher,  
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain  
 640 All other sciences are vain.

To this, quoth Sidrophel, Oh! Sir,  
 Agrippa was no conjurer,  
 Nor Paracelsus, no nor Behmen;  
 Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,  
 645 But a true dog that would shew tricks  
 For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks;  
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil  
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil;  
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,

650 He went the self-same way we go,  
 As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,  
 Whom you will have to be but fore'ers,  
 What they pretend to, is no more,  
 Than Trismegistus did before,

655 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,  
 And Apollonius their master;  
 To whom they do confess they owe  
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't t'us,  
 660 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus,  
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,  
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?  
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,  
 That makes truth truth, altho' Time's daughter

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'Twas he that put her in the pit,  
Before he pull'd her out of it;  
And as he eats his sons, just so  
He feeds upon his daughters too:  
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
Can make a gentleman scarce a year old,  
To be descended of a race

Of ancient kings, in a small space;  
That we should all opinions hold  
Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part  
Of prudence to cry down an art;  
And what it may perform, deny,  
Because you understand not why.

(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,  
To damn our whole art for eccentric).

For who knows all that knowledge contains?  
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,  
But on their sides, or rising's seat;  
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.

Do not the hist'ries of all ages  
Relate miraculous presages  
Of strange turns in the world's affairs  
Forseen b' astrologers, sooth-sayers,  
Caldeans, learn'd genethliacs

And some that have writ almanacks?  
The Median emp'r dream'd his daughter  
Had piss'd all Asia under water,  
And that a vine, sprung from her hanches,  
O'erspread his empire with its branches:

And did not soothsayers expound it,  
As after by th' event he found it?  
When Cæsar in the senate fell,  
Did not the sun eclips'd fortell,  
And, in resentment of his slaughter,  
Look pale for almost a year after?

- Augustus having b' oversight  
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,  
 Had like to have been slain that day  
 By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.  
 705 Are there not myriads of this sort,  
 Which stories of all times report?  
 Is it no tom'nous in all countries,  
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees?  
 The Roman senate, when within  
 710 The city-walls an owl was seen,  
 Did cause the clergy, with lustrations,  
 (Our synods call humiliations),  
 The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,  
 From doing town and country hurt.  
 715 And if an owl have so much pow'r,  
 Why should not planets have much more,  
 That in a region far above  
 Inferior fowls of the air move,  
 And should see farther, and foreknow  
 720 More than their augury below?  
 Though that once serv'd the polity  
 Of mighty states to govern by;  
 And this is what we take in hand  
 By pow'rful art to understand;  
 725 Which how we have perform'd, all ages  
 Can speak th' events of our presages.  
 Have we not lately, in the moon,  
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown?  
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus  
 730 And Magellan could never compass?  
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,  
 And cattle grazing on 'em there?  
 Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,  
 That I, without a telescope,  
 735 Can find your tricks out, and descry  
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie;

For Anaxagoras long ago  
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon;  
 And held the sun was but a piece  
 Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;  
 Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,  
 Because the sun had voided one;  
 And, rather than he would recant  
 Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas! is it to us,  
 Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus  
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,  
 Or whether they have tails or horns?  
 What trade from thence can you advance,  
 But what we nearer have from France?  
 What can our travellers bring home,  
 That is not to be learn'd at Rome?  
 What politics, or strange opinions,  
 That are not in our own dominions?  
 What science can be brought from thence,  
 In which we do not here commence?  
 What revelations, or religions,  
 That are not in our native regions?  
 Are sweaty lanthorns, or screen-fans,  
 Made better there, than they're in France?  
 Or do they teach to sing and play  
 O' th' gittar there a newer way?  
 Can they make plays there that shall fit  
 The public humour, with less wit  
 Write wittier dances, quainter shows,  
 Or fight with more ingenious blows?  
 Or does the man i' th' moon look big,  
 And wear a huger perriwig,  
 Shew in his gate, or face, more tricks  
 Than our own native lunatics?  
 But if w' outdo him here at home,  
 What good of your design can come



- As wind i' th' hypochondries pent,  
 Is but a blast if downward sent;  
 775 But if it upward chance to fly,  
 Becomes new light and prophecy:  
 So when your speculations tend  
 Above their just and useful end,  
 Although they promise strange and great  
 780 Discoveries of things far set,  
 They are but idle dreams and fancies,  
 And favour strongly of the ganzas.  
 Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,  
 Why on a sign no painter draws  
 785 The full moon ever, but the half;  
 Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;  
 Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,  
 And dogs howl when she shines in water;  
 And I shall freely give my vote,  
 790 You may know something more remote:  
 At this, deep Sidrophel look'd wise,  
 And staring round with owl-like eyes,  
 He put his face into a posture  
 Of sapience, and began to bluster:  
 795 For having three times shook his head  
 To stir his wit up, thus he said:  
 Art has no mortal enemies  
 Next ignorance, but owls and geese;  
 Those consecrated geese in orders,  
 800 That to the capitol were warders:  
 And being then upon patrole,  
 With noise alone beat off the Gaul:  
 Or those Athenian sceptic owls,  
 That will not credit their own souls;  
 805 Or any science understand,  
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand:  
 But meas'ring all things by their own  
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:

Those wholesale critics, that in coffee  
 Houses cry down all philosophy,  
 And will not know upon what ground  
 In nature we our doctrine found,  
 Although with pregnant evidence  
 We can demonstrate it to sense,  
 As I just now have done to you,  
 Fortelling what you came to know.  
 Were the stars only made to light  
 Robbers and burglars by night;  
 To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,  
 And lovers solacing behind doors,  
 Or giving one another pledges  
 Of matrimony under hedges?  
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets  
 Cutting from malefactors snippets?  
 Or from the pill'ry tips of ears  
 Of rebel-saints, and perjurers?  
 Only to stand by, and look on,  
 But not know what is said or done?  
 Is there a constellation there,  
 That was not born and bred up here?  
 And therefore cannot be to learn  
 In any inferior concern.  
 Were they not, during all their lives,  
 Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?  
 And is it like they have not still  
 In their old practices some skill?  
 Is there a planet that by birth  
 Does not derive its house from earth?  
 And therefore probably must know  
 What is and hath been done below;  
 Who made the Balances, or whence came  
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?  
 Did not we here the Argo rig,  
 Make Berenice's perriwig?

- 845 Whose liv'ry does the Coachman wear?  
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?  
 And therefore as they came from hence,  
 With us may hold intelligence  
 Plato deny'd, the world can be  
 850 Govern'd without geometry;  
 (For money b'ing the common scale  
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale;  
 In all th' affairs of church and state,  
 'Tis both the balance and the weight):  
 855 Then much less can it be without  
 Divine astrology made out;  
 That puts the other down in worth,  
 As far as heaven's above the earth.  
 These reasons, quoth the knight, I grant  
 860 Are something more significant  
 Than any that the learned use  
 Upon this subject to produce;  
 And yet they're far from satisfactory,  
 T' establish, and keep up your factory.  
 865 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice  
 Shifted his setting and his rise:  
 Twice has he risen in the west,  
 As many times set in the east;  
 But whether that be true or no,  
 870 The devil any of you know:  
 Some hold the heavens, like a top,  
 Are kept by circulation up;  
 And were't not for their wheeling round,  
 They'd instantly fall to the ground:  
 875 As sage Empedocles of old,  
 And from him modern authors hold,  
 Plato believ'd the sun and moon  
 Below all other planets run.  
 Some Mercury, some Venus feat  
 880 Above the sun himself in height

The learned Scaliger complain'd,  
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,  
That, in twelve hundred years and odd,  
The sun had left its ancient road,  
85 And nearer to the earth is come  
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;  
Swore 'twas a most notorious sham,  
And he that had so little shame  
To vent such fopperies abroad,  
90 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd:  
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore  
That he deserv'd the rod much more,  
Than durst upon a truth give doom,  
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.  
95 Cardan believ'd great states depend  
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end;  
That as she whisk'd it s'wards the sun,  
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;  
Which others say must needs be false,  
100 Because your true Bears have no tails.  
Some say the Zodiac constellations  
Have long since chang'd their antique stations.  
Above a sign, and prove the same  
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;  
105 Affirm the Trigons chop'd and chang'd,  
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd:  
Then how can their effects still hold  
To be the same they were of old?  
This, though the art were true, would make  
110 Our modern soothsayers mistake;  
And is one cause they tell more lies,  
In figures and nativities,  
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,  
In so many hundred thousand years;  
115 Beside their nonsense in translating,  
For want of accidence and Latin,



Like *Idus* and *Calenda*, Englist  
 The quarter-days by skilful lingwist  
 And yet with canting, sleight and cheat,  
 920 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat:  
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing  
 Of things before they are in being;  
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,  
 And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;  
 925 Make them the constellations prompt,  
 And give 'em back their own account;  
 But still the best to him that gives  
 The best price for't, or best believes.  
 Some towns and cities, some for brevity  
 930 Have cast the 'versal world's nativity;  
 And made the infant-stars confess,  
 Like fools or children, what they please.  
 Some calculate the hidden fates  
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats:  
 935 Some running nags, and fighting cocks,  
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox:  
 Some take a measure of the lives  
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;  
 Make opposition, trine and quartile,  
 940 Tell who is barren, and who fertile;  
 And if the planets first aspect  
 The tender infant did infect  
 In soul and body, and instil  
 All future good, and future ill:  
 945 Which in their dark, fatal ties lurking,  
 At destin'd periods fall a-working,  
 And break out, like the hidden seeds  
 Of long diseases, into deeds,  
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,  
 950 And all th' emergencies of life:  
 No sooner does he peep into  
 The world, but he has done his do,

Catch'd all diseases, took all physic;  
 That cures or kills a man that is sick;  
 35 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives;  
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.  
 There's but the twinkling of a star  
 Between a man of peace and war;  
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,  
 40 A huffing officer, and a slave;  
 A crafty lawyer, and a pick-pocket,  
 A great philosopher and a blockhead;  
 A formal preacher, and a player,  
 A learn'd physician, and manslayer:  
 45 As if men from the stars did suck  
 Old age, diseases, and ill luck,  
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,  
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice:  
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,  
 50 Battle, and murder, sudden death.  
 Are not these fine commodities,  
 To be imported from the skies,  
 And vend'd here among the rabble,  
 For staple goods, and warrantable?  
 55 Like money by the Druids borrow'd,  
 In th' other world to be restor'd?  
 Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know  
 You wrong the art and artist too,  
 Since arguments are lost on those  
 60 That do our principles oppose;  
 I will (although I've don't before)  
 Demonstrate to your sense once more  
 And draw a figure that shall tell you,  
 What you, perhaps, forget besel you,  
 65 By way of horary inspection,  
 Which some account our worst erection.  
 With that he circles draws, and squares,  
 With cyphers, astral characters;

Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,  
 990 Although set down hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, This scheme o' th' heavens set,  
 Discovers how in fight you met,  
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,  
 And that y' were bang'd with black and fide well.

995 And though you overcame the bear,  
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;  
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive  
 1000 You are no conj'rer, by your leave:  
 That paltry story is untrue,  
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true! quoth he, howe'er you vapour,  
 I can what I affirm make appear;

1005 Whacchum shall justify't t' your face,  
 And prove he was upon the place:  
 He play'd the Saltimbanch's part,  
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;  
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,

1010 Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,  
 And what you lost I can produce;  
 If you deny it, hered' th' house,

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe  
 That argument's demonstrative;

1015 Ralph bear witness, and go fetch us  
 A constable to seize the wretches:  
 For though they're both false knaves and cheats  
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,  
 I'll make them serve for perpendic'lers.

1020 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers,  
 They're guilty by their own confessions  
 Of felony, and at the sessions  
 Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,  
 That the vibration of this pendulum

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025 Shall make all taylors yards of one  
 Unanimous opinion :  
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt  
 030 To find friends that will bear me out :  
 Nor have I hazarded my art,  
 And neck, so long on the state's part,  
 To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer,  
 By such a braggadocio huffer.

035 Huffer ! quoth Hudibras, this sword  
 Shall down thy false throat cram that word.  
 Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,  
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister :  
 Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay,  
 040 Lest he and Whachum run away.

But Sidrophel, who from the aspect  
 Of Hudibras, did now erect  
 A figure, worse portending far  
 Than that of most malignant star,  
 045 Believ'd it now the fittest moment  
 To shun the danger that might come on't,  
 While Hudibras was all alone,  
 And he and Whachum, two to one :  
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by chance

050 Behind the door, an iron lance,  
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,  
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bored ;  
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pass  
 To make his way through Hudibras.

055 Whachum had got a fire-fork,  
 With which he vow'd to do his work.  
 But Hudibras was well prepar'd,  
 And stoutly stood upon his guard :  
 He put by Sidrophelo's thrust,  
 060 And in right manfully he rusht ;

- The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
 And laid him on the earth along.  
 Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,  
 And basely turn'd his back to fly :  
 1065 But Hudibras gave him a twitch  
 As quick as lightening in the breech ;  
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,  
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,  
 Because a kick, in that place, more  
 1070 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.  
 Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine  
 You are my prisoners, Base vermine !  
 Could they not tell you so, as well  
 As what I came to know fortel ?  
 1075 By this what cheats you are we find,  
 That in your own concerns are blind.  
 Your lives are now at my dispose,  
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows :  
 But who his honour would defile,  
 1080 To take, or sell, two lives so vile !  
 I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,  
 The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,  
 Which with his sword he reaps and plows,  
 That's mine, the law of arms allows.  
 1085 This said in haste, in haste he fell  
 To rummaging of Sidrophel.  
 First, he expounded both his pockets,  
 And found a watch, with rings and lockets,  
 Which had been left with him t' erect  
 1090 A figure for, and so detect ;  
 A copper-plate, with almanacks  
 Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,  
 Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,  
 And blank schemes, to discover nimmers :  
 1095 A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,  
 And sev'ral constellation stones,

Engrav'd in planetary hours,  
That over mortals had strange pow'rs,  
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,  
And stab or poison to evade;  
In wit or wisdom to improve,  
And be victorious in love.  
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,  
His plunder was not worth the while;  
All which the conqu'ror did discompt,  
To pay for curing of his rump.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks  
As rota-men of politics,  
Straight cast about to over-reach  
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,  
And make him glad (at least) to quit  
His victory, and fly the pit,  
Before the secular prince of darkness  
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase:  
And as a fox, with hot pursuit  
Chas'd through a warren, cast about  
To save his credit, and among  
Dead vermin on a gallows hung;  
And, while the dogs run underneath,  
Escap'd, (by counterfeiting death),  
Not out of cunning; but a train  
Of atoms jostling in his brain,  
As learn'd philosophers give out:  
So Sidrophelo cast about,  
And fell t' his wonted trade again,  
To feign himself in earnest slain:  
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,  
And seeming in his breast to smother  
A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I,  
Alive, or dead; or which way came I  
Through so immense a space so soon?  
But now I thought myself i' th' moon;

R



- And that a monster, with huge whiskers,  
 More formidable than a Switzer's,  
 1135 My body through and through had drill'd,  
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd,  
 Had cross examin'd both our hose,  
 And plunder'd all we had to lose;  
 Look there he is, I see him now,  
 1140 And feel the place I am run through:  
 And there lies Whachum by my side  
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd:  
 Oh! oh! With that he fetch'd a groan,  
 And fell again into a swoon,  
 1145 Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath,  
 And to the life out-acted death;  
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,  
 Believ'd him to be dead as a herring.  
 He held it now no longer safe,  
 1150 To tarry the return of Ralph,  
 But rather leave him in the lurch;  
 6 Thought he, he has abus'd our church,  
 Refused to give himself one firr,  
 To carry on the public work;  
 1155 Despis'd our synod-men like dirt,  
 And made their discipline his sport;  
 Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,  
 And their conventions prov'd high places;  
 Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,  
 1160 And set at nought their cheese and bacon;  
 Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd  
 Their rev'rend parsons to my beard:  
 For all which scandals, to be quit  
 At one, this juncture falls out fit.  
 1165 I'll make him henceforth to beware,  
 And tempt my fury, if he dare:  
 He must at least hold up his hand,  
 By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;

Who, by their skill in palmistry,  
Will quickly read his destiny;  
And make him glad to read his lesson,  
Or take a turn for't at the session;  
Unless his light and gifts prove truer  
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;  
For if he 'scape with whipping now,  
'Tis more than he can hope to do:  
And that will disengage my conscience  
O' th' obligation, in his own sense:  
I'll make him now by force abide  
What he by gentle means deny'd,  
To give my honour satisfaction,  
And right the brethren in the action.  
This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
And conduct he approach'd his steed,  
And with activity unwont,  
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;  
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,  
To get from th' enemy, and Ralph free:  
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,  
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

# The Walker

## AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.



RH

*Ecce iterum Crispinus—*

- W**ELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain  
To tamper with your crazy brain,  
Without trepanning of your scull  
As often as the moon's at full ;  
5 'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,  
To try one desp'rate med'cine more ;  
For where your case can be no worse,  
The desp'rat'ft is the wisest course.  
Is't possible, that you, whose ears  
10 Are of the tribe of Issachar's,  
And might, with equal reason, either  
For merit, or the extent of leather,  
With William Pryn's, before they were  
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,  
15 Should yet be deaf against a noise  
So roaring as the public voice ?  
That speaks your virtues free and loud,  
And openly in ev'ry crowd,  
As loud as one that sings his part  
20 T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,  
Or your new-nicknam'd old invention  
To cry green-hastings with an engine ;

*+ Issachar is a strong Affe  
couching down between two  
Barrennes— Gen. XLIX. 14—*

(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,  
And torn your drum-heads with the sound).  
And 'cause your folly's now no news,  
But overgrown, and out of use.  
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,  
But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;  
When folly, as it grows in years,  
The more extravagant appears;  
For who but you could be possess'd  
With so much ignorance, and beast,  
That neither all mens scorn, and hate,  
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,  
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,  
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;  
But (like a reprobate) what course  
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?  
Can no transfusion of the blood,  
That makes fools cattle, do you good?  
Nor putting piggs t' a bitch to nurse,  
To turn them in to mungrel curs,  
Put you into a way, as least,  
To make yourself a better beast?  
Can all your critical intrigues  
Of trying sound from rotten eggs;  
Your sev'ral new-found remedies  
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;  
Your art of fluxing them for claps,  
And purging their infected saps;  
Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,  
And nodes and botches in the rinds,  
Have no effect to operate  
Upon that duller block, your pat?  
But still it must be lewdly bent  
To tempt your own due punishment;  
And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw  
The boys to course you without law;



- As if the art you have so long  
 60 Profess'd, of making old dogs young,  
 In you, had virtue to renew  
 Not only youth, but childhood to.  
 Can you that understand all books,  
 By judging only with your looks,  
 65 Resolve all problems with your face,  
 As other's do with B's and A's;  
 Unriddle all that mankind knows  
 With solid bending of your brows:  
 All arts and sciences advance,  
 70 With screwing of your countenance  
 And, with a penetrating eye,  
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;  
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,  
 Than those that have been bred up in't;  
 75 And yet have no art, true or false,  
 To help your own bad naturals?  
 But still, the more you strive t' appear,  
 Are found to be the wretcheder:  
 For fools are known by looking wise,  
 80 As men find woodcocks by their eyes.  
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' colles  
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute  
 85 To judge, and censure, and control,  
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll:  
 And saucily pretend to know  
 More than your dividend comes to:  
 You'll find the thing will not be done  
 90 With ignorance and face alone:  
 No, though y' have purchas'd to your name  
 In history so great a fame;  
 That now your talent's so well known,  
 For having all belief outgrown,

- 95 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale  
Is measur'd by your German scale——  
By which the virtuosi try  
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,  
Cast up to what it does amount,  
100 And place the bigg'st to your account :  
That all those stories that are laid  
Too truly to you, and those made,  
Are now still charg'd upon your score,  
And lesser authors nam'd no more.  
105 Alas ! that faculty betrays  
Those soonest it designs to raise :  
And all your vain renown will spoil,  
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil ;  
Though he that has but impudence,  
110 To all things has a fair pretence ;  
And put among his wants but shame,  
To all the world may lay his claim :  
Though you have try'd that nothing's born  
With greater ease than public scorn,  
115 That all affronts do still give place  
To your impenetrable face ;  
That makes your way through all affairs,  
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs :  
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,  
120 You must not think 'twill always pass ;  
For all impostors, when they're known,  
Are past their labour, and undone.  
And all the best that can befall  
An artificial natural,  
125 Is that which madmen find, as soon  
As once they're broke loose from the moon,  
And, proof against her influence,  
Relapse to e'er so little sense,  
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
130 For sport of boys, and rabble-wit.

## PART THE THIRD.

### CANTO I.

#### The ARGUMENT.

*The knight and squire resolve at once,  
The one the other to renounce;  
They both approach the lady's bower,  
The squire to inform, the knight to woo her.  
She treats them with a masquerade,  
By furies and hobgoblins made:  
From which the squire conveys the knight,  
And steals him, from himself, by night.*

- T**IS true, no lover has that pow'r  
T' enforce a desperate amour,  
As he that has two strings to's bow,  
And burns for love and money too;  
5 For then he's brave and resolute,  
Disdains to render in his suit,  
Has all his flames and raptures double,  
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;  
While those who fillily pursue  
10 The simple, downright way and true,  
Make as unlucky applications,  
And steer against the stream, their passions:  
Some forge their mistresses of stars;  
And when the ladies prove averſe,  
15 And more untoward to be won,  
Than by Caligula the moon,

Cry out upon the stars for doing  
Ill offices, to cross their wooing ;  
When only by themselves they're hind'red,  
For trusting those they made her kindred ;  
And still, the harsher and hide-bounder  
The damsels prove, become the fonder.  
For what mad lover ever dy'd  
To gain a soft and gentle bride ;  
Or for a lady tender-hearted,  
In purling streams or hemp departed ?  
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,  
Through the windows of a dazzling room ?  
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,  
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.  
This to the knight could be no news,  
With all mankind so much in use ;  
Who therefore took the wiser course,  
To make the most of his amours,  
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,  
As follows in due time and place.  
No sooner was the bloody fight,  
Between the wizzard and the knight,  
With all th' appurtenances, over,  
But he relaps'd again t' a lover :  
As he was always wont to do  
When he had discomfited a foe ;  
And us'd the only antique philtres,  
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.  
But now triumphant and victorious,  
He held th' atchievement was too glorious  
For such a conqueror to meddle  
With petty constable or beadle ;  
Or fly for refuge to the hostels  
Of th' inns of court and chancery, Justice ;  
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause  
To th' ordeal trial of the laws ;



- Where none escape, but such as branded  
 With red-hot irons have pass'd bare-handed;  
 55 And if they cannot read one verse  
 I' th' psalms, must sing it; and that's worse.  
 He therefore judging it below him,  
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,  
 Resolv'd to leave the squire for bail  
 60 And mainprize for him, to the jail,  
 To answer, with his vessel, all  
 That might disastrously befall;  
 And thought it now the fittest juncture  
 To give the lady a rencounter,  
 65 T' acquaint her with his expedition,  
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician:  
 Describe the manner of the fray,  
 And shew the spoils he brought away;  
 His bloody scourging aggravate,  
 70 The number of the blows, and weight;  
 All which might probably succeed,  
 And gain belief h' had done the deed.  
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare  
 No pawning of his soul to swear;  
 75 But rather than produce his back,  
 To set his conscience on the rack;  
 And in pursuance of his urging  
 Of articles perform'd, and scourging,  
 And all things else upon his part,  
 80 Demand deliv'ry of her heart,  
 Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,  
 And person, up to his embraces.  
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights  
 Won all their ladies hearts in fights;  
 85 And cut whole giants into fritters,  
 To put them into am'rous twitters;  
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,  
 Until their gallants were half-kill'd:

But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,  
 They durst not woo one combat more,  
 The ladies hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd with blows their lovers felt.  
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,  
 At once wound bulls and ladies fancies;  
 And he acquires the noblest spouse  
 That widows greatest herds of cows;  
 Then what may I expect to do,  
 Who've quell'd so vast a buffalo?

Mean while the squire was on his way,  
 The knight's late orders to obey:  
 Who sent him for a strong detachment  
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,  
 To attack the cunning man, for plunder  
 Committed falsely on his lumber;  
 When he who had so lately sack'd  
 The enemy, had done the fact,  
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs,  
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,  
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,  
 And for his own inventions father'd:  
 And when they should, at goal-delivery,  
 Unriddle one another's thievery,  
 Both might have evidence enough,  
 To render neither halter-proof:  
 He thought it desperate to tarry,  
 And venture to be accessory;  
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,  
 And leave them for the knight, his betters.  
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play  
 He would have offer'd him that day,  
 To make him curry his own hide,  
 Which no beast ever did beside,  
 Without all possible evasion,  
 But of the riding dispensation.

- 125 And therefore much about the hour  
 The knight, (for reasons told before)  
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury  
 Of justice, and an unpack'd jury;  
 The squire concurr'd t' abandon him,  
 130 And serve him in the self-same trim;  
 To acquaint the lady what h' had done,  
 And what he meant to carry on;  
 What project 'twas he went about,  
 When Sidrophel and he fell out:  
 135 His firm and stedfast resolution,  
 To swear her to an execution;  
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,  
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her.  
 In which both dealt, as if they meant  
 140 Their party saints to represent,  
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,  
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,  
 To lay themselves out, to supplant  
 Each other cousin-german saint.  
 145 But ere the knight could do his part,  
 The squire had got so much the start,  
 H' had to the lady done his errand,  
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.  
 Just as he finished his report,  
 150 The knight alighted in the court;  
 And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,  
 And taken time for both to stale,  
 He put his band and beard in order,  
 The sprucer, to accost and board her:  
 155 And now began t' approach the door,  
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,  
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,  
 And went to entertain the knight:  
 With whom encount'ring, after longees  
 160 Of humble and submissive congees,

And all due ceremonies paid,  
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said:

Madam, I do as in my duty,  
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie:

And now am come, to bring your ear  
A present you'll be glad to hear;  
At least I hope so. The thing's done,  
Or may I never see the sun;

For which I humbly now demand  
Performance at your gentle hand;

And that you'd please to do your part,  
As I have done mine to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,  
As if he felt his shoulders ake.

But she who well enough knew what  
(Before he spoke) he would be at,

Pretended not to apprehend

The mystery of what he mean'd;

And therefore wish'd him to expound

His dark expressions, less profound.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove

How much I've suffer'd for your love,

Which (like your votary) to win,

I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;

And for those meritorious lashes,

To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once

I freed you from th' enchanted sconce;

And that you promis'd, for that favour,

To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour,

And for my sake and service vow'd

To lay upon't a heavy load,

And what 'twould bear, t' a scruple prove,

As other knights do oft make love.

Which whether you have done or no,

Concerns yourself, not me, to know.



But if you have, I shall confess,  
You're honefter than I could guefs.

Quoth he, If you fufpect my troth,  
200 I cannot prove it but by oath:

And if you make a queftion on't,

I'll pawn my foul that I have done't;

And he that makes his foul his furety,

I think does give the beft fecur'ty.

205 Quoth ſhe, Some fay, the foul's ſecure  
Againſt diſtreſs and forfeiture;

Is free from action, and exempt

From execution and contempt;

And to be ſummon'd to appear

210 In th' other world's illegal here.

And therefore few make any account

Int' what incumbrances they run't.

For moſt men carry things ſo even

Between this world, and hell, and heaven,

215 Without the leaſt offence to either,

They freely deal in all together;

And equally abhor to quit

This world for both, or both for it;

And when they pawn and damn their ſouls,

220 They are but priſ'ners on paroles.

For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,

They may b' accountable in all.

For when there is that intercourſe

Between divine and human pow'rs,

225 That all that we determine here

Commands obedience ev'ry where;

When penalties may be commuted

For fines, or ears, and executed;

It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt

230 As ſouls in pawn, and mortgage paſt:

For oaths are th' only teſts and ſeals

Of right and wrong, of true and falſe

And there's no other way to try  
The doubts of law and justice by.

35 Quoth she, What is it you would swear ?

There's no believing till I hear :

For till they're understood, all tales

(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey

40 What you commanded t' other day,

And to perform my exercise,

(As schools are wont), for your fair eyes :

T' avoid all scruples in the case,

I went to do't upon the place.

45 But as the castle is enchanted

By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted

With evil spirits, as you know,

Who took my squire and me for two ;

Before I'd hardly time to lay

50 My weapons by, and disarray,

I heard a formidable noise,

Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,

That roared far off, Dispatch and strip,

I'm ready with the infernal whip,

55 That shall divest thy ribs of skin,

To expiate thy ling'ring sin.

Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,

And not perform'd thy plighted troth ;

But spar'd thy renegado back,

60 When th' hadst so great a prize at stake :

Which now the fates have order'd me

For penance and revenge to slay,

Unless thou presently make haste,

Time is, time was : and there it ceas'd.

With which, though startled, I confess,

Yet th' horror of the thing was less

Than th' other dismal apprehension

Of interruption or prevention :

- And therefore snatching up the rod,  
270 I laid upon my back a load;  
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,  
To make my word and honour good:  
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length.  
For new recruits of breath and strength,  
275 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast;  
As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,  
In raptures of Platonic lashing,  
And chaste contemplative bardashing:  
When facing hastily about,  
280 To stand upon my guard and scout,  
I found th' infernal cunning man,  
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,  
With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,  
That on my outward quarters storm'd.  
285 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,  
And gave the hellish rage a stop;  
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell  
Courageously on Sidrophel:  
Who, now transform'd himself t' a bear,  
290 Began to roar aloud, and tear;  
When I as furiously press'd on,  
My weapon down his throat to run;  
Laid hold on him; but he broke loose,  
And turn'd himself into a goose,  
295 Div'd under water in a pond,  
To hide himself from being found.  
In vain I sought him; but as soon  
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,  
300 His under-forcerer t' engage.  
But bravely scorning to defile  
My sword with feeble blood and vile;  
I judg'd it better from a quick-  
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick.

With which I furiously laid on ;  
Till in a harsh and doleful tone  
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir :  
I am too great a sufferer,  
Abus'd, as you have been, b'la witch,  
But conjur'd int' a worse caprich :  
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,  
Old houses in the night to haunt,  
For opportunities t' improve  
Designs of thievery or love ;  
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,  
All feats of witches counterfeit,  
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,  
And make it for enchantment pass ;  
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,  
And choak with fumes of Guiney pepper ;  
Make letchers and their punks with dewtry  
Commit fantastical advowtry ;  
Bewitch Hermetic men to run  
Stark staring mad with manicon ;  
Believe mechanic virtuosi  
Can raise up mountains in Potosi ;  
And, sillier than the antique fools,  
Take treasure for a heap of coals ;  
Seek out for plants with signatures,  
To quack of universal cures ;  
With figures ground on panes of glass,  
Make people on their heads to pass :  
And mighty heaps of coin increase,  
Reflected from a single piece :  
To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches  
Incline perpetually to witches ;  
And keep me in continual fears,  
And danger of my neck and ears :  
When less delinquents have been scourg'd,  
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,



Which others for cravats have worn  
About their necks, and took a turn.

- I pity'd the sad punishment  
The wretched caitiff underwent,  
345 And held my drubbing of his bones  
Too great an honour for pultrones;  
For knights are bound to feel no blows  
From paltry and unequal foes,  
Who when they slash and cut to pieces,  
350 Do all with civilest addresses:  
Their horses never give a blow,  
But when they make a leg and bow.  
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him  
About the witch with many a question.  
355 Quoth he, For many years he drove  
A kind of broking-trade in love;  
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust  
Of feeble, speculative lust;  
Procurer to th' extravagancy  
360 And crazy ribaldry of fancy,  
By those the devil had forsook,  
As things below him, to provoke.  
But b'ing a virtuoso, able  
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,  
365 He held his talent most adroit.  
For any mystical exploit;  
As others of his tribe had done,  
And rais'd their prices three to one.  
For one predicting pimp has th' odds  
370 Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds.  
But as an elf (the devil's valet)  
Is not so slight a thing to get;  
For those that do his bus'ness best,  
In hell are us'd the ruggedest;  
375 Before so meriting a person  
Could get a grant, but in reversion,

He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,  
I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.  
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,  
As soon as from the body loos'd,  
Becomes a puny imp itself,  
And is another's witch's elf.  
He, after searching far and near,  
At length found one in Lancashire,  
With whom he bargain'd befo'ehand,  
And, after hanging, entertain'd.  
Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,  
And practis'd all mechanic cheats:  
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes  
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes;  
Which he has vary'd more than witches,  
Or Pharaoh's wizards cou'd their switches,  
And all with whom h' has had to do,  
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too,  
Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd,  
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,  
By feeding me on beans and pease,  
He crams in nasty crevices,  
And turns to confits by his arts,  
To make me relish for deserts,  
And one by one, with shame and fear,  
Like up the candy'd provender.  
Beside——But as h' was running on,  
To tell what other feats h' had done,  
The lady stopt his full career,  
And told him now 'twas time to hear.  
If all those things, said she, be true,——  
They're all, quoth he, I swear by you;  
Why then, said she, that Sidrophel  
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell;  
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag  
And hackney of a Lapland hag,

- In quest of you came hither post,  
 Within an hour, I'm sure, at most ;  
 415 Who told me all you swear and say,  
 Quite contrary another way :  
 Vow'd that you came to him to know  
 If you should carry me or no ;  
 And would have hir'd him and his imps,  
 420 To be your match-makers and pimps,  
 T' engage the devil on your side,  
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.  
 But he disdain'd to embrace  
 So sithly a design and base,  
 425 You fell to vapouring and huffing,  
 And drew upon him like a ruffin,  
 Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,  
 Before h' had time to mount his guard ;  
 And left him dead upon the ground,  
 430 With many a bruise and desp'rate wound :  
 Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,  
 And stole his Talismanique louse,  
 And all his new found old inventions ;  
 With flat felonious intentions,  
 435 Which he could bring out, where he had,  
 And what he bought them for, and paid ;  
 His flea, his morpion, and punese,  
 H' had gotten for his proper ease,  
 And all in perfect minutes made,  
 440 By th' ablest artist of the trade ;  
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,  
 He has been eaten up almost ;  
 And altogether might amount  
 To many hundreds on account :  
 445 For which h' had got sufficient warrant  
 To seizé the malefactors errant,  
 Without capacity of bail,  
 But of a cart's or horse's tail ;

And did not doubt to bring the wretches,  
To serve for pendulums to watches,  
Which, modern virtuosos say,  
Incline to hanging ev'ry way.  
Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,  
That ere he went in quest of you,  
He set a figure to discover  
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;  
And found it clear, that, to betray  
Yourself and me, you fled this way;  
And that he was upon pursuit,  
To take you some where hereabout.  
He vow'd he had intelligence  
Of all that pass'd before and since;  
And found, that ere you came to him,  
Y' had been engaging life and limb,  
About a case of tender conscience,  
Where both abounded in your own sense;  
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,  
Had clear'd all scruples in the case;  
And prov'd that you might swear and own  
Whatever's by the wicked done.  
For which, most basely to requite  
The service of his gifts and light,  
You strove t' oblige him by main force,  
To scourge his ribs instead of yours;  
But that he stood upon his guard,  
And all your vapouring out-dar'd:  
For which, between you both, the feat  
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the lady talk'd, the knight  
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white,  
(As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their optics in upon't).  
He wonder'd hōw she came to know  
What he had done, and meant to do:



- 485 Held up his affidavit-hand,  
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd :  
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look,  
 In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke.  
 Madam, if but one word be true  
 490 Of all the wizard has told you,  
 Or but one single circumstance  
 In all th' apocryphal romance,  
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down  
 This vessel, that is all your own ;  
 495 Or may the heavens fall, and cover  
 These reliques of your constant lover.  
 You have provided well, quoth she,  
 (I thank you), for yourself and me ;  
 And shewn your Presbyterian wits  
 500 Jump punctual with the Jesuits.  
 A most compendious way, and civil,  
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,  
 And heav'n and hell, yourselves, and those  
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.  
 505 Why then, quoth he, may hell surprize—  
 That trick, said she, will not pass twice :  
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
 Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.  
 But there's a better way of clearing  
 510 What you would prove, than downright swearing  
 For if you have perform'd the feat,  
 The blows are visible as yet,  
 Enough to serve for satisfaction  
 Of nicest scruples in the action.  
 515 And if you can produce those knobs,  
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,  
 I'll pass them all upon account,  
 As if your nat'ral self had done't.  
 Provided that they pass th' opinion  
 520 Of able juries of old women ;

Who, us'  
 For bellie  
 Madam  
 To do is  
 As I am,  
 T' obey,  
 But for p  
 I thank a  
 You know  
 To keep  
 For woun  
 Are dang  
 I find,  
 Are like  
 For still  
 We are  
 But gran  
 What is  
 Your pli  
 You pass  
 Where a  
 Are eve  
 And if  
 To raze  
 Quot  
 Nor ma  
 And tha  
 There i  
 Two th  
 Too na  
 Their b  
 Which  
 Love,  
 To be  
 For wh  
 It brea

Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts  
For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, quoth he, your love's a million,  
To do is less than to be willing,  
As I am, were it in my power  
T' obey, what you command, and more.  
But for performing what you bid,  
I thank as much as if I did.

You know I ought to have a care  
To keep my wounds from taking air;  
For wounds in those that are all heart,  
Are dangerous in any part.

I find, quoth she, my goods and chattels  
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles :  
For still the longer we contend,  
We are but farther off the end.

But granting now we should agree,  
What is it you expect from me ?  
Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word  
You pass'd in heaven on record,  
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,  
Are everlastingly inroll'd.

And if 'tis counted treason here  
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,  
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n ;  
And that's the reason, as some guess,  
There is no heav'n in marriages ;  
Two things that naturally press  
Too narrowly, to be at ease.

Their bus'ness there is only love,  
Which marriage is not like t' improve  
Love, that's too gen'rous to abide  
To be against its nature ty'd :

For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,  
It breaks loose when it is confin'd :

- And like the foul, its harbourer,  
 Debarr'd the freedom of the air,  
 Disdains against its will to stay,  
 560 But struggles out, and flies away :  
 And therefore never can comply  
 T' endure the matrimonial tie,  
 That binds the female and the male,  
 Where th' one is but the other's bail ;  
 565 Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,  
 Chain'd to th' prisoners they kept ;  
 Of which the true and faithfull'st lover  
 Gives best security, to suffer.  
 Marriage is but a beast, some say,  
 570 That carries double in foul way ;  
 And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd  
 It should so suddenly be tir'd :  
 A bargain at a venture made,  
 Between two partners in a trade,  
 575 (For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,  
 But something past away, and sold ?)  
 That as it makes but one of two,  
 Reduces all things else as low :  
 And at the best is but a mart  
 580 Between the one and th' other part,  
 That on the marriage-day is paid,  
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid ;  
 And all the rest of better or worse,  
 Both are but loofers out of purse.  
 585 For when upon their ungot heirs  
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
 What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,  
 Or wager laid at six and seven ?  
 To pass themselves away, and turn  
 590 Their children's tenants ere they're born ?  
 Beg one another idiot  
 To guardians, ere they are begot ;

Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,  
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
Though got b' implicit generation;  
And gen'ral club of all the nation :  
For which she's fortify'd no less  
Than all the island with four seas :  
Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,  
In ready insolence and pow'r :  
And make him pass away, to have  
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,  
More wretched than an ancient villain,  
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;  
While all he does upon the by,  
She is not bound to justify.  
Nor at her proper cost and charge  
Maintain the seats he does at large.  
Such hideous fots were those obedient  
Old vassals to their ladies regent ;  
To give the cheats the eldest hand  
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land ;  
For which so many a legal cuckold  
Has been run down in courts, and truckl'd.  
A law that most unjustly yokes  
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,  
Without distinction of degree,  
Condition, age, or quality ;  
Admits no pow'r of revocation,  
Nor valuable consideration,  
Nor writ of error, nor reverse  
Of judgment past, for better or worse ;  
Will not allow the privileges  
That beggars challenge under hedges,  
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses  
Their spiritual judges of divorces ;  
While nothing else but *rem in re*  
Can set the proudest wretches free ;



- A slavery beyond enduring,  
 630 But that 'tis of their own procuring :  
 As spiders never seek the fly,  
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;  
 So men are by themselves employ'd  
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,  
 635 And run their necks into a noose,  
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.  
 As some whom death would not depart,  
 Have done the feat themselves by art.  
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed  
 640 In flaming curtains to the dead ;  
 And men as often dangled for't,  
 And yet will never leave the sport.  
 Nor do the ladies want excuse  
 For all the stratagems they use,  
 645 To gain th' advantage of the set,  
 And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.  
 For as the Pythagorean soul  
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,  
 And has a smack of ev'ry one ;  
 650 So love does, and has ever done.  
 And therefore though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.  
 'Tis but an ague that's reverst,  
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,  
 655 That after burns with cold as much  
 As ir'n in Greenland does the touch :  
 Melts in the furnace of desire,  
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;  
 And when his heat of fancy's over,  
 660 Becomes as hard and frail a lover.  
 For when he's with love-powder laden,  
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss, or Madam,  
 The smallest sparkle of an eye  
 Gives fire to his artillery ;

And off the loud oaths go, but while  
 They're in the very act, recoil.  
 Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance  
 Without a sep'rate maintenance :  
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,  
 Trust none again, till th' have made over  
 Or if they do, before they marry,  
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry ;  
 And ere they venture on a stream,  
 Know how to size themselves and them.  
 Whence witti't ladies always chuse  
 To undertake the heaviest goose.  
 For now the world is grown so wary,  
 That few of either sex dare marry,  
 But rather trust on tick t' amours,  
 The cross and pile for bett'r or worse :  
 A mode that is held honourable  
 As well as French, and fashionable.  
 For when it falls out for the best,  
 Where both are incommoded least,  
 In soul and body two unite,  
 To make up one hermaphrodite :  
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,  
 Th' have more punctilio's and capriches  
 Between the petticoat and breeches,  
 More petulant extravagancies,  
 Than poets make 'em in romances ;  
 Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,  
 We hear no more of charms and flames :  
 For then their late attracts decline,  
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;  
 And all their caterwauling tricks,  
 In earnest to as jealous piques :  
 Which th' ancients wisely signify'd,  
 By th' yellow mantau's of the bride :

- For jealousy is but a kind  
 Of clap and crincum of the mind,  
 The natural effects of love,  
 As other flames and aches prove :  
 705 But all the mischief is, the doubt  
 On whose account they first broke out.  
 For though Chineses go to bed,  
 And lie in, in their ladies stead,  
 And for the pains they took before,  
 710 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ;  
 Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap  
 To fall in labour with a clap ;  
 Both lay the child to one another :  
 But who's the father, who the mother,  
 715 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,  
 Or who imported the French goods.  
 But health and sickness b'ing all one,  
 Which both before engag'd to own,  
 And are not with their bodies bound  
 720 To worship only when they're found,  
 Both give and take their equal shares  
 Of all they suffer by false wares :  
 A fate no lover can divert  
 With all his caution, wit, and art.  
 725 For 'tis in vain to think to guess  
 At women by appearances ;  
 That paint and patch their imperfections  
 Of intellectual complexions ;  
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
 730 As artificial as their faces ;  
 Wear, under vizer-masks, their talents  
 And mother-wits, before their gallants ;  
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,  
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose :  
 735 When all the flaws they strove to hide  
 Are made unready, with the bride,

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That with her wedding-cloaths undresses  
Her complaisance and gentilefesses:

Tries all her arts, to take upon her

The government from th' easy owner:

Until the wretch is glad to wave

His lawful right, and turn her slave;

Finds all his having and his holding,

Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding,

The conjugal petard, that tears

Down all portcullices of ears,

And makes the volley of one tongue

For all their leathern shields too strong;

When only arm'd with noise and nails,

The female silk-worms ride the males,

Transform 'em into rams and goats,

Like Sirens with their charming notes;

Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,

Or those enchanting murmurs made

By th' husband mandrake and the wife,

Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains

Of wanton over-heated brains,

Which ralliers, in their wit or drink,

Do rather wheedle with, than think.

Man was not man in paradise,

Until he was created twice,

And had his better half, his bride.

Carv'd from th' original, his side,

T' amend his natural defects,

And perfect his recruited sex;

Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen

The pains and labour of increasing,

By changing them for other cares,

As by his dry'd-up paps appears.

His body, that stupendous frame,

Of all the world the anagram,



- Is of two equal parts compact,  
 In shape and symmetry exact,  
 775 Of which the left and female side  
 Is to the manly right a bride,  
 Both join'd together with such art,  
 That nothing else but death can part.  
 Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,  
 780 And face, that all the world surpris;  
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
 And scotch all other ladies tawny;  
 Those ravishing and charming graces  
 All are made up of two half-faces,  
 785 That in a mathematic line,  
 Like those in other heavens, join.  
 Of which if either grew alone,  
 'Twould fright as much to look upon.  
 And so would that sweet bud your lip,  
 790 Without the other's fellowship.  
 Our noblest senses act by pairs,  
 Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;  
 Th' intelligencers of the mind,  
 To wait upon the soul design'd;  
 795 But those that serve the body alone,  
 Are single, and confin'd to one.  
 The world is but two parts, that meet,  
 And close at th' equinoctial fit!  
 And so are all the works of nature  
 800 Stamp'd with her signature on matter:  
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,  
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.  
 All which sufficiently declare  
 How 'ntirely marriage is her care,  
 805 The only method that she uses,  
 In all the wonders she produces.  
 And those that take their rules from her,  
 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.

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For what secures the civil life  
10 But pawns of children, and a wife?  
That lie, like hostages, at stake,  
To pay for all men undertake;  
To whom it is as necessary,  
As to be born and breathe, to marry.  
15 So universal, all mankind  
In nothing else is of one mind.  
For in what stupid age, and nation,  
Was marriage ever out of fashion?  
Unless among the Amazons,  
20 Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns;  
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks  
And loose excesses of the sex,  
Prepost'rously wou'd have all women  
Turn'd up to all the world in common.  
25 Though men would find such mortal feuds  
In sharing of their public goods,  
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,  
Than they're supply'd with now by wives;  
Until they graze, and wear their cloaths,  
30 As beasts do, of their native growths;  
For simple wearing of their horns,  
Will not suffice to serve their turns.  
For what can we pretend t' inherit,  
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?  
35 Could claim no right to lands or rents,  
But for our parents settlements;  
Had been but younger sons i' th' earth,  
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.  
What honours, or estates of peers  
40 Cou'd be preserv'd but by their heirs;  
And what security maintains  
Their right and title, but the banes?  
What crowns could be hereditary,  
If greatest monarchs did not marry,

- 845 And with their consorts consummate  
 Their weightiest interest of state?  
 For all the amours of princes are  
 But guarantees of peace or war.  
 Or what but marriage has a charm,  
 850 The rage of empires to disarm?  
 Make blood and desolation cease,  
 And fire and sword unite in peace,  
 When all their fierce contests for forage  
 Conclude in articles of marriage?  
 855 Nor does the genial bed provide  
 Less for the int'rests of the bride;  
 Who else had not the least pretence  
 T' as much as due benevolence;  
 Could no more title take upon her  
 860 To virtue, quality, and honour,  
 Than ladies-errant, unconfin'd,  
 And fame-coverts to all mankind.  
 All women would be of one piece,  
 The virtuous matron, and the miss;  
 865 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,  
 The same with those in Lewkner's lane,  
 But for the difference marriage makes  
 'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes:  
 Besides, the joys of place and birth,  
 870 The sex's paradise on earth;  
 A privilege so sacred held,  
 That none will to their mothers yield;  
 But rather than not go before,  
 Abandon heaven at the door,  
 875 And if th' indulgent law allows  
 A greater freedom to the spouse;  
 The reason is, because the wife  
 Runs greater hazards of her life;  
 Is trusted with the form and matter  
 880 Of all mankind, by careful nature.

Where man brings nothing but the stuff  
She frames the wondrous fabric of:  
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely  
Demand the clergy of her belly,  
And make it save her the same way,  
It seldom misses to betray:  
Unless both parties wisely enter  
Into the liturgy indenture.  
And though some fits of small contest  
Sometimes fall out among the best;  
That is no more than ev'ry lover  
Does from his hackney-lady suffer;  
That makes no breach of faith and love,  
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.  
For as, in running, ev'ry pace  
Is but between two legs a race,  
In which both do their uttermost  
To get before, and win the post;  
Yet when they're at their race's ends,  
They're still as kind and constant friends,  
And to relieve their weariness,  
By turns give one another ease:  
So all those false alarms of strife  
Between the husband and the wife,  
And little quarrels, often prove  
To be but new recruits of love:  
When those wh' are always kind or coy,  
In time must either tire or cloy.  
Nor are their loudest clamour more,  
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour:  
Like music, that proves bad or good,  
According as 'tis understood.  
In all amours a lover burns,  
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns:  
And hearts have been as oft with sullen,  
As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen.



- Then why should more bewitching clamour  
 Some lovers not as much enamour?  
 For discords make the sweetest airs,  
 920 And curses are a kind of pray'rs;  
 Too slight alloys for all those grand  
 Felicities by marriage gain'd.  
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle  
 Th' interests of love perpetual;  
 925 An act and deed, that makes one heart  
 Become another's counter-part,  
 And passes fines on faith and love,  
 Inroll'd and register'd above,  
 To seal the slippery knot of vows,  
 930 Which nothing else but death can loose.  
 And what security's too strong,  
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,  
 That to its friend is glad to pass  
 Itself away, and all it has;  
 935 And, like an anchorite, gives over  
 This world, for th' heaven of a lover?  
 I grant, quoth she, there are some few  
 Who take that course, and find it true:  
 But millions whom the same does sentence  
 940 To heaven, by another way, repentance.  
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,  
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers;  
 And all the weighty consequents  
 Depend upon more blind events,  
 945 Than gamesters, when they play a set  
 With greatest cunning at picquet,  
 Put out with caution, but take in  
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.  
 For what do lovers, when they're fast  
 950 In one another's arms embrac'd,  
 But strive to plunder and convey  
 Each other, like a prize, away?

To change the property of selves,  
 As suckling children are by elves ?  
 And if they use their persons so,  
 What will they to their fortunes do ?  
 Their fortunes ; the perpetual aims  
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.  
 For when the money's on the book,  
 And, *all my worldly goods*—but spoke ;  
 (The formal livery and serfin  
 That puts a lover in possession),  
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,  
 The bride a sham, that's superseded.  
 To that their faith is still made good,  
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd.  
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,  
 W' have nothing left we can call ours ;  
 Our money's now become the miss,  
 Of all your lives and services ;  
 And we forsaken and postpon'd,  
 But bawds to what before we own'd ;  
 Which as it made y<sup>e</sup> at first gallant us,  
 So now hires others to supplant us,  
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,  
 (As we had been) for new amours.  
 For what did ever heiress yet,  
 By being born to lordships, get ?  
 When the more lady she's of manors,  
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners,  
 Pays for their projects and designs,  
 And for her own destruction fines ;  
 And does but tempt them with her riches,  
 To use her as the devil does witches ;  
 Who takes it for a special grace,  
 To be their cully for a space,  
 That when the time's expir'd, the drazels  
 For ever may become his vassals :

- So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,  
 990 Betrays herself, and all sh<sup>e</sup> inherits;  
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,  
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;  
 Until they force her to convey,  
 And steal the thief himself away.  
 995 These are the everlasting fruits  
 Of all your passionate love-suits,  
 Th' effects of all you am'rous fancies,  
 To portions and inheritances;  
 Your love-sick rapture, for fruition  
 1000 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;  
 To which you make address and courtship,  
 And with your bodies strive to worship,  
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake  
 Of love too for the mother's sake.  
 1005 For these you play at purposes,  
 And love your loves with A's and B's;  
 For these at *Besle* and *L'Ombre* woo,  
 And play for love and money too;  
 Strive who shall be the ablest man  
 1010 At right gallanting of a fan;  
 And who the most genteely bred  
 At sucking of a vizor-bead;  
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,  
 T' our question-and-command new garters;  
 1015 And solidly discourse upon  
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*.  
 For there's no mystery nor trade,  
 But in the art of love is made.  
 And when you have more debts to pay,  
 1020 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,  
 And no way possible to do't  
 But love, and oaths, and restless suit,  
 To us y<sup>e</sup> apply, to pay the scores  
 Of all your cully'd, past amours:

Act o'er your flames and darts again,  
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;  
 Which others influences long since  
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;  
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,  
 And like to be, without our aid.  
 Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!  
 How debts and mortgages inchant!  
 What graces must that lady have,  
 That can from execution save!  
 What charms, that can reverse extent,  
 And null decree and exigent!  
 What magical attracts and graces,  
 That can redeem from *scire factas*!  
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,  
 And from contempts of courts enlarge!  
 These are the highest excellencies  
 Of all your true or false pretences.  
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear,  
 As much t' an hostess-dowager,  
 Grown fat and purfy by retail  
 Of pots of beer, and bottled ale;  
 And find her fitter for your turn,  
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;  
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,  
 Relent, and melt to your desire,  
 And, like a candle in the socket,  
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
 When th' heard a knocking at the gate,  
 Laid on in haste with such a powder,  
 The blows grow louder still and louder.  
 Which Hudibras, as if th' had been  
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,  
 Expounding by his inward light,  
 Or rather more prophetic fright,



- To be the wizard, come to search,  
 And take him napping in the lurch,  
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout;  
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
- 1065 For men will tremble, and turn paler,  
 With too much, or too little valour.  
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd  
 To force a passage through his side,  
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
- 1070 But in a fury to fly at 'em;  
 And therefore beat, and laid about,  
 To find a cranny to creep out,  
 But she who saw in what a taking  
 The knight was by his furious quacking,
- 1075 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,  
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no right  
 Of hospitality t' a stranger,  
 But to secure you out of danger,  
 Will here myself stand centinel,
- 1080 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel.  
 Women, you know, do never fail,  
 To make the stoutest men turn tail;  
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs  
 Upon the desp'ratest attacks.
- 1085 At this the knight grew resolute  
 As Ironside, or Hardiknute;  
 His fortitude began to rally,  
 And out he cry'd aloud, to fally.  
 But she besought him to convey
- 1090 His courage rather out o' th' way,  
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,  
 Or fortify'd behind a door;  
 That if the enemy should enter,  
 He might relieve her in th' adventure.
- 1095 Mean while they knock'd aga'inst the door  
 As fierce as at the gate before;

Which made the renegado knight  
Relapse again t' his former fright.  
He thought it desperate to stay  
Till the enemy had forc'd his way,  
But rather post himself to serve  
The lady for a fresh reserve.  
His duty was not to dispute,  
But what sh' had order'd execute:  
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,  
And therefore stoutly march'd away;  
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,  
Though in the dark, and all alone;  
Till fear, that braver feats performs,  
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,  
Had drawn him up before a pass,  
To stand upon his guard, and face:  
This he courageously invaded,  
And having enter'd, barricado'd;  
Inscor'd himself as formidable  
As could be underneath a table;  
Where he lay down in ambush close,  
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.  
Few minutes had he lain perdue,  
To guard his desp'rate avenue,  
Before he heard a dreadful shout,  
As loud as putting to the rout;  
With which impatiently alarm'd,  
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd:  
And after ent'ring, Sidrophel  
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.  
He therefore sent out all his senses,  
To bring him in intelligences;  
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,  
Mistake, for falling in a trance;  
But those that trade in geomancy,  
Affirm to be the strength of fancy:

In which the Lapland Magi deal,  
And things incredible reveal.

1135 Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,  
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress.  
And as another of the same  
Degree and party, in arms and fame,  
That in the same cause had engag'd,

1140 And war with equal conduct wag'd,  
But vent'ring only but to thrust  
His head a span beyond his post,  
B' a gen'ral of the cavaliers  
Was dragg'd through a window by th' ears;

1145 So he was serv'd in his redoubt,  
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,  
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,  
As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter,

1150 By giving or by taking quarter :  
They stoutly on his quarters laid,  
Until his scouts came in t' his aid.

For when a man is past his sense,  
There's no way to reduce him thence,

1155 But twinging him by th' ears and nose,  
Or laying on of heavy blows ;  
And if that will not do the deed,  
To burning with hot ir'ns proceed.  
No sooner was he come to himself,

1160 But on his neck a sturdy elf  
Clapt in a trice a cloven hoof,  
And thus attack'd him with reproof.

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us  
B' our friend, thy evil genius,

1165 Who for thy horrid perjuries,  
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,  
The brethren's privilege (against  
The wicked) on themselves, the saints,

Has here thy wretched carcase sent,  
For just revenge and punishment;  
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
But by an open free confession;  
For if we catch thee failing once,  
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray  
And filch the lady's heart away?  
To spirit her to matrimony?  
That which contracts all matches, money.  
It was th' enchantment of her riches,  
That made m' apply t' your coney witches;  
That in return wou'd pay th' expence,  
The wear-and-tear of conscience:  
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd  
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? speak true.  
No more, quoth he, than I love you.  
How would'st th' have us'd her and her money?—  
First turn'd her up to alimony;  
And laid her dowry out in law,  
To null her jointure with a flaw,  
Which I beforehand had agreed  
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed;  
And bar her widow's making over  
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out  
T' employ their forceries about?  
That which makes gamesters play with those  
Who have least wit, and most to loose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,  
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?

I see you take me for an ass:  
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass  
Upon a woman well enough,  
As 't has been often found by proof;



- 1205 Whose humours are not to be won  
But when they are impos'd upon  
For love approves of all they do  
That stand for candidates, and woo  
Why didst thou forge those shameful lies,  
1210 Of bears and witches in disguise  
That is no more than authors give  
The rabble credit to believe;  
A trick of following their leaders,  
To entertain their gentle readers.  
1215 And we have now no other way  
Of passing all we do or say;  
Which, when 'tis nat'ral and true,  
Will be believ'd b' a very few.  
Beside the danger of offence,  
1220 The fatal enemy of sense.  
Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,  
Hypocrisy, to set up in  
Because it is the thriving 'st calling,  
The only saints-bell that rings all in;  
1225 In which all churches are concern'd;  
And is the easiest to be learn'd;  
For no degrees, unless th' employ't,  
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.  
A gift that is not only able  
1230 To domineer among the rabble,  
But by the laws impow'r'd to rout,  
And awe the greatest that stand out;  
Which few hold forth against, for fear  
Their hands should slip, and come too near;  
2235 For no sin else among the saints  
Is taught so tenderly against.  
What made thee break thy plighted vows?  
That which makes others break a house,  
And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
1240 Endure the plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks  
Than all your doting politics,  
That are grown old, and out of fashion,  
Compar'd with your new reformation :

1245 That we must come to school to you,  
To learn your more refin'd and new-

Quoth he, If you will give me leave,

To tell you what I now perceive,

You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,

1250 If y' were but at a meeting-house.

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,

Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine

What wondrous things they will engage in :

1255 That as your fellow fiends in hell

Were angels all before they fell ;

So are you like to be agen

Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be

1260 Thy scholar in this mystery ;

And therefore first desire to know

Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,

And one of us ? — A livelihood.

1265 What renders beating out of brains,

And murder, godliness ? — Great gains,

What's tender conscience ? — 'Tis a botch

That will not bear the gentlest touch ;

But breaking out, dispatches more

1270 Than th' epidemical 'st plague-fore.

What makes y' incroach upon our trade,

And damn all others ? — To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing

Against a conscience ? — A good living.

1275 What makes rebelling against kings,

A good old cause ? — Administ' rings.

- What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—  
 About two hundred pounds a year.  
 And that which was prov'd true before,  
 1280 Prove false again?—Two hundred more.  
 What makes the breaking of all oaths  
 A holy duty?—Food and cloaths.  
 What laws and freedom, persecution?—  
 B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.  
 1285 What makes a church a den of thieves?—  
 A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.  
 And what would serve, if those were gone,  
 To make it orthodox?—Our own.  
 What makes morality a crime,  
 1290 The most notorious of the time;  
 Morality, which both the saints  
 And wicked do cry out against?  
 'Cause grace and virtue are within  
 Prohibited degrees of kin:  
 1295 And therefore no true saint allows  
 They shall be suffer'd to espouse  
 For saints can need no conscience,  
 That with morality dispense:  
 As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted  
 1300 In nature only, and not imputed;  
 But why the wicked should do so,  
 We neither know, or care to do.  
 What's liberty of conscience,  
 I' th' natural and genuine sense?  
 1305 'Tis to restore, with more security,  
 Rebellion to its ancient purity;  
 And Christian liberty reduce  
 To th' elder practice of the Jews.  
 For a large conscience is all one,  
 1310 And signifies the same with none,  
 It is enough, quoth he, for once,  
 And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones;

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,  
(Though he gives name to our Old Nick,)

315 But was below the least of these,  
That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the furies and the light  
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight ;  
And left him in the dark alone,

320 With stinks of brimstone and his own.

The queen of night, whose large command  
Rules all the sea and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,  
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,

325 Was now declining to the west,  
To go to bed, and take her rest ;

When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows  
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,

Lay still expecting worse and more,  
330 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor :

And though he shut his eyes as fast,  
As if h' been to sleep his last,

Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards  
Do make the devil wear for vizards,

335 And pricking up his ears, to bark  
If he could hear too in the dark ;

Was first invaded with a groan,  
And after, in a feeble tone,

These trembling words, *Unhappy wretch,*  
340 What hast thou gotten by this fetch ;

Or all thy tricks in this new trade,  
The holy brotherhood o' th' blade ?

By saunt'ring still on some adventure,  
And growing to thy horse a Centaur,

345 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs  
Of cruel and hard'wooded drubs ?

For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,  
As well in conquest as defeat :



- Night is the sabbath of mankind,  
 1350 To rest the body and the mind,  
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
 And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.  
 The knight, who heard the words explain'd  
 As meant to him his reprimand,  
 1355 Because the character did hit  
 Point-blank upon his case so fit;  
 Believ'd it was some drolling spright  
 That staid upon the guard that night,  
 And one of those h' had seen and felt  
 1360 The drubs he had so freely dealt.  
 When, after a short pause and groan,  
 The doleful spirit thus went on.  
 This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears  
 Pell-mell together by the ears,  
 1365 And after painful bangs and knocks,  
 To lie in limbo in the stocks,  
 And from the pinnacle of glory  
 Fall headlong into purgatory:  
 (Thought he, this devil's full of malice,  
 1370 That on my late disasters rallies.)  
 Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,  
 By being more heroic-minded;  
 And at a riding handled worse,  
 With treats more slovenly and coarse;  
 1375 Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,  
 And hot disputes with conjurers;  
 And when th' hadst bravely won the day,  
 Was fain to steal thyself away.  
 (I see, thought he, this shameless elf  
 1380 Would fain steal me too from myself,  
 That impudently dares to own  
 What I have suffer'd for and done.)  
 And now but vent'ring to betray,  
 Hast met with vengeance the same way.

385 Thought he, How does the devil know  
 What 'twas that I design'd to do  
 His office of intelligence,  
 His oracles, are ceas'd long since;  
 And he knows nothing of the saints,  
 390 But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.  
 This is some pettifogging fiend,  
 Some under-door keepers' friend's friend,  
 That undertakes to understand,  
 And juggles at the second hand;  
 395 And now would pass for spirit Po,  
 And all mens dark concerns forknow,  
 I think I need not fear him for't;  
 These rallying devils do no hurt  
 With which he rous'd his dropping heart,  
 400 And hastily cry'd out, What art?  
 A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace  
 Has brought to this unhappy place.  
 I do believe thee, quoth the knight,  
 Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right;  
 405 And know what 'tis that troubles thee,  
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.  
 Thou art some paltry, black-guard spright,  
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;  
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,  
 410 Nor half penny to drop in shoes;  
 Without the raising of which sum,  
 You dare not be so troublesome,  
 To pinch the flatterns black and blue,  
 For leaving you their work to do.  
 415 This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin,  
 And your diversion, dull dry bobbing,  
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,  
 And wash them clean in ditches for't.  
 Of which conceit you are so proud,  
 420 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,

As now you would have done by me,  
But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, quoth the voice, y' are no such sopher,  
As you would have the world judge of ye.

1425 If you design to weigh our talents,  
I' th' standard of your own false balance,  
Or think it possible to know

Us ghosts, as well as we do you:

We who have been the everlasting

1430 Companions of your drubs and basting,

And never left you in contest,

With male or female, man or beast,

But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,

In all adventures, as your squire.

1435 Quoth he, That may be said as true

By th' idlest pug of all your crew.

For none could have betray'd us worse

Than those allies of ours and yours.

But I have sent him for a token

1440 To your low-country hogen-mogen,

To whose infernal shores I hope

He'll swing like skippers in a rope,

And if y' have been more just to me

(As I am apt to think) than he,

1445 I am afraid it is as true.

What th' ill-affected say of you.

Y' have spous'd the covenant and the cause,

By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, quoth the voice, 'tis true, I grant,

1450 We made and took the covenant:

But that no more concerns the cause,

Than other perjuries do the laws,

Which when they're prov'd in open court,

Wear wooden peccadillos for't.

1455 And that's the reason cov'nanters

Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence  
 These scandals of the saints commence,  
 That are but natural effects  
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects,  
 Those spider-saints that hang by threads  
 Spun out o' th' intrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the voice, that may, as true  
 And properly be said of you;

Whose talents may compare with either,  
 Or both the other put together.

For all the Independents do,  
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to,

You, who are not content alone

With tricks to put the devil down;

But must have armies rais'd to back

The gospel-work you undertake;

As if artillery, and edge-tools,

Were th' only engines to save souls.

While he, poor devil, has no pow'r

By force to run down and devour;

Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence

To stools, or poundage of repentance;

Is ty'd up only to design,

T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:

In which you all his arts outdo,

And prove yourselves his betters too.

Hence 'tis possessions do less evil

Than mere temptations of the devil,

Which all the horrid'st actions done,

Are charg'd in courts of law upon;

Because, unless they help the elf,

He can do little of himself;

And therefore where he's best possess'd,

Acts more against his interest;

Surprises none but those wh' have priests

To turn him out, and exorcists,



- Supply'd with spiritual provision,  
 And magazines of ammunition,  
 1495 With crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
 The tools of working out salvation  
 By mere mechanic operation;  
 With holy water, like a sluice,  
 1500 To overflow all avenues.  
 But those wh' are utterly unarm'd,  
 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,  
 He never offers to surprise,  
 Although his falsest enemies;  
 1505 But is content to be their drudge,  
 And on their errands glad to trudge:  
 For where are all your forfeitures  
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?  
 Who are but jailors of your holes  
 1510 And dungeons, where you clap up souls:  
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys  
 T' your mittimus anathemas,  
 And never boggle to restore  
 The members you deliver o'er  
 1515 Upon demand, with fairer justice  
 Than all your covenanting trustees;  
 Unless to punish them the worse,  
 You put them in the sec'lar pow'r,  
 And pass their souls, as some demise  
 1520 The same estate in mortgage twice:  
 When to a legal attestation  
 You turn your excommunication,  
 And for a groat unpaid that's due,  
 Distrain on soul and body too!  
 1525 Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil  
 State prudence, to cajole the devil;  
 And not to handle him too rough,  
 When h' has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse  
 330 Has pass'd between your friends and ours :  
 That as you trust us, in our way,  
 To raise your members, and to lay,  
 We send you others of our own,  
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,  
 335 Or frighted with our oratory,  
 To leap down headlong many a story ;  
 Have us'd all means to propagate  
 Your mighty interests of state,  
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further  
 340 Your great designs of rage and murther.  
 For if the saints are nam'd from blood,  
 We onl' have made that title good ;  
 And if it were but in our pow'r,  
 We should not scruple to do more,  
 345 And not be half a soul behind  
 Of all dissenters of mankind.

Right, quoth the voice, and as I scorn  
 To be ungrateful in return  
 Of all those kind good offices,  
 350 I'll free you out of this distress,  
 And set you down in safety, where  
 It is no time to tell you here.  
 The cock crows, and the morn grows on,  
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone :  
 355 And if I leave you here till day,  
 You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the spirit grop'd about,  
 To find th' enchanted hero out,  
 And try'd with haste to lift him up ;  
 360 But found his forlorn hope, his crup,  
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows  
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.  
 He thought to drag him by the heels,  
 Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels ?

- 1565 But fear, that soonest cures those sores,  
 In danger of relapse to worse,  
 Came in, to assist him with its aid,  
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.  
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
 1570 But both made ready to dislodge :  
 The spirit hors'd him like a sack,  
 Upon the vehicle, his back ;  
 And bore him headlong into th' halt,  
 With some few rubs against the wall.  
 1575 Where finding th' outer postern lock'd,  
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,  
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,  
 And in a moment gained the pass :  
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's  
 1580 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders ;  
 And cautiously began to scout,  
 To find their fellow-cattle out.  
 Nor was it half a minute's quest,  
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,  
 1585 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,  
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,  
 Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,  
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.  
 He thought it was no time to stay,  
 1590 And let the night to steal away ;  
 But in a trice advanc'd the knight  
 Upon the bare-ridge bolt upright.  
 And groping out for Ralpho's jade,  
 He found the saddle too was stray'd,  
 1595 And in the place a lump of soap,  
 On which he speedily leap'd up ;  
 And turning to the gate the rein,  
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.  
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,  
 1600 On both sides laid about as fast,

And spurr'd as jockies use, to break,  
Or padders to secure a neck.  
Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
And to their churches turn our rhyme;  
To hold forth their declining state,  
Which now come near an even rate.

C A N T O II.

The ARGUMENT.

*The saints engage in fierce contests,  
About their carnal interests;  
To share their sacrilegious preys,  
According to their rates of grace;  
Their various frenzies to reform,  
When Cromwell left them in a storm:  
Till, in th' effigy of Rumps, the rabble  
Burns all their grandees of the cabal.*

THE learned write, an insect breeze  
Is but a mungrel prince of bees,  
That falls, before a storm, on cows,  
And stings the founders of his house;  
From whose corrupted flesh that breed  
Of vermin did at first proceed.  
So, ere the storm of war broke out,  
Religion spawn'd a various rout  
Of petulant capricious sects,  
The maggots of corrupted texts,  
That first run all religion down,  
And after ev'ry swarm its own.  
For as the Persian Magi once  
Upon their mothers got their sons,



- 15 Who were incapable t' enjoy  
 That empire any other way;  
 So presbyter begot the other  
 Upon the good old cause, his mother,  
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,  
 20 Whose son and husband are the same.  
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,  
 Nor int'rest for the common good,  
 Could, when the profits interfer'd,  
 Get quarter for each other's beard.  
 25 For when they thriv'd, they never sadg'd,  
 But only by the ears engag'd:  
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
 And play together when they've none.  
 As by their truest characters,  
 30 Their constant actions, plainly appears.  
 Rebellion now began, for lack  
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;  
 The cause and covenant to lessen,  
 And providence to b' out of season:  
 35 For now there was no more to purchase  
 O' th' king's revenue, and the church's:  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
 That us'd to urge the brethren on.  
 Which forc'd the stubborn't for the cause,  
 40 To cross the cudgel's to the laws,  
 That what by breaking them 't had gain'd,  
 By their support might be maintain'd;  
 Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lie,  
 Secur'd again'st the hue-and-cry.  
 45 For Presbyter and Independent  
 Where now turn'd plaintiff and defendant;  
 Laid out their apostolic functions,  
 On carnal orders and injunctions;  
 And all their precious gifts and graces  
 50 On outlawries and *scire facias*;

At Michael's term had many a trial,  
 Worse than the dragon and St Michael,  
 Where thousands fell in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyss;  
 For when, like brethren, and like friends,  
 They came to share their dividends,  
 And ev'ry partner to possess  
 His church and state joint-purchases,  
 In which the ablest saint, and best;  
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest,  
 To pay their money; and instead  
 Of every brother, pass the deeds,  
 He strait converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds, and holy shifts;  
 And settled all the other shares  
 Upon his outward man and heirs,  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience  
 By pre-entail of providence;  
 Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,  
 That had no title to estates,  
 But by their spiritual attainments  
 Degraded from the right of saints.  
 This being reveal'd, they now begun  
 With law and conscience to fall on;  
 And laid about, as hot and brain-sick  
 As th' utter barrister of Swanwick,  
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
 As men with sack-bags did of old;  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees  
 Than all un sanctify'd trustees:  
 Till he who had no more to show  
 P th' cause, receiv'd the overthrow;  
 Or both sides having had the worst,  
 They parted as they met at first.

- Poor presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd  
 Turn'd out, and ~~communicate~~  
 90 From all affairs of church and state,  
 Reform'd to a reformed saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up, teach down,  
 95 And make those uses, serve agen  
 Against the new-enlighten'd men;  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier:  
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic;  
 100 As pat as Popish and Prelatic;  
 And with as little variation,  
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.  
 The good old cause, which some believe  
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve  
 105 With knowledge, and does still invite  
 The world to mischief with new light,  
 Had store of money in her purse,  
 When he took her for bett'r or worse;  
 But was now grown deform'd and poor,  
 110 And fit to be turn'd out of door.  
 The Independents (whose first station  
 Was in the rear of reformation,  
 A mungrel kind of church-dragoons,  
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once;  
 115 And in the saddle of one steed  
 That Saracen and Christian rid;  
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,  
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)  
 No sooner got the start to lurch  
 120 Both disciplines, of war and church,  
 And providence enough to run  
 The chief commanders of 'em down,

But carry'd on the war against  
The common enemy o' th' saints,  
And in a while prevail'd so far;  
To win of them the game of war,  
And be at liberty once more  
T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms,  
T' unite their factions with alarms,  
But all reduc'd and overcome,  
Except their worst, themselves at home,  
Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,  
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,  
Subdu'd the nation, church and state,  
And all things but their laws and hate.

But when they came to treat and transact,  
And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd  
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,  
Religion and the government,  
They met no sooner, but prepar'd  
To pull down all the war had spar'd;  
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,  
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish.

For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,  
As Dutch boors are t' a Sooterkin,  
Both parties join'd to do their best,  
To damn the public interest;  
And herded only in consults,

To put by one another's bolts;  
T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'ers,  
And all their dialects of jabberers,  
And tug at both ends of the saw,  
To tear down government and law.

For as two cheats, that play one game,  
Are both defeated of their aim;  
So those who play a game of state,  
And only cavil in debate,



- Although there's nothing lost nor won,  
 160 The public business is undone,  
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.  
 This when the royalists perceiv'd,  
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,  
 165 And own'd the right they had paid down  
 So dearly for, the church and crown,)  
 Th' united constanter, and sided  
 The more, the more their foes divided,  
 For though outnumber'd, overthrown,  
 170 And by the fate of war run down;  
 Their duty never was defeated,  
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;  
 For loyalty is still the same  
 Whether it win or lose the game;  
 175 True as a dial to the sun,  
 Although it be not shin'd upon.  
 But when these brethren in evil,  
 Their adversaries, and the devil,  
 Began once more to shew them play,  
 180 And hopes, at least, to have a day;  
 They rally'd in parades of woods,  
 And unfrequented solitudes;  
 Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,  
 T' appoint new-rising rendezvous,  
 185 And with a pertinacy unmatch'd,  
 For new recruits of danger watch'd.  
 No sooner was one blow diverted,  
 But up another party started,  
 And, as if nature too, in haste  
 190 To furnish out supplies as fast,  
 Before her time had turn'd destruction  
 T' a new and numerous production;  
 No sooner those were overcome,  
 But up rose others in their room,

That, like the Christian faith, increas'd  
 The more, the more they were suppress'd:  
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,  
 Proscription, sale, nor confiscation,  
 Nor all the desperate events  
 Of former try'd experiments,  
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,  
 To leave off loyalty and dangling,  
 Nor death (with all his bones) affright  
 From vent'ring to maintain the right.  
 From staking life and fortune down  
 'Gainst all together, for the crown;  
 But kept the title of their cause  
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws:  
 And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation  
 Can ever settle on the nation;  
 Until, in spite of force and treason,  
 They put their loy'ly in possession;  
 And, by their constancy and faith,  
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.  
 Toss'd in a furious hurricane,  
 Did Oliver give up his reign;  
 And was believ'd, as well by saints,  
 As mortal men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry;  
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,  
 Who in a false erroneous dream  
 Mistook the new Jerusalem,  
 Profanely for th' apocryphal  
 False heaven at the end o' th' hall;  
 Whither it was decreed by fate  
 The precious reliques to translate.  
 So Romulus was seen before  
 'B as orthodox a senator;  
 From whose divine illumination  
 He stole the Pagan revelation.

- Next him his son and heir-apparent  
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;  
 Who first laid by the parliament,  
 The only crutch on which he leant;  
 235 And then sunk underneath the state,  
 That rod him above horseman's weight.  
 And now the saints began their reign,  
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,  
 240 To see an empire all of kings,  
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe  
 Of justice, government, and law,  
 And free t' erect what spiritual cantons  
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,  
 245 To edify upon the ruins  
 Of John of Leyden's old out-goings;  
 Who for a weather-cock hung up,  
 Upon their mother church's top,  
 Was made a type, by providence,  
 250 Of all their revelations since;  
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
 Who equally mistook their measures:  
 For when they came to shape the model,  
 Not one could fit another's noddle;  
 255 But found their light and gifts more wide  
 From fadging, than th' unsanctify'd;  
 While every individual brother  
 Strove hand to fist against another,  
 And still the maddest, and most crack'd,  
 260 Were found the busiest to transact;  
 For though most hands dispatch apace,  
 And make light work (the proverb says);  
 Yet many diff'rent intellects  
 Are found t' have contrary effects;  
 265 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,  
 As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king,  
But all the rest for no such thing,  
Unless king Jesus; others tamper'd  
270 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;  
Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,  
For agitators, and the safety;  
Some for the gospel, and massacres  
Of spiritual affidavit-makers,  
275 That swore to any human regence,  
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;  
Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,  
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:  
Others for pulling down th' high places  
280 Of synods and provincial classes,  
That us'd to make such hostile inroads  
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods:  
Some for fulfilling prophecies,  
And th' extirpation of th' excise;  
285 And some against th' Egyptian bondage  
Of holy days, and paying poundage:  
Some for the cutting down of groves,  
And rectifying bakers loaves;  
And some for finding out expedients  
290 Against the slav'ry of obedience.  
Some were for gospel-ministers,  
And some for red-coat seculars,  
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,  
And wield the one and th' other sword.  
295 Some were for carrying on the work  
Against the Pope, and some the Turk:  
Some for engaging to suppress  
The camisado of surplices,  
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd;  
300 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;  
More proper for the cloudy night  
Of Popery, than gospel-light,



- Others were for abolishing  
 That tool of matrimony, a ring,  
 305 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom  
 Is marry'd only to a thumb;  
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,  
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig;)  
 The bride to nothing but her will,  
 310 That nulls the after marriage still.  
 Some were for th' utter extirpation  
 Of linsey-woolsey in the nation;  
 And some against all idolizing  
 The cross in shop-books, or baptizing:  
 315 Others, to make all things recant  
 The christian or surname of saint;  
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
 The holy title to renounce.  
 Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,  
 320 And bringing down the price of coals:  
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,  
 And eating nothing with the blood in;  
 To abrogate them root and branches;  
 While others were for eating haunches  
 325 Of warriors, and now and then  
 The flesh of kings and mighty men;  
 And some for breaking of their bones  
 With rods of ir'n by secret ones:  
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
 330 For hallowing carriers packs and bells;  
 Things that the legend never heard of,  
 But made the wicked fore afraid of.  
 The quacks of government (who sat  
 At th' unregarded helm of state,  
 335 And understood this wild confusion  
 Of fatal madness and delusion,  
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
 Portend destruction to be nigh)

Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
 340 And save their windpipes from the law ;  
 For one rencounter at the bar  
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war ;  
 And therefore met in consultation  
 To cant and quack upon the nation ;  
 345 Not for the sickly patient's sake,  
 Nor what to give, but what to take ;  
 To feel the pulses of their fees,  
 More wise than fumbling arteries ;  
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
 350 And from the grave recover—gain.  
 'Mong these there was a politician,  
 With more heads than a beast in vision,  
 And more intrigues in every one  
 Than all the whores of Babylon ;  
 355 So politic, as if one eye  
 Upon the other were a spy,  
 That to trepan the one to think  
 The other blind, both strove to blink ;  
 And in his dark pragmatic way  
 360 As busy as a child at play.  
 H' had seen three governments run down,  
 And had a hand in ev'ry one ;  
 Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
 But barb'rous when they came to fall ;  
 365 For by trepanning th' old to ruin,  
 He made his int'rest with the new one ;  
 Play'd true and faithful, though against  
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
 370 Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion,  
 By giving aim to either side,  
 He never fail'd to save his tide,  
 But got the start of ev'ry state,  
 And at a change ne'er came too late ;

- 375 Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,  
As many ways as in a lath;  
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,  
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.  
For when h' had happily incurr'd,  
380 Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,  
And pass'd upon a government,  
He play'd his trick, and out he went:  
But being out, and out of hopes  
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes;  
385 Would strive to raise himself upon  
The public ruin, and his own.  
So little did he understand  
The desp'rate feats he took in hand.  
For when h' had got himself a name  
390 For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game;  
Had forc'd his neck into a noose;  
To shew his play at fast and loose;  
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook  
For art and subtlety, his luck.  
395 So right his judgments was cut fit,  
And made a tally to his wit,  
And both together most profound  
As deeds of darkness under ground:  
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,  
400 By vermin impotent and blind.  
By all these arts, and many more,  
H' had practis'd long and much before,  
Our state artificer foresaw  
Which way the world began to draw.  
405 For as old sinners have all points  
O' th' compass in their bones and joints;  
Can by their pangs and aches find  
All turns and changes of the wind,  
And better than by Napier's bones,  
410 Feel in their own the age of moons;

So guilty sinners in a state  
Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
And in their consciences feel pain  
Some days before a show'r of rain.  
415 He therefore wisely cast about  
All ways he could, t' insure his throat;  
And hither came t' observe and smoke  
What courses other riskers took;  
And to the utmost do his best  
420 To save himself and hang the rest.  
To match this saint, there was another,  
As busy and perverse a brother,  
And haberdasher of small wares,  
In politics and state-affairs;  
425 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,  
And better gifted to rebel;  
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
The cause, aloft, upon one house,  
He scorn'd to set his own in order,  
430 But try'd another; and went further;  
So suddenly addicted still  
To's only principle, his will,  
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
Nor force of argument could move;  
435 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,  
Could render half a grain less stubborn.  
For he at any time could hang,  
For th' opportunity t' harangue;  
And rather on a gibbet dangle;  
440 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;  
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,  
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluss'd  
But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight he bore, with greater ease;  
445 And, with its everlasting clack,  
Set all mens ears upon the rack.



- No sooner could a hint appear,  
 But up he started to picqueer,  
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
 450 When he engag'd in controversy.  
 Nor by the force of carnal reason,  
 But indefatigable teasing;  
 With volleys of eternal babble,  
 And clamour more unanswerable.  
 455 For though his topics, frail and weak,  
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,  
 Against the desp'ratest assaults;  
 And back'd their feeble want of sense,  
 460 With greater heat and confidence.  
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,  
 The more they're cudgell'd, grow the stiffer.  
 Yet when his profit moderated,  
 The fury of his heat abated:  
 465 For nothing but his interest  
 Could lay his devil of contest:  
 It was the choice, or chance, or curse.  
 T' espouse the cause for bett'r or worse,  
 And with his worldly goods and wit,  
 470 And soul, and body, worshipp'd it:  
 But when he found the fullen traps,  
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps;  
 The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,  
 Not-half so full of jadish tricks;  
 475 Tho' squeamish in her outward woman  
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common;  
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,  
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater:  
 And still the skittisher and looser.  
 480 Her freaks appear'd, to fit the closer.  
 For fools are stubborn in their way,  
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy:

And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,  
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

485 These two, with others, being met,  
And close in consultation set;  
After a discontented pause,  
And not without sufficient cause,  
The orator we nam'd of late,  
490 Less troubled with the pangs of state,  
Than with his own impatience,  
To give himself first audience,  
After he had a while look'd wise,  
At last broke silence and the ice.

495 Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt  
Our last outgoings brought about,  
More than to see the characters  
Of real jealousies and fears  
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
500 Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead;  
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
And threaten sudden change of weather,  
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,  
And revolutions in their corns;  
505 And since our workings-out are cross'd,  
Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.  
Was it to run away, we meant,  
When taking of the covenant,  
The lamest cripples of the brothers,  
510 Took oaths, to run before all others;  
But in their own sense only swore  
To strive to run away before;  
And now would prove, that words and oath  
Engage us to renounce them both?  
515 'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch,  
Between a right and mungrel church,  
The Presbyter and Independent,  
That stickle which shall make an end on't,

- As 'twas made out to us the last  
520 Expedient, — (I mean Marg'ret's fast,)  
When Providence had been suborn'd,  
What answer was to be return'd.  
Else why would tumults fright us now.  
We have so many times gone through?  
525 And understand as well to tame,  
As when they serve our turns, t' inflame;  
Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
Are all engagements of the rabble,  
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd  
530 With drums and rattles, like a child;  
But never prov'd so prosp'rous,  
As when they were led on by us;  
For all our scouring of religion  
Began with tumults and sedition;  
535 When hurricanes of fierce commotion  
Became strong motives to devotion;  
(As carnal seamen, in a storm,  
Turn pious converts and reform,)  
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
540 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,  
And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,  
Made bills to pass the grand committee;  
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
Gave chase to rochets, and white sleeves,  
545 And made the church, and state, and laws,  
Submit t' old iron, and the cause.  
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
So might we better now agen,  
If we knew how, as then we did,  
550 To use them rightly in our need;  
Tumults, by which the mutinous  
Betray themselves instead of us;  
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,  
And close malignants are detected,

Who lay their lives and fortunes down,  
For pledges to secure our own;  
And freely sacrifice their ears  
T' appease our jealousies and fears.  
And yet for all these providences  
We are offer'd, if we had our senses;  
We idly sit like stupid blockheads,  
Our hands committed to our pockets,  
And nothing but our tongues at large,  
To get the wretches a discharge.  
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,  
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts:  
Or fools besotted with their crimes,  
That know not how to shift betimes,  
And neither have the hearts to stay,  
Nor wit enough to run away;  
Who, if we could resolve on either,  
Might stand or fall at least together;  
No mean or trivial solaces  
To partners in extreme distress;  
Who use to lessen their despairs,  
By parting them int' equal shares;  
As if the more they were to bear,  
They felt the weight the easier;  
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,  
The more he took his turn among.  
But 'tis not come to that as yet,  
If we had courage left, or wit;  
Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
Are fitted for the bravest course;  
Have time to rally, and prepare  
Our last and best defence, despair;  
Despair by which the gallant'st feats  
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,  
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,  
By b'ing courageously outbrav'd;



- As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
 And poisons by themselves expell'd :  
 And so they might be now agen,  
 If we were, what we should be, men;  
 595 And not so dully desperate,  
 To side against ourselves with fate :  
 As criminals condemn'd to suffer,  
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
 This comes of breaking covenants,  
 600 And setting up exauns of saints,  
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,  
 To be excus'd the efficacy.  
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,  
 That mount their banks, for Independent,  
 605 To hang like Mahomet in th' air,  
 Or St Ignatius at his pray'r,  
 By pure geometry, and hate  
 Dependence upon church or state :  
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,  
 610 And since obedience is better  
 (The scripture says) than sacrifice,  
 Presume the less on't will suffice ;  
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints  
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,  
 615 Or any opinion, true or false,  
 Declar'd as such, in doctrinals ;  
 But left at large to make their best on,  
 Without b'ing call'd to account or question.  
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,  
 620 As Whittington explain'd the bells ;  
 And bid themselves turn back again  
 Lord May'rs of new Jerusalem.  
 But look so big, and overgrown,  
 They scorn their edificers t' own,  
 625 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,  
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions ;

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Bestow'd their gifts upon a faint,  
Like charity on those that want ;  
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots  
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes :  
For which they scorn and hate them, worse  
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.  
For who first bred them up to pray,  
And teach, the house of Commons way ?  
Where had they all their gifted phrases,  
But from our Calamys and Cases ?  
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
Who e'er had heard of Nye, or Owen ?  
Their dispensations had been stifled,  
But for our Adoniram Byfield.  
And had they not begun the war,  
Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are.  
For saints in peace degenerate,  
And dwindle down to reprobate ;  
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,  
In th' intervals of war and slaughter ;  
Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
Without the pow'r of sacrilege.  
And though they've tricks to cast their sins,  
As easy as serpents do their skins,  
That in a while grow out agen ;  
In peace they turn mere-carnal men,  
And from the most refin'd of saints,  
As nat'rally grow miscreants,  
As barnacles turn solan geese  
I' th' islands of the Orcades.  
Their dispensation's but a ticket,  
For their conforming to the wicked ;  
With whom the greatest difference  
Lies more in words and shew, than sense.  
For as the pope, that keeps the gate  
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state ;

- So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well ;  
 665 And, if the world has any troth,  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the over-heated sots  
 670 In fevers still, like other goats ;  
 For though the whore bends heretics  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks ;  
 Our chismatics so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter th' are, they grow the stiffer ;  
 675 Still setting off their spritual goods,  
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.  
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,  
 That teaches saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independants to profess  
 680 The doctrine of dependences ;  
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,  
 To raw-heads fierce and bloody bones :  
 And not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the wicked, and their morals,  
 685 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,  
 Divert their rage upon themselves.  
 For now the war is not between  
 The brethren, and the men of sin ;  
 But faint and faint, to spill the blood  
 690 Of one another's brotherhood ;  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,  
 Or zealous suff'ring for the cause,  
 To gain one groat's-worth of applause :  
 695 For though endur'd with resolution,  
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.  
 Shall precious saints, and secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,

And eat the flesh of brethren,  
100 Instead of kings and mighty men ?  
When fiends agree among themselves,  
Shall they be found the greater elves ?  
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,  
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ;  
105 When savage bears agree with bears,  
Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,  
And not atone their fatal wrath,  
When common danger threatens both ?  
Shall mastiffs by the collars pull'd,  
110 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold ?  
And saints whose necks are pawn'd at stake,  
No notice of the danger take ?  
But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell  
Can pacify fanatic zeal ;  
115 Who would not guess there might be hopes,  
The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
Before their eyes, might reconcile  
Their animosities a while ?  
At least until th' had a clear stage,  
120 And equal freedom to engage,  
Without the danger of surprise  
By both our common enemies.

This none but we alone could doubt,  
Who understand their workings out ;  
125 And know 'em both in soul and conscience,  
Giv'n up t<sup>r</sup> as reprobate a nonsense  
As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r  
Of miracle can ne'er restore.  
We, whom at first they set up under,  
130 In revelation only of plunder,  
Who since have had so many trials  
Of their inroaching self-denials,  
That rook'd upon us with design  
To out-reform and undermine ;



- 735 Took all our interest and commands  
 Perfidiously out of our hands ;  
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,  
 Without the motive-gains allow'd ;  
 And made us serve as ministerial,  
 740 Like younger sons of father Belial,  
 And yet for all th' inhumane wrong  
 Th' had done us, and the cause so long,  
 We never fail'd to carry on  
 The work still, as we had begun :  
 745 But true and faithfully obey'd,  
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;  
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
 Nor hang us like the cavaliers ;  
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,  
 750 To find us pill'ries and cart-tails,  
 Or hangman's wages, which the state  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;  
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,  
 Our ears for keeping true accounts,  
 755 And burnt our vessels, like a new  
 Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true ;  
 But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,  
 Held for the cause against all others,  
 Disdaining equally to yield  
 760 One syllable of what we held.  
 And though we differ'd now and then  
 'Bout outward things, and outward men ;  
 Our inward man, and constant frame  
 Of spirit, still were near the same.  
 765 And till they first began to cant,  
 And sprinkle down the covenant,  
 We ne'er had call in any place,  
 Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace ;  
 But join'd our gifts perpetually  
 770 Against the common enemy.

Although 'twas our and their opinion,  
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon;  
 And yet for all this gospel-union,  
 And outward shew of church-communion,  
 775 They'll ne'er admit us to our shares,  
 Of ruling church or state affairs;  
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
 T' our own conditions of repentance;  
 But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown,  
 780 We had so painfully preach'd down;  
 And forc'd us though against the grain,  
 T' have calls to teach it up again:  
 For 'twas but justice to restore  
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;  
 785 And when 'twas held forth in our way,  
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay:  
 Who, for the right w' have done the nation,  
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,  
 And put our vessels in a way  
 790 Once more to come again in play.  
 For if the turning of us out  
 Has brought this providence about:  
 And that our only suffering  
 Is able to bring in the king:  
 795 What would our actions not have done,  
 Had we been suffer'd to go on;  
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
 At least in carrying on th' affair:  
 But whether that be so or not,  
 800 W' have done enough to have it thought;  
 And that's as good as if w' had done't,  
 And easier pass'd upon account:  
 For if it be but half deny'd,  
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.  
 805 The world is nat'rally averse  
 To all the truth it sees or hears,

- But swallows nonsense, and a lie,  
 With greediness and gluttony ;  
 And though it have the pique, and long,  
 810 'Tis still for something in the wrong ;  
 As women long when they're with child,  
 For things extravagant and wild ;  
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;  
 815 And, like the world, mens jobbernoles  
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles ;  
 And what they're confidently told,  
 By no sense else can be controll'd.  
 And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
 820 Once more to hedge in providence.  
 For as relapses make diseases  
 More desp'rate than their first accesses ;  
 If we but be again in pow'r.  
 Our work is easier than before ;  
 825 And more ready and expert  
 I' th' mystery to do our part.  
 We, who did rather undertake  
 The first war to create, than make ;  
 And when of nothing 'twas begun,  
 830 Rais'd funds as strange to carry't on :  
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,  
 With plots and projects of our own :  
 And if we did such feats at first,  
 What can we now we're better vers'd ;  
 835 Who have a freer latitude  
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ?  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
 On fairest terms, our discipline ;  
 To which it was reveal'd long since,  
 840 We were ordain'd by providence :  
 When three saints ears, our predecessors,  
 The cause's primitive confessors,

B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood  
 In just so many years of blood,  
 That, multiply'd by six, express'd  
 The perfect number of the beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the men,  
 To bring this work about agen;  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Complete the thorough reformation,  
 For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work, but we alone?  
 What churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, powerful preaching masters?  
 Possess'd with absolute dominions,  
 O'er brethrens purses and opinions?  
 And trusted with the double keys  
 Of heaven, and their warehouses;  
 Who, when the cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please,  
 That brooding lie in bankers hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands;  
 And daily increase and multiply,  
 With doctrine, use, and usury:  
 Can fetch in parties (as in war,  
 All other heads of cattle are;)   
 From th' enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions,  
 And share them, from blue ribands down  
 To all blue aprons in the town:  
 From ladies hurried in calceches,  
 With cor'nets at their footmens breeches,  
 To bawds as fat as mother Nab;  
 All guts and belly like a crab.  
 Our party's great, and better ty'd  
 With oaths, and trade, than any side:  
 Has one considerable improvement,  
 To double fortify the cov'nant:



- I mean our covenants, to purchase  
 880 Delinquents titles and the churches;  
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
 Among ourselves, for current land;  
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
 According to the rate of factions.
- 885 Our best reserve for reformation,  
 When new outgoings give occasion:  
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt,  
 The covenant (their creed) t' assert:  
 And when th' have pack'd a parliament,
- 890 Will once more try th' expedient:  
 Who can already muster friends,  
 To serve for members, to our ends,  
 That represent no part o' th' nation,  
 But Fisher's Folly congregation;
- 895 Are only tools to our intrigues,  
 And sit, like geese, to hatch our eggs;  
 Who by their precedents of wit,  
 T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,  
 Can order matters underhand,
- 900 To put all business to a stand:  
 Lay public bills aside for private,  
 And make 'em one another drive out:  
 Divert the great and necessary,  
 With trifles to contest and vary;
- 905 And make the nation represent  
 And serve for us in parliament;  
 Cut out more work than can be done  
 In Plato's year, but finish none:  
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
- 910 That always pass'd for fundamental;  
 Can set up grandee against grandee,  
 To squander time away, and bandy;  
 Make lords and commoners lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges;

915 And rather than compound the quarrel,  
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril  
 Of both their ruins; th' only scope  
 And consolation of our hope:  
 Who, though we do not play the game,  
 920 Assist as much by giving aim.  
 Can introduce our ancient arts,  
 For heads of factions t' act their parts;  
 Know what a leading voice is worth,  
 A seconding, a third, or fourth;  
 925 How much a casting voice comes to,  
 That turns up trump of Ay, or No;  
 And by adjusting all at th' end,  
 Share every one his dividend.  
 An art that so much study cost,  
 930 And now's in danger to be lost,  
 Unless our ancient virtuosos,  
 That found it out, get into th' houses.  
 These are the courses that we took  
 To carry things by hook or crook;  
 935 And practis'd down from forty-four,  
 Until they turn'd us out of door;  
 Besides the herds of *boutefeus*,  
 We set on work without the house;  
 When ev'ry knight and citizen  
 940 Kept legislative journeymen,  
 To bring them in intelligence  
 From all points of the rabble's sense;  
 And fill the lobbies of both houses  
 With politic important buzzes:  
 945 Set up committees of cabals,  
 To pack designs without the walls;  
 Examine, and draw up all news,  
 And fit it to our present use.  
 Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,  
 950 And ev'ry one his part-rehearse,

- Make Q's of answers, to waylay  
 What th' other party's like to say:  
 What repartees, and smart reflections,  
 Shall be return'd to all objections;  
 955 And who shall break the master-jest,  
 And what, and how, upon the rest:  
 Help pamphlets out, with false editions,  
 Of proper slanders and seditions;  
 And treason for a token send,  
 960 By letter to a country-friend;  
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
 That men, like burglary, commit;  
 Wit falser than a padder's face,  
 That all its owner does, betrays;  
 965 Who therefore dares not trust it, when  
 He's in his calling to be seen.  
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
 To bring new weeds of discord forth;  
 Be sure to keep up congregations,  
 970 In spite of laws and proclamations:  
 For Charlaitans can do no good,  
 Until they're mounted in a croud,  
 And when they're punish'd, all the hurt  
 Is but to fare the better for't;  
 975 As long as confessors are sure  
 Of double pay for all th' endure;  
 And what they earn in persecution,  
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution.  
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made  
 980 In powd'ring tubs their richest trade;  
 And, while they keep their shops in prison,  
 Have found their prices strangely risen,  
 Disdain to own the least regret  
 For all the Christians blood w' have let;  
 985 'Twill save our credit, and maintain  
 Our title do so again:

That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
But pertinacious impudence.

Our constancy t' our principles,

In time will wear out all things else :

Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,

With gallantry of pilgrims kisses ;

While those who turn and wind their oaths,

Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths :

Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long

Before from world to world they swung :

As they had turn'd from side to side,

And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd,

This said, th' impatient states-monger

Could now contain himself no longer ;

Who had not spar'd to shew his piques

Against th' haranguer's politics,

With smart remarks, of leering faces,

And annotations of grimaces,

After h' had minister'd a dose

Of snuff-mundungus to his nose,

And powder'd th' inside of his skull,

Instead of th' outward jobberno,

He shook it, with a scornful look,

On th' adversary, and thus he spoke.

In dressing a calf's-head, altho'

The tongue and brains together go,

Both keep so great a distance here,

'Tis strange if ever they come near ;

For who did ever play his gambols,

With such insufferable rambles ;

To make the bringing in the KING,

And keeping of him out, one thing ?

Which none could do, but those that swore

T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore :

That to defend, was to invade,

And to assassinate, to aid :



- Unless, because you drove him out,  
 (And that was never made a doubt),  
 1025 No power is able to restore  
 And bring him in, but on your score:  
 A spiritual doctrine, that conduces  
 Most properly to all your uses,  
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
 1030 To cure the wounds the vermin made;  
 And weapons, dress'd with salves, restore  
 And heal the hurts they gave before:  
 But whether Presbyterians have  
 So much good-nature as the salve,  
 1035 Or virtue in them as the vermin,  
 Those who have try'd them can determine.  
 Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss  
 Th' arrears of all your services,  
 And for th' eternal obligation  
 1040 Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation,  
 Be us'd s' unconscionably hard,  
 As not to find a just reward,  
 For letting rapine loose, and murder,  
 To rage just so far, but no further;  
 1045 And setting all the land on fire,  
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher:  
 For vent'ring to assassinate,  
 And cut the throats of church and state:  
 And not b' allow'd the fittest men  
 1050 To take the charge of both ages,  
 Especially that have the grace  
 Of self-denying, gifted face;  
 Who when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
 1055 On those you painfully trepann'd,  
 And sprinkled in at second hand;  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;

For so our ignorance was flamm'd  
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd :  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at backgammon,  
 And win your necks upon the set,  
 As well as ours, who did but bet ;  
 (For he had drawn your ears before,  
 And nick'd them on the self-same score,)  
 We threw the box and dice away,  
 Before y' had lost us, at foul play ;  
 And brought you down to rook, and lie,  
 And fancy only, on the by ;  
 Redeem'd your forfeit jubbernauts,  
 From perching upon lofty poles ;  
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors  
 From hanging up, like alligators :  
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd  
 Your Presbyterian gratitude ;  
 Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,  
 And not have been one rope behind.  
 Those were your motives to divide,  
 And scruple on the other side,  
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
 To fits of conscience and remorse :  
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
 And face about for new again :  
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,  
 Than maggots when they turn to flies :  
 And therefore all your lights and calls  
 Are but apocryphal, and false,  
 To charge us with the consequences  
 Of all your native insolences ;  
 That to your own imperious wills  
 Laid law and gospel neck and heels ;  
 Corrupted the Old Testament,  
 To serve the New for precedent :

- 1095 T' amend its errors and defects,  
 With murder, and rebellion texts;  
 Of which there is not any one  
 In all the book to sow upon;  
 And there (from your tribe) the Jews  
 1100 Held Christian doctrine forth in use;  
 As Mahomet, your chief, began  
 To mix them in the Alcoran;  
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
 And bended elbows on the cushion;  
 1105 Stole from the beggars all your tones,  
 And gifted mortifying groans;  
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,  
 As pigs are said to see the wind:  
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination  
 1110 And Knight-bridge with illumination:  
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,  
 As bad as Bloody-bones or Lunsford.  
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,  
 For being to malignants marry'd.  
 1115 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,  
 Whose husbands were not for the cause;  
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,  
 Because they came not out to battle;  
 Made taylors 'prentices turn heroes,  
 1120 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;  
 And rather forfeit their indentures,  
 Than not espouse the saints' adventures,  
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus  
 1125 Inchant the king's and church's lands,  
 T' obey and follow your commands;  
 And settle on a new freehold,  
 As Marclay hill had done of old.  
 Could turn th' cov'nant, and translate  
 1130 The gospel into spoons and plate;

Expound upon all merchants' caskets,  
And open th' intricateſt places;  
Could catechize a money-box,  
And prove all pouches orthodox;  
1135 Until the cauſe became a Damon,  
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in ſpite of all your charms,  
To conjure Legion up in arms;  
And raiſe more devils in the rout,  
1140 Than e'er y' were able to caſt out,  
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools  
Bred up, you ſay, in your own ſchools;  
Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
Have made it plain they have more wit,  
1145 By whom y' have been ſo oft trepann'd,  
And held forth out of all command:  
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,  
And out-reveal'd at carryings-on;  
Of all your diſpenſations worm'd,  
1150 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd;  
Ejected out of church and ſtate,  
And all things, but the people's hate;  
And ſpirited out of th' enjoyments  
Of precious, edifying employments,  
1155 By thoſe who lodg'd their gifts and graces,  
Like better bowlers, in your places;  
All which you bore with reſolution,  
Charg'd on th' account of perſecution;  
And though moſt righteouſly oppreſs'd,  
1160 Againſt your wills, ſtill acquieſc'd;  
And never humm'd and hau'd ſedition,  
Nor ſnuffed treaſon nor miſprifion.  
That is, becauſe you never durſt;  
For had you preach'd, and pray'd, your worſt,  
1165 Alas! you were no longer able  
To raiſe your poſſe of the rabble:



- One single red-coat centinel  
 Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;  
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
 1170 Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verse:  
 We know too well those tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your pow'rs;  
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,  
 To your disposing of out-goings;  
 1175 Or to your ord'ring providence  
 One farthing's worth of consequence.  
 For had you pow'r to undermine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 1180 Inveigle, or betray one man;  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means;  
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in kings, or keep them out:  
 1185 Brave undertakers to restore,  
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;  
 T' advance th' int'rests of the crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own.  
 'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth  
 1190 To wrong ye) done your parts in both,  
 To keep him out, and bring him in,  
 As grace is introduc'd by sin;  
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,  
 And sanctify'd impertinence;  
 1195 Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle,  
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model;  
 Oblig'd the state to tack about,  
 And turn you, root and branch, all out;  
 To reformato, one and all,  
 1200 T' your great Croyfado general.  
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your clutches pow'r,

That sprung the game you were to set,  
Before y' had time to draw the net :

1205 Your spite to see the church's lands  
Divided into other hands,  
And all your sacrilegious ventures  
Laid out in tickets and debentures ;  
Your envy to be sprinkled down,

1210 By under-churches in the town ;  
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
Nor th' Independent's spreading growths.  
All which consider'd, 'tis most true

None bring him in so much as you ;  
1215 Who have prevail'd beyond the plots,  
The midnight junto's, and seal'd knots ;  
That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
Than all their own rash politics.  
And this way you may claim a share

1220 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ;  
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
From Pharoah, and his brick-kilns, loose ;  
And flies and mange, that set them free  
From taskmasters, and slavery,

1225 Were likelier to do the feat,  
In an indiff'rent man's conceit :  
For who e'er heard of restoration,  
Until your thorough reformation ?  
That is, the king's and church's lands

1230 Were sequester'd int' other hands :  
For only then, and not before,  
Your eyes were open'd to restore.  
And when the work was carrying on,  
Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone ?

1235 As by a world of hints appears,  
All plain, and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first : The isle of Wight  
Will rise up, if you should deny't ;

- Where Henderfon, and th' other masses,  
 1240 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases;  
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:  
 As if th' unseasonable fools  
 Had been a-courling in the schools;  
 1245 Until th' had prov'd the devil author  
 O' th' cov'nant, and the cause his daughter.  
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt;  
 Th' did not mean he wrought th' effusion  
 1250 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson:  
 But only those who first begun  
 The quarrel, were by him set on.  
 And who could those be but the saints,  
 Those reformation-termagants?  
 1255 But ere this pass'd, the wise debate  
 Spent so much time, it grew too late;  
 For Oliver had gotten ground,  
 T' inclose him with his warriors round:  
 Had brought his providence about,  
 1260 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out.  
 Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less  
 Of nonsense in't, or sottishness;  
 When from a scoundrel holder-forth,  
 The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,  
 1265 Your mighty senators took law,  
 At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,  
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation  
 To doctrine, use, and application.  
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
 1270 Th' espousers of your cause and monies,  
 Who had so often, in your aid,  
 So many ways been soundly paid,  
 Came in at last for better ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty friends;

1275 You basely left them, and the church  
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,  
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
To fall before, as true Philistines.

This shews what utensils y' have been,  
1280 To bring the king's concernments in;  
Which is so far from being true,  
That none but he can bring in you;  
And if he take you into trust,  
Will find you most exactly just;

1285 Such as will punctually repay  
With double int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,  
Who vary action with the times,  
Are less ingenious in their art,  
1290 Than those who dully act one part;  
Or those who turn from side to side,  
More guilty than the wind and tide.

All countries are a wise man's home,  
And so are governments to some,  
1295 Who change them for the same intrigues  
That statesmen use in breaking leagues:  
While others in old faiths and troths,  
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd cloths;  
And nastier in an old opinion,  
1300 Than those who never shift their linen.

For true and faithful's sure to lose,  
Which way soever the game goes:  
And whether parties lose or win,  
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.  
1305 While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,  
Is more bewitching than the right,  
And when the times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense,  
1310 To use the necessary means;



- And not your usual stratagems  
 On one another, lights and dreams.  
 To stand on terms as positive,  
 As if we did not take, but give :  
 1315 Set up the covenant on crutches,  
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
 And dream of pulling churches down,  
 Before w<sup>e</sup> are sure to prop our own :  
 Your constant method of proceeding,  
 1320 Without the carnal means of heeding !  
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
 Are worse, than if y<sup>e</sup> had none, accounted.  
 I grant, all courses are in vain,  
 Unless we can get in again ;  
 1325 The only way that's left us now,  
 But all the difficulty's, how ?  
 'Tis true, w<sup>e</sup> have money, the only pow'r  
 That all mankind falls down before ;  
 Money, that, like the sword of kings,  
 1330 Is the last reason of all things :  
 And therefore need not doubt our play,  
 Has all advantages that way :  
 As long as men have faith to sell,  
 And meet with those that can pay well ;  
 1335 Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice,  
 One church and state will not suffice,  
 T' expose to sale, besides the wages  
 Of storing plagues to after ages.  
 Nor is our money less our own,  
 1340 Than 'twas before we laid it down ;  
 For 'twill return, and turn t<sup>e</sup> account,  
 If we are brought in play upon't :  
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
 What pow'r can hinder us to win ?  
 1345 We know the arts we us'd before,  
 In peace and war, and something more ;

And by th' unfortunate events,  
Can mend our next experiments :  
For when w' are taken into trust,  
1350 How easy are the wisest choust ?  
Who see but th' outsid'es of our seats,  
And not their secret springs and weights :  
And while they're busy at their ease,  
Can carry what designs we please :  
1355 How easy is't to serve for agents,  
To prosecute our own engagements ?  
To keep the good old cause on foot,  
And present pow'r from taking root ;  
Inflame them both with false alarms  
1360 Of plots, and parties taking arms ;  
To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
From healing up of side to side ;  
Profess the passionat' concerns,  
For both their interests by turns,  
1365 The only way t' improve our own,  
By dealing faithfully with none ;  
(As bowls run true, by being made  
On purpose false, and to be sway'd :)  
For if we should be true to either,  
1370 'Twould turn us out of both together ;  
And therefore have no other means  
To stand upon our own defence,  
But keeping up our ancient party  
In vigour, confident and hearty ;  
1375 To reconcile our late dissenters,  
Our brethren, though by other venters ;  
Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,  
As long and short sticks are in faggots ;  
And make them join again as close,  
1380 As when they first began t' espouse ;  
Erect them into separate  
New Jewish tribes, in church and state ;

- To join in marriage and commerce,  
 And only 'mong themselves converse;  
 1385 And all that are not of their mind,  
 Make enemies to all mankind;  
 Take all religion in, and stickle  
 From conclave down the conventicle;  
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
 1390 According to the light in being.  
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
 And spritual misrule in one sense:  
 But in another quite contrary,  
 As dispensations chance to vary:  
 1395 And stand for, as the times will bear it,  
 All contradiactions of the spirit:  
 Protect their emissaries, impow'r'd  
 To preach sedition and the word:  
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,  
 1400 Release the lab'ers for the cause;  
 And turn the persecution back  
 On those that made the first attack,  
 To keep them equally in awe,  
 From breaking or maintaining law;  
 1405 And when they have their fits too soon,  
 Before the full tides of the moon;  
 Put off their zeal 'till a fitter season,  
 For sowing faction in, and treason;  
 And keep them hooded, and their churches,  
 1410 Like hawks from bating on their perches:  
 That when the blessed time shall come  
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
 They may be ready to restore  
 Their own fifth monarchy once more.  
 1415 Mean while be better arm'd to fence  
 Against revolts of providence;  
 By watching narrowly, and snapping  
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:

For if success could make us saints,  
 420 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants :  
 A scandal that would fall too hard  
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd,  
 These are the courses we must run,  
 'Spite of our hearts, or be undone :  
 425 And not to stand on terms and freaks,  
 Before we have secur'd our necks.  
 But do our work, as out of sight,  
 As stars by day, and suns by night :  
 All licence of the people own,  
 430 In opposition to the crown.  
 And for the crown as fiercely side,  
 The head and body to divide.  
 The end of all we first design'd,  
 And all that yet remains behind :  
 435 Be sure to spare no public rapine,  
 On all emergencies that happen ;  
 For 'tis as easy to supplant  
 Authority, as men in want :  
 As some of us, in trusts, have made  
 440 The one hand with the other trade ;  
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
 The right a thief, the left receiver ;  
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.  
 445 For gain has wonderful effects  
 T' improve the factory of sects :  
 The rule of faith in all professions,  
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians ;  
 Whence turning of religion's made  
 450 The means to turn and wind a trade.  
 And though some change it for the worse,  
 They put themselves into a course ;  
 And draw in store of customers,  
 To thrive the better in commerce :



- 1455 For all religions flock together,  
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;  
 To nab the itches of their sects.  
 As jades do one another's necks.  
 Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well  
 1460 Will serve t' improve a church as zeal:  
 As persecution or promotion,  
 Do equally advance devotion.  
 Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go  
 Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow:  
 1465 For things in order are put out  
 So easy, ease itself will do't;  
 But when the feat's design'd and meant,  
 What miracle can bar th' event?  
 For 'tis more easy to betray,  
 1470 Than ruin any other way.  
 All possible occasions start,  
 The weightiest matters to divert;  
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,  
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.  
 1475 But in affairs of less import,  
 That neither do us good nor hurt,  
 And they receive as little by,  
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;  
 And seem as scrupulously just,  
 1480 To bait our hooks for greater trust;  
 But still be careful to cry down  
 All public actions though our own:  
 The least miscarriage aggravate,  
 And charge it all upon the state;  
 1485 Express the horrid'st detestation,  
 And pity the distracted nation.  
 Tell stories scandalous and false,  
 I' th' proper language of cabals,  
 Where all a subtle statesman says,  
 1490 Is half in words, and half in face;

(As Spaniards talk in dialogues,  
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs;) <sup>1</sup>  
Intrust it under solemn vows  
Of mum, and silence, and the rose,  
To be retail'd again in whispers,  
For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman—When a shout  
Heard at a distance, put him out;  
And strait another, all agast,  
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,  
Who star'd about as pale as death,  
And, for a while, as out of breath;  
Till having gather'd up his wits.  
He thus began his tale by fits.

That beastly rabble that came down  
From all the garrets—in the town,  
And stalls, and shop boards,—in vast swarms,  
With new-chalk'd bills—and rusty arms,  
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,  
And bawl the bishops—out of door;  
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,  
To roast—and broil us on the coals.  
And all the grandees—of our members  
Are carbonading—on the embers;  
Knights, citizens, and burgeses—  
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,  
That serve for characters—and badges  
To represent their personages:  
Each bonfire is a fun'ral pile,  
In which they roast—and scorch, and broil,  
And ev'ry representative  
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive:

And 'tis a miracle we are not  
Already sacrific'd incarnate.

For while we wrangle here, and jar,  
W' are grill'd all at Temple-Bar:

- Some on the sign-post of an ale-house,  
 Hang, in effigie, on the gallows:  
 Made up of rags to personate  
 1530 Respective officers of state;  
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,  
 Proscrib'd in law, and executed,  
 And while the work was carrying on,  
 Be ready list'd under Dūn;  
 1535 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,  
 And tinder-box of all his fellows,  
 The activ'st member of the five,  
 As well as the most primitive;  
 Who, for his faithful service then,  
 1540 Is chosen for a fifth agen;  
 (For since the state has made a squint  
 Of generals, he's list'd in't;)  
 This worthy, as the world will say,  
 Is paid in specie, his own way;  
 1545 For, moulded to the life in clouts,  
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin  
 A cropt malignant baker gave him:  
 And to the largest bonfire riding,  
 1550 They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in  
 On whom, in equipage and state,  
 His scare-crow fellow-members wait,  
 And march'd in order two and two,  
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do;  
 1555 Each in a tatter'd talisman,  
 Like vermin in effigie slain.  
 But what's more dreadful than the rest,  
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,  
 1560 As by the crackers plainly appears;  
 For none but Jesuits have a mission  
 To preach the faith with amunition,

And propagate the church with powder;  
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.

155 These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's,  
That have the charge of all her stores,  
Since first they fail'd in their designs,  
To take in heav'n by springing mines,  
And with unanswerable barrels

160 Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels;  
Now take a course more practicable,  
By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
And blow us up in th' open streets,  
Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites;  
165 More like to ruin and confound,  
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,  
For symbols of state-mysteries:

Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
170 How much they scorn'd the saints, the few;  
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,  
Are represented best by rumps.

But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
In all their politic far-fetches;

175 And from their Coptic priest, Kircherus,  
Found out this mystic way to jeer us.  
For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees  
T' exprefs their antique Ptolemies;  
And by their stings, the swords they wore,

180 Held for th' authority and pow'r:  
Because these subtile animals  
Bear all their int'rest in their tails;  
And when they're once impair'd in that,  
Are banish'd their well-order'd state;  
185 They thought all governments were best  
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.

For, as in bodies natural,  
The rump's the fundament of all;

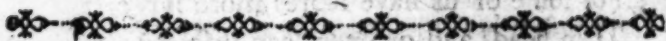


- So, in a commonwealth, or realm,  
 1600 The government is call'd the *helm*;  
 With which, like vessels under sail,  
 They're turn'd, and winded by the tail,  
 The tail which birds and fishes steer  
 Their courses with, through sea and air;  
 1605 To whom the rudder of the rump is  
 The same thing with the stern and compass.  
 This shews how perfectly the rump  
 And commonwealth in nature jump.  
 For as a fly that goes to bed,  
 1610 Rests with his tail above his head;  
 So, in this mongrel state of ours,  
 The rabble are the supreme pow'rs,  
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us  
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.  
 1615 The learned rabbins of the Jews  
 Write there's a bone, which they call *luz*,  
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,  
 No force in nature can do hurt to;  
 And therefore, at the last great day,  
 1620 All th' other members shall, they say,  
 Spring out of this, as from a seed  
 All sorts of vegetals proceed;  
 From whence the learned sons of art  
*Os sacrum* justly style that part.  
 1625 Then what can better represent,  
 Than this rump bone, the parliament,  
 That, after sev'ral rude ejections,  
 And as prodigious resurrections,  
 With new reversion of nine lives,  
 1630 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?

But now, alas! they're all expir'd,  
 And th' house, as well as members, fir'd;  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout;  
 With which they other fires put out;

- 1635 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress;  
And paltry, private wretchedness;  
Worse than the devil, to privation,  
Beyond all hopes of restoration;  
And parted like the body and soul,  
1640 From all dominion and controul.
- We, who cou'd lately with a look  
Enact, establish, or revoke;  
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;  
1645 Before the bluster of whose huff,  
All hats, as in a storm, flew off;  
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
Down to the footman and valet:  
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,  
1650 And prayers, than the crowns of hats;  
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
For ruin's just as low as high;  
Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
The horror that attends our fall:
- 1655 For some of us have scores more large  
Than heads and quarters can discharge;  
And others, who, by restless scraping,  
With public frauds, and private rapine,  
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
1660 Would gladly lay all down at last;  
And to be but undone, entail  
Their vessels on perpetual jail;  
And bless the dev'l to let them farms  
Of forfeit souls, on no worse terms.
- 1665 This said, a near and louder shout  
Put all th' assembly to the rout;  
Who now begun t' outrun their fear,  
As horses do, from those they bear;  
But crouded on with so much haste,  
1670 Until th' had block'd the passage fast,

- And barricado'd it with haunches  
 Of outward men, and bulks and panniches,  
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippled piece  
 1675 Of all their crush'd and broken members,  
 Than have them grill'd on the embers;  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs,  
 Of one another, on their backs:  
 The vanguard could no longer bear  
 1680 The charges of the forlorn rear;  
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled forely under foot;  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,  
 As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble;  
 1685 And fear, that keeps all feeling out,  
 As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply  
 Of rally'd force, enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running horse,  
 1690 Whose jocky-rider is all spur.



## C A N T O III.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The knight and squire's prodigious flight  
 To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night:  
 He plods to turn his am'rous suit  
 To a plea in law, and prosecute;  
 Repairs to counsel, to advise  
 'Bout managing the enterprise;  
 But first resolves to try by letter,  
 And one more fair address, to get her.*

**W**HO would believe what strange bugbears  
 Mankind creates itself, of fears,

- That spring, like fern, that insect weed,  
Equivocally, without seed ?  
5 And have no possible foundation,  
But merely in th' imagination ?  
And yet can do more dreadful feats  
Than hags, with all their imps and teats ;  
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
10 Than all their nurseries of elves.  
For fear does things so like a witch,  
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which ;  
Sets up communities of senses,  
To chop and change intelligences ;  
15 As Rosicrucian virtuosos  
Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;  
And when they neither see nor hear,  
Have more than both supply'd by fear ;  
That makes them in the dark see visions,  
20 And hag themselves with apparitions ;  
And when their eyes discover least,  
Discern the subtlest objects best :  
Do things, not contrary alone,  
To th' course of nature, but its own ;  
25 The courage of the bravest daunt,  
And turn poltroons as valiant ;  
For men as resolute appear,  
With too much as too little fear ;  
And when they're out of hopes of flying,  
30 Will run away from death by dying ;  
Or turn again to stand it out,  
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
Who, by the furies, left perdue,  
35 And haunted with detachments, sent  
From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat ;



- When nothing but himself, and fear,  
 40 Was both the imps and conjurer;  
 As, by th' rules o' th' virtuosi,  
 It follows in due form of poesy.  
 Disguis'd in all the mask of night,  
 We left our champion on his flight,  
 45 At blind-men's buff, to grope his way,  
 In equal fear of night and day;  
 Who took his dark and desp'rate course,  
 He knew no better than his horse;  
 And by an unknown devil led,  
 50 (He knew as little whither) fled.  
 He never was in greater need,  
 Nor less capacity of speed;  
 Disabled, both in man and beast,  
 To fly and run away, his best;  
 55 To keep the enemy, and fear,  
 From equal falling on his rear.  
 And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
 The further and the nearer side;  
 (As seamen ride with all their force,  
 60 And tug as if they row'd the horse;  
 And when the hackney fails most swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run adrift;) So though he posted e'er so fast,  
 His fear was greater than his haste:  
 65 For fear, though fleetier than the wind,  
 Believes 'tis always left behind,  
 But when the morn began t' appear,  
 And shift t' another scene his fear;  
 He found his new officious shade,  
 70 That came so timely to his aid,  
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,  
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

- 75 For Ralpho had no sooner told  
 The lady all he had t'unfold,  
 But she convey'd him out of sight,  
 To entertain th' approaching knight;  
 And while he gave himself diversion,  
 80 T' accommodate his beast and person,  
 And put his beard into a posture  
 At best advantage to accost her;  
 She order'd th' antimasquerade  
 (For his reception) afore said:  
 85 But when the ceremony was done,  
 The lights put out, and furies gone;  
 And Hudibras, among the rest,  
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd;  
 The wretched catiff all alone  
 90 (As he believ'd) began to moan,  
 And tell his story to himself;  
 The knight mistook him for an elf:  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man;  
 95 And thought, because they oft agreed  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the saint's and devil's part,  
 With undistinguishable art;  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 100 And put on one another's shapes;  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,  
 What art? my squire, or that bold spright  
 That took his place and shape to-night!  
 105 Some busy independent pug,  
 Retainer to his synagogue?  
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose;  
 But Ralph himself, your trusty squire,  
 110 Wh' has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire,

- And from th' enchantments of a widow,  
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe, where now you are;  
 115 Which you would gratefully repay,  
 Your constant Presbyterian way. (stranger  
 That's stranger, quoth the knight, and  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger?  
 Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer  
 120 Pursu'd and took me prisoner;  
 And knowing you were hereabout,  
 Brought me along to find you out.  
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
 Have noted all they said or did.  
 125 And though they lay to him the pageant,  
 I did not see him, nor his agent:  
 Who play'd their forc'ries out of sight,  
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.  
 But didst thou see no devils then?  
 130 Not one, quoth he, but carnal men,  
 A little worse than fiends in hell,  
 And that she-devil Jezebel;  
 That laugh'd and tee-hee'd with derision,  
 To see them take your deposition.  
 135 What then, quoth Hudibras, was he  
 That play'd the devil t' examine me?  
 A rallying weaver in the town,  
 That did it in a parson's gown:  
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
 140 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:  
 In which you told them all your feats,  
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats:  
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd  
 The naked truth of all the rest,  
 145 More plainly than the rev'rend writer,  
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre.

All which they took in black and white,  
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,  
150 And none but thou and I alone,  
To act the devil, and forbear  
To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,  
And frame of sp'rit, too obstinate,  
155 To be by me prevail'd upon,

With any motives of my own :  
And therefore strove to counterfeit  
The dev'l a while, to nick your wit :  
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,  
160 That only can prevail upon ye :  
Else we might still have been disputing,  
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The knight, who now began to find  
Th' had left the enemy behind,  
165 And saw no farther harm remain,  
But feeble weariness and pain :  
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day ;  
And by declining of the road,  
170 They had, by chance, their rear made good ;  
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
That parting's wont to rent and tear,  
And gave the desperat'st attack  
To danger still behind its back.

175 For having paus'd to recollect,  
And on his past success reflect,  
T' examine and consider why,  
And whence, and how he came to fly,  
And when no devil had appear'd,  
180 What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd ;  
It put him in so fierce a rage,  
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;



- Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,  
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
- 185 Quoth he, It was thy cowardice  
 That made me from this leaguer rise;  
 And when I'd half-reduc'd the place,  
 To quit it infamously base.  
 Was better cover'd by the new
- 190 Arriv'd detachment, than I knew:  
 To slight my new acquests, and run  
 Victoriously from battles won:  
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
 To sell them cheaper than they cost;
- 195 To make me put myself to flight,  
 And conqu'ring, run away by night;  
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
 Durst never have presum'd to do:  
 To mount me in the dark by force,
- 200 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,  
 Expos'd in querpō to their rage,  
 Without my arms and equipage;  
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
 I might th' unequal fight renew:
- 205 And, to preserve thy outward man,  
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.  
 All this, quoth Ralph, I did; 'tis true,  
 Not to preserve myself, but you,  
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
- 210 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,  
 To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse  
 Than managing a wooden horse:  
 Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,  
 Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers.
- 215 Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain,  
 Had had no reason to complain;  
 But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,

And rescu'd your obnoxious bones  
From unavoidable battoons.  
The enemy was reinforc'd,  
And we disabled, and unhors'd,  
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,  
And no way left but hasty flight,  
Which, tho' 'twas desp'rate in th' attempt,  
Has given you freedom to condemn't.

But were our bones in fit condition  
To reinforce the expedition,  
'Tis now unfeas'nable and vain,  
To think of falling on again:  
No martial project to surprise,  
Can ever be attempted twice;  
Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.  
Besides, our bangs of man and beast  
Are fit for nothing now but rest,  
And for a while will not be able  
To rally and prove serviceable;  
And therefore I, with reason, chose  
This stratagem, t'amuse our foes,  
To make an honourable retreat,  
And wave a total sure defeat:  
For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.  
Hence timely running's no mean part  
Of conduct in the martial art:  
By which some glorious feats atchieve,  
As citizens, by breaking, thrive;  
And canons conquer armies, while  
They seem to draw off and recoil.  
'Tis held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
To great exploits, as well as safest,  
That spares th' expence of time and pains,  
And dang'rous beating out of brains;

- 255 And in the end prevails as certain  
 As those that never trust to fortune;  
 To make their fear do execution  
 Beyond the stoutest resolution :  
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
- 260 And, only trembling, overthrow.  
 If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,  
 That only sav'd a citizen,  
 What victory could e'er be won,  
 If ev'ry one would save but one ?
- 265 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,  
 Where all resolve to save the most ?  
 By this means, when a battle's won,  
 The war's as far from being done :  
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
- 270 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ;  
 And sometimes, when the loss is small,  
 And danger great, they challenge all :  
 Print new additions to their feats,  
 And emendations in gazettes :
- 275 And when, for furious haste to run,  
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
 Have done't with bonfires, and at home  
 Made squibs and crackers overcome :  
 To set the rabble on a flame ;
- 280 And keep their governors from blame,  
 Disperse the news, the pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with fireworks, and with bells :  
 And though reduc'd to that extreme,  
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;
- 285 Yet, with religious blasphemy,  
 By flatt'ring heav'n with a lie :  
 And for their beating giving thanks,  
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;  
 For those who run from th' enemy,
- 290 Engage them equally to fly :

And when the fight becomes a chace,  
Those win the day, that win the race ;  
And that which would not pass in fights,  
Has done the feat with easy flights,  
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign  
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign :  
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
With brandy-wine and *agua vite* ;  
And make 'em stoutly overcome  
With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum ;  
Whom th' uncontroll'd decrees of fate  
To victory necessitate ;  
With which, although they run or burn,  
They unavoidably return ;  
Or else their Sultan populaces  
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's,  
Quoth Hudibras, I understand  
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,  
And who those were that run away,  
And yet gave out th' had won the day ;  
Although the rabble sous'd them for't,  
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.  
'Tis true, our modern way of war  
Is grown more politic by far,  
But not so resolute and bold,  
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.  
For now they laugh at giving battle,  
Unless it be to herds of cattle :  
Or fighting convoys of provision,  
The whole design o' th' expedition ;  
And not with downright blows to rout  
The enemy, but eat them out :  
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,  
And eating, are perform'd one way ;  
To give defiance to their teeth,  
And fight their stubborn guts to death ;



- And those atchieve the high'st renown,  
 That bring the other's stomach down.  
 There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming,  
 330 All dangers are reduc'd to famine;  
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,  
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine:  
 But have no need, nor use of courage,  
 Unless it be for glory, or forage:  
 335 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,  
 When one side vent'ring to advance,  
 And come uncivilly too near,  
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear;  
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,  
 340 To keep hereafter at a distance,  
 To pick out ground t' incamp upon  
 Where store of largest rivers run,  
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
 To part th' engagements of their warriors;  
 345 Where both from side to side may skip,  
 And only encounter at bo-peep:  
 For men are found the stouter-hearted,  
 The certainer they're to be parted;  
 And therefore post themselves in bogs  
 350 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs;  
 And made their mortal enemy,  
 The water-rat, their strict ally.  
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?  
 But, who bears hunger best, and cold?  
 355 And he's approy'd the most deserving,  
 Who longest can hold out at starving:  
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
 The formidablest man at prowels.  
 So th' Emperor Caligula,  
 360 That triumph'd o'er the British sea,  
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;

Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,  
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles;  
And led his troops with furious gallops,  
To charge whole regiments of scallops,  
Not like their ancient way of war,  
To wait on his triumphal car:  
But when he went to dine or sup,  
More bravely eat his captives up,  
And left all war, by his example,  
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
And twice as much that I could add;  
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,  
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;  
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,  
Or waging battle to subdue her,  
Though some have done it in romances,  
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;  
As those who win the Amazons,  
By wanton drubbing of their bones;  
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,  
By courting of her back and side.  
But since those times and feats are over,  
They are not for a modern lover;  
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd  
By such addresses to be gain'd;  
And if they were, would have it out,  
With many other kind of bout,  
Therefore I hold no course f' infeasible,  
As this of force to win the Jezebel;  
To storm her heart by th' antic charms  
Of ladies-errant, force of arms;  
But rather strive by law to win her,  
And try the title you have in her.  
Your case is clear, you have her word,  
And me to witness the accord;

- Besides two more of her retinue  
400 To testify what pass'd between you;  
More probable, and like to hold,  
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;  
For which so many, that renounc'd  
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,  
405 And bills upon record been found,  
That forc'd the ladies to compound;  
And that, unless I miss the matter,  
Is all the bus'ness you look after:  
Besides, encounters at the bar  
410 Are braver now than those in war,  
In which the law does execution  
With less disorder and confusion;  
Has more of honour in't, some hold,  
Not like the new way, but the old;  
415 When those the pen had drawn together,  
Decided quarrels with the feather,  
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
Nay, more than bullets now of lead:  
So all the combats now, as then,  
420 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;  
That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
In words, at length, as well as figures;  
Is judge of all the world performs  
In voluntary feats of arms;  
425 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,  
Determines which is wrong or right:  
For whether you prevail or lose,  
All must be try'd there in the close;  
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
430 What you must trust to, ere y' have done.  
The law, that settles all you do,  
And marries where you did but woo;  
That makes the most perfidious lover  
A lady, that's as false, recover:

And if it judge upon your side,  
Will soon extend her for your bride ;  
And put her person, goods, or lands,  
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,  
And manag'd by the ablest sages ;  
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar  
Be but a kind of civil war,  
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,  
Than e'er the Grecians did the Trojans ;

They never manage the contest  
T' impair their public interest ;  
Or by their controversies lessen  
The dignity of their profession :  
Not like us brethren, who divide

Our commonwealth, the cause, and side :  
And though w' are all as near of kindred  
As th' outward man is to the inward ;  
W' agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
About the slightest fingle-fangle ;

While lawyers have more sober sense,  
Than t' argue at their own expence,  
But make their best advantages  
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss :  
And out of foreign controversies,

By aiding both sides, fill their purses ;  
But have no int'rest in the cause  
For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;  
Nor further prospect than their pay,  
Whether they lose or win the day.

And though th' abounded in all ages,  
With sundry learned clerks and sages ;  
Though all their bus'ness be dispute,  
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit ;  
Th' have no disputes about their art,  
Nor in polemics controvert :



- While all professions else are found  
 With nothing but disputes t' abound;  
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
 Philosophers, mathematicians;  
 475 The Galenist and Paracelsian,  
 Condemn the way each other deals in:  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle;  
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
 480 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes;  
 And heralds stickle who got who  
 So many hundred years ago.  
 But lawyers are too wise a nation,  
 T' expose their trade to disputation;  
 485 Or make the busy rabble-judges  
 Of all their secret piques and grudges;  
 In which whoever wins the day,  
 The whole profession's sure to pay,  
 Besides, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
 490 Dare undertake to do their feats;  
 When in all other sciences  
 They swarm, like insects, and increase.  
 For what bigot durst ever draw,  
 By inward light, a deed in law?  
 495 Or could hold forth, by revelation,  
 An answer to a declaration?  
 For those that meddle with their tools,  
 Will cut their fingers, if they're fools.  
 And if you follow their advice,  
 500 In bills, and answers, and replies;  
 They'll write a love-letter in chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life.  
 505 The knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts  
 To edify, by Ralpho's gifts,

But in appearance cry'd him down,  
To make them better seem his own,  
(All plagiaries constant course  
Of sinking, when they take a purse,)  
Resolv'd to follow his advice,  
But kept it from him by disguise;  
And after stubborn contradiction,  
To counterfeit his own conviction,  
And by transition fall upon  
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest,  
Is, of all others, the unwiseſt;  
For if I think by law to gain her,  
There's nothing ſillier nor vainer.  
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
Where nothing's certain but th' expence;  
To act againſt myſelf, and traVERSE  
My ſuit and title to her favours.  
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,  
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did;  
What after-course have I to take,  
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?  
He that with injury is griev'd,  
And goes to law to be reliev'd,  
Is ſillier than a ſottiſh choute,  
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,  
Applies himſelf to cunning men,  
To help him to his goods agen;  
When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to ſquander more in vain.  
And yet I have no other way,  
But is as difficult to play.  
For to reduce her by main force,  
Is now in vain; by fair means, worſe;  
But worſt of all to give her over,  
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover.

- For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
Until they're never to be won.
- 545 But since I have no other course  
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse;  
He that complies against his will,  
Is of his own opinion still;  
Which he m' adhere to, yet disown,
- 550 For reasons to himself best known:  
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;  
Whom I must answer, or begin  
Inevitably first with him.
- 555 For I've receiv'd advertisement,  
By times, enough of his intent;  
And knowing, he that first complains,  
Th' advantage of the bus'ness gains:  
For courts of justice understand
- 560 The plaintiff to be eldest hand;  
Who what he pleases may aver,  
The other nothing till he swear;  
Is freely admitted to all grace,  
And lawful favour, by his place;
- 565 And for his bringing custom in,  
Has all advantages to win.  
I, who resolve to oversee  
No lucky opportunity,  
Will go to counsel to advise
- 570 Which way t' encounter, or surprise,  
And after long consideration,  
Have found out one to fit th' occasion;  
Most apt for what I have to do,  
As counsellor and justice too.
- 575 And truly so, no doubt, he was,  
A lawyer fit for such a case.  
An old-dull sot, who told the clock  
For many years at Bridewell-dock,

At Westminster and Hicks's-hall,  
And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all ;  
Where, in all governments and times,  
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,  
And us'd to equal ways of gaining,  
By hindering justice, or maintaining :  
To many a whore gave privilege,  
And whipp'd, for want of quarteridge ;  
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,  
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent ;  
And many a trusty pimp and croney  
To Puddle-dock, for want of money :  
Engag'd the constable to seize  
All those that would not break the peace ;  
Nor give him back his own foul words,  
Though sometimes commoners or lords,  
And kept 'em prisoners of course,  
For being sober at ill hours,  
That in the morning he might free,  
Or bind them over for his fee.  
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
For leave to practise in their ways ;  
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share  
With th' headborough and scavenger ;  
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound  
For taking up the public ground ;  
The kennel, and the King's highway,  
For being unmolested, pay ;  
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
And cage, to those that gave him most ;  
Impos'd a tax on bakers ears,  
And, for false weights, on chandelers ;  
Made victuallers and vintners fine  
For arbitrary ale and wine ;  
But was a kind and constant friend  
To all that regularly offend :



- 615 As residentiary bawds,  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods;  
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
 And pay church-duties, and his fees:  
 But was implacable and aukward,
- 620 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd:  
 To this brave man the knight repairs,  
 For counsel in his law-affairs;  
 And found him mounted in his pew,  
 With books and money plac'd for shew,
- 625 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,  
 And for his false opinion pay:  
 To whom the knight, with comely grace,  
 Put off his hat, to put his case:  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd
- 630 As the other courteously strain'd;  
 And, to assure him 'twas not that  
 He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.  
 Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,  
 Whom I have cudgell'd.—Very well,
- 635 And now he brags t' have beaten me;  
 Better and better still, quoth he.  
 And vows to stick me to a wall,  
 Where-e'er he meets me.—Best of all.  
 'Tis true the knave has taken's oath.
- 640 That I robb'd him.—Well done, in troth.  
 When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,  
 And pick'd my fob, and what he took;  
 Which was the cause that made me bang him,  
 And take my goods again.—Marry, hang him.
- 645 Now whether I should beforehand  
 Swear he robb'd me;—I understand;  
 Or bring my action of conversion  
 And troyer for my goods;—Ah! whorson.  
 Or if 'tis better to indite,
- 650 And bring him to his trial;—Right.

- Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for th' state against him :—True.  
Or whether he that is defendant,  
In this case, has the better end on't ;  
655 Who putting in a new cross-bill,  
May traverse th' action :—Better still.  
Then there's a lady too,—Aye marry,  
That's easily prov'd accessory ;  
A widow, who, by solemn vows  
660 Contracted to me, for my spouse,  
Combin'd with him to break her word,  
And has abetted all.—Good Lord !  
Suborn'd the aforefaid Sidrophel  
To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;  
665 Who put me int' a horrid fear,  
Fear of my life.—Make that appear.  
Made an assault with fiends and men  
Upon my body.—Good agen.  
And kept me in a deadly fright,  
670 And false imprisonment, all night ;  
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,  
And stole my saddle.—Worse and worse.  
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.  
675 Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,  
You have as good and fair a battery  
As heart can wish, and need not shame  
The proudest man alive to claim.  
For if they've us'd you, as you say,  
680 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy :  
I wou'd it were my case, I'd give  
More than I'll say, or you'll believe :  
I would so trounce her, and her purse,  
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse ;  
685 For matrimony and hanging here,  
Both go by destiny so clear,

- That you as sure may pick and chuse,  
 As cross I win, and pile you loose :  
 And if I durst, I would advance  
 690 As much in ready maintenance,  
 As upon any case I've known,  
 But we that practice dare not own.  
 The law severely contrabands  
 Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;  
 695 'Tis common barratry, that bears  
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
 And crops them till there is not leather,  
 To stick a pin in, left of either ;  
 For which, some do the summer-fault,  
 700 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.  
 But you may swear at any rate,  
 Things not in nature, for the state :  
 For in all courts of justice here  
 A witness is not said to swear,  
 705 But make oath ; that is, in plain terms,  
 To forge whatever he affirms.  
 (I thank you, quoth the knight, for that,  
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat)—  
 For justice, though she's painted blind,  
 710 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,  
 Like charity ; else right and wrong  
 Could never hold it out so long,  
 And, like blind fortune, with a slight,  
 Convey men's interest and right,  
 715 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's  
 As easily as Hocus Pocus :  
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,  
 And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.  
 Then whether you would take her life,  
 720 Or but recover her for your wife ;  
 Or be content with what she has,  
 And let all other matters pass,

The bus'ness to the law's all one,  
The proof is all it looks upon ;  
And you can want no witnesses  
To swear to any thing you please,  
That hardly get their mere expences  
By th' labour of their consciences ;  
Or letting out to hire their ears  
To affidavit-customers,  
At inconsiderable values,  
To serve for jury-men, or tallies,  
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,  
Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone ;  
W' have store of such, and all our own ;  
Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,  
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he, but I should guess,  
By weighing all advantages,  
Your surest way is first to pitch  
On Bongey, for a water-witch ;  
And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,  
Y' have time enough to deal with her.  
I' th' int'rim, spare for no trepans  
To draw her neck into the bans ;  
Ply her with love-letters, and billets,  
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,  
With trains t' inveigle, and surprize  
Her heedless answers and replies :  
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
They'll serve for other by-designs ;  
And make an artist understand  
To copy out her seal and hand ;  
Or find void places in the paper  
To steal in something to intrapt her ;  
Till with her worldly goods and body,  
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :



- Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
760 That ply, i' th' temples, under trees ;  
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,  
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;  
Or wait for customers between  
The pillar-rows of Lincoln's-inn :  
765 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,  
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail  
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
According to their ears and cloaths,  
Their only necessary tools,  
770 Besides the gospel, and their souls.  
And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,  
I shall be ready at your service.  
I would not give, quoth Hudibras,  
A straw to understand a case,  
775 Without the admirable skill  
To wind and manage it at will,  
To vere, and tack, and steer a cause,  
Against the weather-gage of laws ;  
And ring the changes upon cases,  
780 As plain as noses upon faces,  
As you have well instructed me,  
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee  
I long to practise your advice,  
And try the subtile artifice,  
785 To bait a letter as you bid ;  
As not long after thus he did :  
For having pump'd up all his wit,  
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ,

A N  
HEROICAL EPISTLE  
O F  
H U D I B R A S  
T O  
H I S L A D Y.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,  
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;  
And from as fam'd a conqueror  
As ever took degree in war,  
Or did his exercise in battle,  
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;  
For since I am deny'd access  
To all my earthly happiness,  
Am fallen from the paradise  
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;  
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
To everlasting banishment;  
Where all the hopes I had t' have won  
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.  
Yet if you were not so severe  
To pass your doom, before you hear,  
You'll find, upon my just defence,  
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.

- That once I made a vow to you;  
 20 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;  
 But not because it is unpaid,  
 'Tis violated, though delay'd :  
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,  
 So heinous as you'd have it thought ;  
 25 To undergo the loss of ears,  
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers :  
 For there's a diff'rence in the case,  
 Between the noble and the base :  
 Who always are observ'd t' have done't  
 30 Upon as different account :  
 The one for great and weighty cause,  
 To save, in honour, ugly flaws ;  
 For none are like to do it sooner  
 Than those who're nicest of their honour ;  
 35 The other, for base gain and pay,  
 Forswear and perjure by the day ;  
 And make th' exposing and retailing  
 Their souls and consciences, a calling.  
 It is no scandal, nor aspersion,  
 40 Upon a great and noble person,  
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd  
 Th' old-fashion'd trick, To keep his word ;  
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame  
 In meaner men to do the same :  
 45 For to be able to forget,  
 Is found more useful, to the great,  
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
 To make 'em pass for wond'rous wise,  
 But though the law, on perjurers,  
 50 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears ;  
 It is not just that does exempt  
 The guilty, and punish th' innocent :  
 To make the ears repair the wrong  
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;

- 55 And when one member is forsworn,  
 Another to be cropt or torn.  
 And if you should, as you design,  
 By course of law, recover mine,  
 You're like, if you consider right,  
 60 To gain but little honour by't.  
 For he that for his lady's sake,  
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,  
 Does not so much deserve her favour,  
 As he that pawns his soul to have her.  
 65 This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,  
 Although you now disdain to own;  
 But sentence what you rather ought.  
 T' esteem good service, than a fault.  
 " Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
 70 " That lit'ral sense the words infer;  
 " But, by the practice of the age,  
 " Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.  
 " And where the sense by custom's check'd,  
 " Are found void, and of none effect.  
 75 " For no man takes or keeps a vow,  
 " But just as he sees others do;  
 " Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,  
 " As not to yield and bow a little;  
 " For as best-temper'd blades are found,  
 80 " Before they break, to bend quite round;  
 " So truest oaths are still most tough,  
 " And though they bow, are breaking proof."  
 Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd  
 In love, a greater latitude?  
 85 For as the law of arms approves  
 All ways to conquest, so should love's;  
 And not be ty'd to true or false,  
 But make that justest that prevails;  
 For how can that which is above  
 90 All empire, high and mighty love,



- Submit its great prerogative  
 To any other pow'r alive ?  
 Shall love, that to no crown gives place,  
 Become the subject of a case ;
- 95 The fundamental law of nature  
 Be over-rul'd by those made after ?  
 Commit the censure of its cause  
 To any, but its own great laws ?  
 Love, that's the world's preservative,
- 100 That keeps all souls of things alive ;  
 Controuls the mighty pow'r of fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date ;  
 The life of nature, that restores,  
 As fast as time and death devours ;
- 105 To whose free gift the world does owe,  
 Not only earth, but heaven too :  
 For love's the only trade that's driv'n,  
 The interest of state in heav'n,  
 Which nothing but the soul of man
- 110 Is capable to entertain.  
 For what can earth produce, but love,  
 To represent the joys above ?  
 Or who, but lovers, can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?
- 115 Address and compliment by vision,  
 Make love, and court by intuition ?  
 And burn in am'rous flames as fierce  
 As those celestial ministers ?  
 Then how can any thing offend,
- 120 In order to 'so great an end ?  
 Or heav'n itself a sin resent,  
 That for its own supply was meant ?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for th' offence's sake.
- 125 Or if it did not, but the cause  
 Were left to th' injury of laws,

What  
 There  
 For l  
 130 And  
 That  
 Nor p  
 Are c  
 Rever  
 135 But t  
 Is em  
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 Then  
 140 'Tis  
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What tyranny can disapprove  
There should be equity in love?  
For laws that are inanimate,  
130 And feel no sense of love, or hate,  
That have no passion of their own,  
Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
Are only proper to inflict  
Revenge on criminals as strict.  
135 But to have power to forgive,  
Is empire and prerogative :  
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,  
To grant a pardon than condemn.  
Then since so few do what they ought,  
140 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;  
For why should he who made address,  
All humble ways, without success,  
And met with nothing in return,  
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
145 Not strive by wit to countermine,  
And bravely carry his design?  
He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
Blown up with philtres of love-powder;  
And after letting blood and purging,  
150 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging :  
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,  
And claw'd by goblins in the night;  
Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
With rude invasion of his beard;  
155 And when your sex was foully scandal'd,  
As foully by the rabble handled;  
Attack'd by despicable foes,  
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;  
And, after all, to be debarr'd  
160 So much as standing on his guard :  
When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,  
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?

- Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;  
 165 That with your breeding teeth begin,  
 And nursing babies, that lie in ;  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none ?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows  
 170 Against your stratagems t' oppose,  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down ?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye :  
 175 Retire the more, the more we press,  
 To draw us into ambushes :  
 As pirates all false colours wear,  
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner ;  
 So women, to surprise us, spread  
 180 The borrow'd flags of white and red ;  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;  
 And raise more devils with their looks,  
 Than conjurers less subtle books :  
 185 Lay trains of amorous intrigues,  
 And tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard :  
 Prepost'rously t' entice, and gain  
 190 Those to adore 'em they disdain ;  
 And only draw 'em in, to clog,  
 With idle names, a catalogue.  
 A lover is, the more he's brave,  
 T' his mistress, but the more a slave ;  
 195 And whatsoever she commands,  
 Becomes a favour from her hands ;  
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust, or just.

Then when he is compell'd by her,  
 100 T'adventures he would else forbear,  
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
 Since force is greater than command?  
 And when Necessity's obey'd,  
 Nothing can be unjust or bad:  
 105 And therefore when the mighty pow'r  
 Of love, our great ally, and yours,  
 Join'd forces not to be withstood  
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood;  
 All I have done, unjust or ill,  
 110 Was in obedience to your will,  
 And all the blame that can be due,  
 Falls to your cruelty and you.  
 Nor are those scandals I confess'd,  
 Against my will and interest,  
 115 More than is daily done of course,  
 By all men, when they're under force.  
 Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
 What th' hangman and their prompters please;  
 But are no sooner out of pain,  
 120 Than they deny it all again.  
 But when the devil turns confessor,  
 Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure  
 To hear, or pardon, like the founder  
 Of liars, whom they all claim under.  
 125 And therefore, when I told him none,  
 I think it was the wiser done.  
 Nor am I without precedent,  
 The first that on th' adventure went:  
 All mankind ever did of course,  
 130 And daily does the same, or worse.  
 For what romance can shew a lover,  
 That had a lady to recover,  
 And did not steer a nearer course,  
 To fall aboard in his amours?



- 235 And what at first was held a crime,  
Has turn'd to honourable in time.  
To what a height did infant Rome,  
By ravishing of women, come?  
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
240 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd:  
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
Nor in the mind they were in, dy'd:  
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
Nor ply'd the masquerade to woo:  
245 Disdain'd to stay for friends consents,  
Nor juggled about settlements;  
Did need no licence, nor no priest,  
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist;  
Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
250 In th' holy state of matrimony,  
Before they settled hands and hearts,  
Till alimony or death them parts:  
Nor would endure to stay until  
Th' had got the very bride's good-will,  
255 But took a wise and shorter course  
To win the ladies, downright force;  
And justly made 'em pris'ners then,  
As they have often since, us men;  
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,  
260 The luckiest of all love's intrigues.  
And when they had them at their pleasure,  
Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure;  
For after matrimony's over,  
He that holds out but half a lover,  
265 Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more  
Than half a year of love before;  
For which the dames, in contemplation  
Of that best way of application,  
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,  
270 By suit, or treaty, to be won;

And such as all posterity  
Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,  
Not men for them. — It follows, then,

75 That men have right to ev'ry one,  
And they no freedom of their own :

And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,  
But they no charter to refuse.

Hence 'tis apparent, that what course

80 Soe'er we take to your amours,  
Though by the indirectest way,

'Tis no injustice, nor foul play ;

And that you ought to take that course,

As we take you, for better or worse ;

85 And gratefully submit to those

Who you, before another, chose.

For why, should ev'ry savage beast

Exceed his great lord's interest ?

Have freer pow'r than he, in grace,

90 And nature, o'er the creature has ?

Because the laws he since has made,

Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;

Retrench'd the absolute dominion

That nature gave him over women ;

95 When all his pow'r will not extend

One law of nature to suspend :

And but to offer to repeal

The smallest clause, is to rebel.

This, if men rightly understood

100 Their privilege, they would make good ;

And not, like sots, permit their wives

T' inroach on their prerogatives ;

For which sin they deserve to be

Kept, as they are, in slavery :

105 And this some precious gifted teachers,

Unrev'rently reputed leachers,

- And disobey'd in making love,  
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,  
 And make you suffer, as you ought,  
 310 For that uncharitable fault:  
 But I forget myself, and rove  
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.  
 Forgive me, fair, and only blame  
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
 315 Since 'tis too much, at once to shew  
 Excess of love and temper too.  
 All I have said that's bad, and true,  
 Was never meant to aim at you ;  
 Who have so sov'reign a controul  
 320 O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul :  
 That rather than to forfeit you,  
 Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;  
 Both with an equal pow'r possess,  
 To render all that serve you blest :  
 325 But none like him, who's destin'd either  
 To have, or lose you, both together.  
 And if you'll but this fault release,  
 (For so it must be, since you please,)  
 I'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
 330 Which you commanded, and I swore,  
 And expiate upon my skin  
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin.  
 For 'tis but just that I should pay  
 Th' accruing penance for delay,  
 335 Which shall be done, until it move  
 Your equal pity, and your love.  
 The knight, perusing this epistle,  
 Believ'd he'd brought her to his whistle :  
 And read it like a jocund lover,  
 340 With great applause t' himself, twice over :  
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
 And humble distance, to his wit ;

And dated it with wond'rous art,  
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;  
45 Then seal'd it with his coat of love,  
A smoking faggot,—and above,  
Upon a scroll,—I burn and weep,  
And near it,—For her ladyship;  
Of all her sex most excellent,  
50 These to her gentle hand present.  
Then gave it to his faithful squire,  
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.  
She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter.  
55 But guessing that it might import,  
Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a smile and leering flout:  
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
60 And thus perform'd what she design'd.



T H E  
L A D Y's A N S W E R  
T O T H E  
K N I G H T.

**T**HAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,  
Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
At least to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the pound replevin you,  
5 When both your sword and spurs were won  
In combat by an Amazon;  
That sword that did, like fate, determine  
Th' inevitable death of vermin;  
And never dealt its furious blows,  
10 But cut the throats of pigs and cows;  
By Trulla was, in single fight,  
Disarm'd, and wrested from its knight,  
Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
And in the stocks close prisoners:  
15 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,  
If I, in pity of your complaint,  
Had not, on honourable conditions,  
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;  
And what return that favour met,  
20 You cannot, though you would, forget;  
When being free, you strove t' evade  
The oaths you had in prison made;  
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,  
But after own'd and justify'd it:

- 35 And when y' had safely broke one vow,  
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.  
For while you sneakingly submit,  
And beg for pardon at our feet,  
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
30 To hope for quarter for your ears:  
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
You claim as boldly as your due;  
Declare that treachery and force,  
To deal with us, is th' only course;  
35 We have no title nor pretence  
To body, soul, or conscience;  
But ought to fall to that man's share  
That claims us for his proper ware.  
These are the motives, which, t' induce  
40 Or fright us into love, you use.  
A pretty new way of gallanting,  
Between soliciting and ranting;  
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat  
For charity at once, and threat.  
45 But since you undertake to prove  
Your own propriety in love,  
As if we were but lawful prize  
In war, between two enemies;  
Or forfeitures, which every lover,  
50 That would but sue for, might recover;  
It is not hard to understand  
The myff'ry of this bold demand;  
That cannot at our persons aim,  
But something capable of claim.  
55 'Tis not those paltry counterfeit,  
French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
But our right diamonds, that inspire  
And set your am'rous hearts on fire:  
Nor can those false St Martin's beads  
60 Which on our lips you lay for reds,

- And make us wear like Indian dames,  
 Add fuel to your scorching flames;  
 But those true rubies of the rock,  
 Which in our cabinets we lock.
- 65 'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,  
 That you are so transported with;  
 But those we wear about our necks,  
 Produce those amorous effects.  
 Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
- 70 The perriwigs you make us wear;  
 But those bright guineas in our chests,  
 That light the wild-fire in your breasts.  
 These love-tricks I've been vets'd in so,  
 That all their sly intrigues I know,
- 75 And can unriddle by their tones,  
 Their mystic cabals, and jargons;  
 Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds;  
 What raptures fond and amorous,
- 80 O' th' charms and graces of my house;  
 What ecstasy, and scorching flame,  
 Burns for my money, in my name:  
 What from th' unnatural desire  
 To beasts and cattle takes its fire:
- 85 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,  
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;  
 And languishing transports are fond  
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.  
 These are th' attracts which most men fall
- 90 Enamour'd, at first sight, withal;  
 To these th' address with serenades,  
 And court with balls and masquerades,  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain  
 Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain;
- 95 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,  
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;

That all your oaths and labour lost,  
They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.  
This is not meant to disapprove

100 Your judgment in your choice of love;  
Which is so wise, the greatest part  
Of mankind study't as an art;  
For love should, like a Deodand,  
Still fall to th' owner of the land;

105 And where there's substance for its ground,  
Cannot but be more firm and found  
Than that which has the slighter basis  
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;  
Which is of such thin subtilty,  
110 It steals and creeps in at the eye,  
And, as it can't endure to stay,  
Steals out again, as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns  
From solid gold, and precious stones,

115 Must, like its shining parents, prove  
As solid, and as glorious love.

Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express  
Our charms and graces, but by these:

For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,

120 Which beauty invades and conquers with,  
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
With which, as philtres, love commands?

This is the way all parents prove,

In managing their childrens love;

125 That force 'em to intermarry and wed,  
As if th' were bur'ing of the dead.

Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,

To join in wedlock all they have;

And when the settlement's in force,

130 Take all the rest, for better or worse:

For money has a pow'r above

The stars and fate, to manage love;



- Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
 That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.  
 135 And though some say, the parents claims  
 To make love in their childrens names;  
 Who many times at once provide  
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride;  
 Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,  
 140 And woo, and contract, in their names:  
 And as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em:  
 Is not to give in matrimony,  
 But sell and prostitute for money.  
 145 'Tis better than their own betrothing,  
 Who often do't for worse than nothing:  
 And when th' are at their own dispose,  
 With greater disadvantage chuse.  
 All this is right; but for the course  
 150 You take to do't, by fraud, or force,  
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
 As told, 'tis never to be done,  
 No more than fetters can betray,  
 That tell what tricks they are to play.  
 155 Marriage, at best, is but a vow,  
 Which all men either break, or bow:  
 Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who perjure when they do but woo?  
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,  
 160 For earnest of their treachery:  
 And rather than a crime confess,  
 With greater strive to make it less;  
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to th' last;  
 165 And when their crimes were made appear  
 As plain as witnesses can swear;  
 Yet, when the wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their oath a lie.

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Nor are the virtues you confess'd  
 170 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,  
 So slight as to be justify'd,  
 By being, as shamefully, deny'd.  
 As if you thought your word would pass,  
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case;  
 175 Or credit were not to be lost,  
 B' a brave knight-errant of the post,  
 That eats perfidiously his word,  
 And swears his ears through a two-inch board:  
 Can own the same thing, and disown,  
 180 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*:  
 Can make the gospel serve his turn,  
 And help him out to be forsworn;  
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,  
 To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.  
 185 These are the virtues, in whose name  
 A right to all the world you claim,  
 And boldly challenge a dominion,  
 In grace and nature, o'er all women;  
 Of whom no less will satisfy,  
 190 Than all the sex, your tyranny,  
 Although you'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
 To govern such a num'rous crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you:  
 195 For if you all were Solomons,  
 And wise and great as he was once,  
 You'll find they're able to subdue  
 (As they did him) and baffle you.  
 And if you are impos'd upon,  
 200 'Tis by your own temptation done;  
 That with your ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the slight.  
 For when we find y' are still more taken  
 With false attracts of your own making,

- 205 Swear that's a rose, and that a stone,  
 Like sots, to us that laid it on;  
 And what we did but slightly prime,  
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme;  
 You force us, in our own defences,
- 210 To copy beams and influences;  
 To lay perfections on the graces,  
 And draw attracts upon our faces:  
 And, in compliance to your wit,  
 Your own false jewels counterfeit;
- 215 For, by the practice of those arts,  
 We gain a greater share of hearts:  
 And those deserve in reason most,  
 That greatest pains and study cost:  
 For great perfections are, like heav'n,
- 220 Too rich a present to be giv'n.  
 Nor are those master-strokes of beauty  
 To be perform'd without hard duty;  
 Which, when they're nobly done, and well,  
 The simple natural excel.
- 225 How fair and sweet's the planted rose,  
 Beyond the wild in hedges grows?  
 For, without art, the noblest seeds  
 Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.  
 How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
- 230 And polish'd, looks a diamond?  
 Though paradise were e'er so fair,  
 It was not kept so without care.  
 The whole world, without art and dress,  
 Would be but one great wilderness;
- 235 And mankind but a savage herd,  
 For all that nature has conferr'd.  
 This does but rough-hew, and design,  
 Leaves art to polish and refine.  
 Though women first were made for men,
- 240 Yet men were made for them agen:

For when (outwitted by his wife)  
Man first turn'd tenant but for life;  
If women had not interven'd,  
How soon had mankind had an end!  
245 And that it is in being yet,  
To us alone you are in debt.  
And where's your liberty of choice,  
And our unnatural No voice?  
Since all the privilege you boast,  
250 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,  
Is now our right; to whose creation  
You owe your happy restoration.  
And if we had not weighty cause  
To not appear in making laws,  
255 We could, in spite of all your tricks,  
And shallow, formal politics,  
Force you our managements to obey,  
As we to yours (in shew) give way.  
Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive  
260 T' advance your high prerogative,  
You basely, after all your braves,  
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;  
And 'cause we do not make it known,  
Nor publicly our int'rests own,  
265 Like fots, suppose we have no shares  
In ord'ring you and your affairs:  
When all your empire and command,  
You have from us at second hand;  
As if a pilot, that appears  
270 To sit still only while he steers,  
And does not make a noise and stir,  
Like ev'ry common mariner,  
Knew nothing of the card nor star,  
And did not guide the man of war:  
275 Nor we, because we don't appear  
In councils, do not govern there:



- While, like the mighty Prester John,  
 Whose person none dares look upon;  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise  
 280 From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,  
 W' enjoy as large a power unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does men:  
 And in the right of our Pope Joan,  
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;  
 285 Or Joan de Pucel's braver name,  
 Our right to arms and conduct claim;  
 Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
 To serve France for a grand constable.  
 We make and execute all laws,  
 290 Can judge the judges and the cause;  
 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,  
 To th' long robe, and the longer tongue;  
 'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
 But our more pow'rful eloquence.  
 295 We manage things of greatest weight  
 In all your world's affairs of state,  
 Are ministers of war and peace,  
 That sway all nations how we please.  
 We rule all churches and their flocks,  
 300 Heretical and orthodox,  
 And are the heavenly vehicles  
 O' th' spirits, in all conventicles;  
 By us is all commerce and trade  
 Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;  
 305 For nothing can go off so well,  
 Nor bears that price, as what we sell.  
 We rule in ev'ry public meeting,  
 And make men do what we judge fitting;  
 Are magistrates in all great towns,  
 310 Where men do nothing, but wear gowns.  
 We make the man of war strike fail,  
 And to our braver conduct veil,

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And, when h' has chac'd his enemies;  
Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state,  
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate;  
That's haughty, or imperious?  
He's but a journeyman to us:  
That as he gives us cause to do't,  
Can keep him in or turn him out.

We are your guardians, that increase,  
Or waste your fortunes how we please:  
And, as you humour us, can deal  
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose alone,  
Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
To whose integrity you must,  
In spite of all your caution, trust;  
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,

Can fit you with what heirs we please;  
And force you t' own 'em, though begotten  
By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorouslest course  
Prevail, unless to make us worse;  
Who still the harsher we are us'd,  
Are farther off from b'ing reduc'd;  
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,  
The least punctilios of our wills.

Force does but whet our wits t' apply  
Arts, born with us, for remedy;  
Which all your politics, as yet,  
Have ne'er been able to defeat:

For when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,  
What fools d' we make of you in plays?

While all the favours we afford,  
Are but to girt you with the sword,  
To fight our battles in our steads.

And have your brains beat out o' your heads:

324 The LADY'S Answer to the KNIGHT.

- Encounter, in despite of nature,  
 350 And fight at once with fire and water,  
 With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,  
 Our pride and vanity t' appease;  
 Kill one another, and cut throats,  
 For our good graces, and best thoughts;  
 355 To do your exercise for honour,  
 And have your brains beat out the sooner;  
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known:  
 And still appear the more industrious,  
 360 The more your projects are prepost'rous;  
 To square the circle of the arts,  
 And run stark mad to shew your parts;  
 Expound the oracle of laws,  
 And turn them which way we see cause:  
 365 Be our solicitors and agents,  
 And stand for us in all engagements.  
 And these are all the mighty pow'rs  
 You vainly boast, to cry down ours;  
 And what in real value's wanting,  
 370 Supply with vapouring and ranting:  
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
 And stoop to one another's pride;  
 Believe we have as little wit  
 To be out-hector'd and submit:  
 375 By your example, lose that right  
 In treaties, which we gain'd in fight;  
 And terrify'd into an awe,  
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law:  
 Or, as some nations use, give place,  
 380 And truckle to your mighty race,  
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
 As if they were the better women.

4 DEGO

F I N I S.

# THE INDEX.



	Page	Line
<b>A</b>		
ERA of the poem		1 to 15
Affidavit men, their practice	301	925
Their plying places	302	760
Anaxagoras, astronomical tenets of his	171	737
Astronomical tenets of others as solid	174	865
Art, its advantages over nature	320	233
Author, his invocation	19	645
Integrity	28	35
Authors of rhyme, their reasons for couplets	100	27
	28	11
Authors of romances censured	99	13
	126	41
<b>B</b>		
Bagpipes compared	142	624
Bear-baiting, the adventure of it	20	677
Its antiquity and derivation	ib.	683
Proclamation of the solemnity	ib.	692
Blows, the method of making free by the Romans	105	235
Of restoring to grace, &c. by Prester John	106	239
Best trial of valour in soldiers	ib.	249
Burn (the bear)	34	249
His genealogy	35	265
Diet	ib.	275
Travels	ib.	281
Resentment on receiving Hudibras's fall	62	237
Conduct in distress	61	37
Relieved by Trulla and Cerdon	63	97
Compared to Achilles	64	139
<b>C</b>		
Cerdon (the cobbler)	39	409
His paring knife	ib.	418
Descent	ib.	422
Polemic qualities, &c.	ib.	430
Assists in the bear's relief	63	97
Reply to Trulla's speech on that occasion	64	179
Answers to Orsin's speech on the distress of his bear	68	271
Presses to the relief of Magnano	76	562
Disarms Hudibras	79	666
Assists in Trulla's triumph	87	967



	Page	Line
Cheating, and being cheated, the pleasure of it	150	
Instances of the latter	ib. 7 16 37	
Chymistry, a certain experiment of it	111	48
Colson (the hostler)	39	44
Compared to Hercules	40	48
Engages Ralpbø	50	23
Attacks Hudibras	75	110
Assists in Trulla's triumph	87	968
Commanders, a peculiar of theirs	50	1047
Commonwealth resty to the rider	27	927
Mythologically compared to a rump	277	1598
Conjurers, their various ways of practice	167	599
	10	640
Court of conscience ought to assist itself	133	299
Cowards, none that venture a second beating	105	233
Only entitled to horns and petticoats	145	730
Crowdero (the fiddler)	30	105
His misfortune in a prize of his profession	31	140
Resolution and fate in the first action	53	911
Led in triumph by Hudibras	58	1124
Put in the stocks	60	1165
Released by Magnano	88	995
Crows, birds of evil omen	170	707
Cucking-stool, the cavalcade of it compared to an	143	731
ovation		
D		
Disputants compared and exposed	125	1
Disputes, how resolved at last	111	481
Divinity, niceties therein exposed	6	165
Diurnals (news-papers) an expedient to lessen the	101	37
price of whetstones		
Druids borrow money to be repaid in the next world	177	975
E		
Bars, the poles on which heads turn	256	815
Injustice of cropping them for perjury	204	49
Echo described	66	189
Epistle from Hudibras to Sidrophel,	from p. 184 to 187	
From Hudibras to his lady,	from p. 303 to 313	
Of Hudibras to his lady, its subscription,	312	341
Seal, and directions		
Her Answer	from p. 314 to 324	322
Evening described	124	903
Excommunication, a distress on soul and body	230	1521

# THE INDEX

327

F

Page Line

Page described	100	45
Good and evil fame distinguished	101	69
Fear, the effects of it	181	11
Too much and too little, equal	p. 281 l. 65	285 171
Fools found like woodcocks	289	27
Their stubbornness compared	286	80
Fortune of war	246	481
Her old wont	60	1
A case out of her reach	74	515
	84	877

G

Grace and virtue too dear akin to be coupled	224	1293
--	-----	------

H

Halter, rise from thence the highest	269	1307
Hanging, a description of it	261	994
Goes with matrimony by destiny	299	685
No chance in it	300	687
Heralds, their power in pedigree	169	669
Heroes, their trade	36	321
Their reverse	16	326
Heroines, a digression against them	38	379
Honour, how attained	26	913
Different effects of sword and cudgel on it	30	810
A definition of it	89	1043
Hurt, past cure	103	215
Hasting no blemish	11	217
Hes, if cracked	136	385
Lord's oaths	11	389
Commoners huff	11	391
Compared	11	393
Where lodged	180	1067

Hedibras (Sir S ———)	p. 34 l. 903	1
----------------------	--------------	---

His politic character	1	45
Languages	2	51
Logic	3	65
Rhetoric	11	81
Oratory	11	91
Mathematics	4	119
Philosophy and metaphysics	11	118
School-learning	5	151
Religion	6	189
His personal character—his beard	8	241
His back	9	287

	Page	Line
Hudibras, his belly	9	295
Equipage—doublet	ib.	303
Breeches	10	310
Sword	11	331
Scabbard	ib.	363
Dagger	ib.	375
Pistols	12	391
His activity in mounting	ib.	405
His horse's description	13	414
His squire	14	437
Is compared with Ralpho	18	627
Adventure of the bear-baiting	20	675
Speech thereon to Ralpho	21	714
The conversation continued, and applied to synods	19	939
His conduct before the first action	29	71
Speech to the enemy	41	493
Charge and demand of the fiddler	46	662
Reply to Talgol's answer	48	741
Attacks him	49	775
Leads Crowdero in triumph	53	1124
Puts him in the stocks	60	1167
Pangs for his mistress	69	309
Her qualities	ib.	321
Resolution to re-attack her	70	371
Soliloquy thereon	71	381
Speech to Ralpho before the second action	73	453
Invokes his mistress	ib.	477
Conduct in disposing the battle	ib.	481
In advancing	74	539
Fatality in getting and losing advantages	76	585
Desponding answer to Ralpho	78	655
Re-attempt	79	687
Welcome to a supposed victory	80	724
Speech to Ralpho thereon	81	757
Reply to Ralpho's answer	82	780
Is defeated by Trulla	ib.	795
Answer to her harangue thereon	83	835
Ill luck and defeat in a second trial with her	84	869
Answer to her insulting him	85	897
To her reply	86	913
Surrenders prisoner to her		

See Ralpho.

Hudibras  
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# THE INDEX.

329

Page Line  
9 295  
ib. 305  
30 310  
11 351  
ib. 363  
ib. 375  
12 394  
ib. 405  
13 414  
17 421  
14 457  
8 467  
10 475  
1 714  
19 919  
1 71  
493  
662  
741  
775  
1124  
1167  
309  
321  
371  
381  
453  
477  
481  
501  
529  
585  
655  
687  
724  
757  
780  
795  
835  
869  
897  
915

Hudibras led in triumph	87	961
Put in the stocks	88	1001
Consoles himself	ib.	1009
His answer to Ralpho's reply thereto	90	1073
The conversation continued on presbytery, synods, presbyters, lay-elders, &c.	10	1382
Behaviour on receiving his mistress's visit there	102	101
Address to her	103	141
His answer to her reply.	ib.	161
The conversation continued on the fortune of war, pain, honour, valour, love, and whipping	10	895
Swears to whip himself as enjoined by her	124	896
Advises and debates with Ralpho how to a- void both whipping and oath	127	55
His judgment to be whipt by proxy	137	437
Makes Ralpho his proxy	ib.	447
The debate of it on refusal continued	10	560
Adventure of the riding	141	565
Compared to a Roman triumph	143	665
Reply to Ralpho's dissent	145	713
Advances to attack the leader	146	753
Is attacked himself	148	815
Flies the field	ib.	833
His consolatory discourse on the occasion	149	849
Resolution to swear he has penance performed	150	885
Expostulation thereon	152	59
Advised by Ralpho to consult Sidrophel (the cunning man) in the matter	153	105
Questions the lawfulness of it	154	125
Owens his conviction	155	189
Resolves to consult him	ib.	195
Compliments Sidrophel	165	543
Reply to Sidrophel's artful return	ib.	553
Reply to his telling him the occasion of his coming	166	563
Opposes astrology, its professors, practices, &c from	166	565
Falls out with Sidrophel, and dispatches Ralpho for a constable	10	976
Disarms and defeats him, and wounds Whaechum	178	1015
Speech to the vanquished	179	1057
Plunders Sidrophel	180	1071
His booty	ib.	1085
Resolves to march off, and lurch Ralpho	ib.	1088
	182	1149



	Page	Line
Hudibras, his speed and activity in the execution	183	1183
Epistle to Sidrophel	184	
Experience in love affairs	189	31
Relapse and resolution to attack his mistress	<i>ib.</i>	37
Arrives at her house	192	150
Address to her	<i>ib.</i>	163
The dialogue between him and her on assuring her of the performance of his oath, &c. continued	19	536
Claims her promise of marriage	203	539
The managements and comforts it debated	from 203	546
	10	936
Is frightened, and brought to confusion	from 217	1053
	10	1310
Upbraided with his past conduct, &c.	225	1339
Dialogues it with Ralpho as a spirit on the same subject	from 227	1420
	10	1566
Is carried off by him	232	1521
Speed in escaping	<i>ib.</i>	1599
Dialogue between him and Ralpho on the discovery of each other	283	193
Answer to Ralpho's advice	295	517
Resolves to sue her promise	296	567
Character, &c. of his lawyer	<i>ib.</i>	517
Address to him	298	621
His case, with the responses	<i>ib.</i>	633
The lawyer's opinion	299	655
Debated, with his advice	302	773
Epistle to his Lady	303	
Subscription, date, seal, and direction	313	341
	10	350
Hypocrisy described	222	1221
The effects of it	223	1239
A church improvement	229	1459
<i>I</i>		
Idus and Calends, quarter-days	176	917
Jealousy, the clap of the mind	208	701
Impostors, when past their labour	187	121
Impudence, a claim to every thing	<i>ib.</i>	109
Independent, difference between him and Presbyterian	134	45
Post in reformations and qualifications	236	111
Independency described	250	603

# THE INDEX.

321

Line		Page	Line
1183	Intelligible world described	156	295
	Inward light, its advantages over astrology	17	573
31	A mark of those that have it	201	481
37	Inward and outward man, their opposition to	197	77
150	each other		
163	Juries, their skill in palmistry	182	1167
536	Justice, a defect of it	60	1172
	A New England Instance of justice	156	409
	K.		
539	Kick o' th' a— not painful	105	209
546	Artists in distinguishing the materials of	ib.	221
936	kicking and cudgelling		
1053	Pyrrhus, his use of kicking	186	337
1310	Hurtful to honour	180	1069
1339	Knights-errant, and their horses, privileges	198	347
1480	and address in encounters		
1566	Knight-errantry, an error therein exploded	10	327
1571	L.		
1599	Lawyers, no disputants on their profession	293	489
193	Exempt from interlopers	294	493
317	Womens tongues only exceed theirs	322	291
567	Hudibras's lawyer, his character, his qualifications and practice	296	577
577	Lay-elders, their character	94	1221
641	Learning, opposed to gifts and light, what	97	1339
633	Loyalty, its character	238	173
655	Fate of its confessors	269	1301
773	Love, a sure shaft of it	69	309
341	More restless than bangs or fleas	71	491
350	Secrecy in love dilated on	100	415
1241	Characterised	101	417
1259	Its readiest remedies	117	645
1459	Rosemary its use in love	122	847
917	Whipping, advantages and examples of it	ib.	845
701	Love, a Pythagorean	206	647
121	Hot and cold fits of it	ib.	653
109	The prevailing way, the justest in it	305	87
43	Its empire and prerogative	ib.	89
111	Interest of state in heaven	306	107
603	Offences pardonable here	ib.	119
	Ought not to be punished by human laws	ib.	125
	Land its firmest basis	377	1041
	Why charms expressed by gold and jewels	ib.	113

	Page	Line
Love, the power of money in it	317	131
Love-passions compared and explained	111	441
	ib.	453
Wealth the top motive	315	957
	315	55
Hanging or drowning the surest proof	112	481
A passionate poetical address	115	561
Ridiculed	ib.	591
Lie greedily swallowed	256	807
Lying, the fate of the faculty	187	105
M		
Magnano (the tinker)	36	331
His habit	37	336
Skill in the black art	ib.	343
Performances	ib.	353
Arms	ib.	361
Armour	ib.	365
See Trulla		
His policy to relieve Talgol and Colon	50	836
Habergeon wounded	75	537
Assists in Trulla's triumph	87	957
Releases Crowders from the stocks	88	987
Marriages, not made in heaven	203	545
No improvements of love	ib.	553
A beast that tires	ib.	569
Bargain at a venture	204	573
A vow broken or bent	318	155
Ring in matrimony useless	242	304
Goes with hanging by destiny	299	683
No chance in it	300	687
Merit of a half-lover after it	310	263
Men, their natural right over womankind	311	274
Advantages on the woman's side	320	239
Money, last reason of all things	270	1329
Use in casting knaves	ib.	1339
Power in love	317	131
Moon, the new discoveries in it	171	737
Advantages thereby in trade, politics, science,	170	729
religion, &c. questionable		
Setting, &c. described	225	1321
N		
New light described	75	501
Derived	172	773

Oaths,  
Crim  
Of n  
Brok  
Doul  
The  
Obec  
Olive  
Orin (  
His c  
Skill  
Fam  
Grie  
Solil  
Harc  
Attr  
Re-  
Zef  
Affi  
Owl, i  
Pain,  
Paper-  
Philos  
Presby  
Presbt  
Diff  
Pow  
Presby  
Provic  
Public  
Quak  
Con  
Ralph  
Par  
Bir  
Per  
Gir  
Le  
Co

# THE INDEX.

333

	Page	Line
Oaths, how obliging	130	197
Criminal, in the maker	133	271
Of no force till broken	ib.	277
Broken by the imposer	133	377
Doubtful security	194	203
The truest, toughest	301	81
Obedience, the less the better	250	610
Oliver, his death and apothecosis	239	113
Orin (the bearward)	31	141
His descent	33	219
Skill in medicine	ib.	223
Famed for pitched fight, why	65	171
Grief for his bear's distress	ib.	179
Soliloquy thereon	66	199
Harangues his party	67	248
Attacks Ralpho	74	491
Re-attacks him	77	626
Rescues Cerdon, but unfortunately	79	674
Assists in Trulla's triumph	87	985
Owl, in Rome, the occasion of a lustration	190	709
P		
Pain, stoically discussed	104	183
Paper-kite and lanthorn described	162	415
Philosophical consolations	88	1013
Presbyterian the true church-militant	6	191
Presbter described	92	1161
Difference between him and independents	134	45
Power of the keys	257	857
Presbytery defined	93	1201
Providence directed, prescribed, and proposed to	44	589
Public faith, plate and preaching, misapplied	43	557
Q		
Quakers, their gospel	131	219
Compared	ib.	229
R		
Ralpho, his name	14	457
Parts	ib.	465
Birth	ib.	466
Pedigree	ib.	467
Gifts	ib.	479
Learning	16	529
Compared with Hudibras	18	624



	Page	Line
Ralpho, his reply to his speech on bear-baiting	25	861
The conversation continued, and applied to synods	29	919
Engages Colon	30	927
Relieves Hudibras from Crowdero	33	932
Defeats Crowdero	34	930
His speech to the vanquished	34	936
To Hudibras thereon	35	973
Reas Crowdero's fiddle and case in triumph	38	1000
Engagement with Cerdon	(brawled 93)	1010
Presses to the relief of Hudibras	296	361
Encourages him	296	369
Recovers his lost arms	297	611
Misfortune in recounting	297	619
Answer to Hudibras's harangue on his suppo-	31	743
fed victory	31	743
Led in triumph by Trulla	37	961
Put in the stocks	38	1008
Reply to Hudibras's consolatory speech	39	1022
The conversation continued on presbytery, syn-	39	1032
nods, presbyters, lay-elders, &c.	39	1032
His opinion on Hudibras's oath made to	39	1032
his mistress, debated	39	1032
Judges him to be whipped by proxy	39	1032
Is made proxy himself	39	1032
The debate of it on refusal continued	39	1032
Adventure of the riding	39	1032
Dissents from Hudibras's opinion of it	39	1032
Advances to attack the leader	39	1032
Is attacked himself	39	1032
Flies the field	39	1032
Advises Hudibras to consult Sidrophel (the	39	1032
cunningman)	39	1032
Convinces him of its lawfulness	39	1032
Sent for a constable to apprehend Sidrophel	178	1015
Resolves, instead of it, to discover his prevail-	187	99
cation to his mistress	187	99
Goes to her house, and effects it	192	148
Dialogue with him (as a spirit) on his past	227	1400
conduct, &c.	227	1400
Carries him off	232	1571

# THE INDEX.

	Page	Line
Ralphs, Dialogue between him and Hudibras on } 335		
discovery of each other } 283 107		
Advise him to sue her promise } 323 395		
Ravens, birds of evil omen } 170 707		
Retreat, the advantages of it, } 77 607		
Riding, the adventure of it, } 141 565		
Compared to a Roman triumph } 18 591		
Historical mistake of the latter rectified } 143 593		
Pomp and cavalcade of a riding described } 18 605		
Ring, useless in matrimony } 243 504		
Romp } 18 533		
Romp, Sir, A. A. C. an independent, or latitu- } 243 551		
dinarian member, his character } 245 421		
—A presbyterian member, his character } 247 495		
The latter's speech } 261 999		
The former's, by way of answer } 261 999		
Contain the disputes between both } 247 495		
parties, their hypocrisy, practices, } 10 1496		
politics, &c. } 275 1505		
Rump burnt in effigie } 277 1577		
Mythology of it } 287 243		
Running, the advantage and conduct of it } 288 269		
At least half the victory } 289 292		
Gets the whole } 55 1010		
Saints, their property } 128 103		
May swear and forswear occasionally } 129 141		
Examples of it } 131 401		
Exempted from the obligation of oaths by pri- } 134 130		
villege } 135 135		
Their privilege universal } 136 1481		
No sin in them to cheat the devil } 137 1493		
Are his betters every way } 138 439		
Salvation mechanically obtained } 142 617		
Self not meant in self-denial } 163 469		
Spheres, their music not heard, why } 173 817		
Sieve and sheers, turn as certain } 176 929		
Stars, astrological queries and answers concerning } 188 13		
them } 245 411		
How ill used in calculation } 233 7		
Abused in love affairs } 233 7		
State-sinners, prognosticators of changes } 233 7		
Seclaries, their birth and parentage } 233 7		

	Page	Line
Sectaries, their natural constitution	234	21
Their politics	ib.	31
Their rule of faith	273	1445
Souls doubtful security	194	203
Prisoners on parole	ib.	219
Stocks described	62	1135
Swords and teeth compared	67	261
Sympathy of spurring	74	485
Sympathetic noses	9	181
Sidrophel	186	86
His qualifications	153	105
Studies	156	205
Advances therein	ib.	209
Boasted knowledge	ib.	213
Familiarity with the moon	157	239
Familiarity with the empire, &c. of the spheres	ib.	253
A remarkable instrument of his invention	ib.	261
Another	158	277
Skill in occult sciences	ib.	281
In nature	159	301
His zany	ib.	323
	See Whachum	
His observatory	161	403
Skill in observation	162	413
On the phenomenon of a paper-kite and lantern	ib.	428
Instructions to Whachum on Hudibras's com- ming to him	164	489
Juggle with him on his errand	ib.	519
Artful return to Hudibras's compliment	165	549
Tells him the occasion of his coming	166	557
Defends astrology, its professors, practices, &c.	from ib.	563
Arms and attacks him	179	1041
Is disarmed, defeated, and plundered	ib.	1057
Policy in escaping	181	1107
Synods compared to bear-gardens	91	1095
To the inquisition	92	1149
A commonwealth of popery	94	1203
Synod-men, their characteristic	96	1309
	T	
Talgol (the butcher)	36	299
His reply to Hudibras on the bear-baiting	46	683

# THE INDEX.

337

Page	Line		Page	Line
34	21	Talgol, defence of his attack	49	785
ib.	31	Dismounts him	51	861
73	1445	Is wounded	72	535
94	203	Assists in Trulla's triumph	787	966
ib.	279	Taliacotius's sympathetic noses	9	281
62	1132	Teeth and swords compared	34	261
67	261	Tongue, a help to its volubility	245	443
74	485	Trance described	219	1127
9	181	Trimming approved	269	1291
86	86	Trulla (the tinker's wench)	37	365
13	105	Her resolution	ib.	365
56	205	Assists in the bear's relief	63	99
ib.	209	Her lightness	ib.	101
ib.	223	Speech to Cerdon on the relief of the bear	ib.	110
7	239	Romantic care of him	65	155
ib.	253	Defeats Hudibras	82	783
ib.	261	Harangue to him thereon	ib.	785
8	277	Reply to his answer	83	814
ib.	281	Re-attacks and defeats him	ib.	823
9	305	Insults Hudibras	84	855
ib.	323	Reply to his answer	85	885
		Answer to his reply	ib.	905
403		Gives him her mantle (a modern example applied)	86	919
413		Protects him from the fury of the rest	ib.	929
428		Resolves to exchange him for Crowdero	ib.	945
489		Her resolution approved of	87	951
519		Triumphs over him and Ralpho	ib.	969
549		The manner of it	ib.	975
557		Puts both in the stocks	881	000
563		Trust broken, not so desperate in trial as a neck	113	509
970		V		
1041		Valour, active and passive distinguished	89	1029
1057		Best trial of valour in soldiers	106	249
1107		The effects of too much or too little	218	1065
1095		Virtue and grace, too near a kin to be coupled	224	1293
1149		W		
1203		Wagers, fools arguments	107	298
1309		Wedlock without love compared	108	321
299		Properly compared	116	648
683		See Marriages		
		Whachum, Sidrophel's zany, or journeyman, his qualifications	159	325
		Employment in the conjuring trade	ib.	335
		Skill in poetry	160	358



	Page	Line
Whachum, his encomium on poetry	161	383
Receives Hudibras, and pumps Ralpho	164	494
Juggle with Sidrophel on Hudibras's errand,	165	322
Assists Sidrophel to attack him	179	1055
Throws down his arms, and is wounded	180	1066
Whipping, its praises	p. 121 l. 811	to 816
Use, &c. in love	122	843
Examples of it	123	873
Whipping-post described	59	1150
The honour and privileges of its } tenants	p. 121 l. 797	to 819 and 817 to 824
Widow (Hudibras's mistress) her qualities	69	321
Behaviour on the news of his being in the stocks	101	81
Expostulation on the sight of him there	102	123
Answer to his first address to her	103	153
The conversation continued on the for- tune of the war, pain, honour, va- lour, love, and whipping }	10	124 899
Her answer to his address to her on assurance } of having performed his oathj	193	187
The dialogue thereon continued	10	217 1053
Answer to his claiming her promise of marriage	248	544
The management and comforts of it debated	10	259 936
Concluded by her, with its true motives	ib.	937
Answer to his epistle	313	
Women, their zeal, &c. celebrated	147	773
Passion for precedence, -	212	869
Arts in an amour	308	153
Power over mankind,	319	171
Out of complaisance to them,	ib.	199
Men as much made for them as they for men	320	239
The advantage on the woman's side	321	241
Influence over the men—in politics	ib.	253
In church-affairs	322	299
In trade	ib.	303
In magistracy	ib.	307
In war	ib.	311
In promotions	323	315
In estates	ib.	321
In heirs to them	ib.	325
Worse for ill usage	ib.	333
Men their fools in the play	ib.	343